THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Edited by Wilfrid Ward

Volume CLVII
Quarterly Nos 314, 315; July & October 1915

BURNS & OATES
28 Orchard Street London W

THE CONTENTS

July and October 1915

Father Maturin. By the Editor	*Page* 1
The City of Constantine. By Canon Barry, D.D.	16
Disraeli. By Bernard Holland, C.B.	38
The Marquise de la Tour du Pin. By the Comtesse de Courson	55
War and the Conscience of Nations. By the Rev. F. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.	74
The Submarine Campaign. By A. H. Pollen	87
Anglicanism Past and Present. By James Britten	103
The Effect of Waterloo. By Hilaire Belloc	122
The Neutrality of the Holy See. By the Bishop of Northampton	134
Eleven Months of War. By Lancelot Lawton	146
Some Recent Books	184

Types of Christian Saintliness. By Dean Inge—Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. Benson—Spiritual Letters of Monsignor Benson—Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson. By Mrs. Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and other Friends—Loneliness. By Mgr Benson—The Place-Names of England and Wales. By the Rev. J. B. Johnston—Heredity and Environment in the Development of Man. By Professor Conklin—Nationality and the War. By A. Toynbee—One American's Opinion of the European War. By F. Whitridge—The World in the Crucible. By Sir Gilbert Parker—The Turn of the Screw. By Henry James—The Aspern Papers. Daisy Miller. The Lesson of the Master. By Henry James—Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury. By Algernon Cecil—The Flower of Peace. By Katharine Tynan.

291971

The Contents

Prussianism, Pacificism and Chivalry. By the Editor
Page 209

The Early Romance of English Trade with Russia. By W. H. Mallock 226

The National Temper and the Press 241

La Prière pour la France. By the Abbot of Farnborough 252

The Teutonic Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia. By Mgr Barnes 272

An American Catholic University. By the Editor 284

Religion in the French Army 295

Some American Problems. By W. R. Castle 309

Who were the Fairies? By Sir Bertram Windle 324

The Significance of the Russian Retreat. By Lancelot Lawton 337

The Guarantees of International Honour. By Cardinal Gasquet 363

Some Recent Books 375

Ordeal by Battle. By Frederick Scott Oliver—Goddess of Ghosts. By Father Martindale—Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia. By Dr Walter Seton—The Lesser Eastern Churches. By Dr Adrian Fortescue—Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky—A History of the Royal Dublin Society. By Dr Berry—The English Rite. With Introduction and Appendix by F. E. Brightman, M.A., Hon.D.D.—History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By Fr MacCaffrey—The Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius Loyola. By Fr Joseph Rickaby—The Lord my Light, Dominus Illuminatio Mea. By Fr Joseph Rickaby—etc., etc.

Chronicle of Biblical Works 408

FATHER MATURIN

THE contrast between notoriety and real fame is a theme which gives food for much reflection. In the the greatest names in history they coincide. In Shakespeare and Milton, in Pitt and Fox, in Galileo and Newton the quality of fame is coincident with its quantity—its extensive recognition. But among the mass of men and women whom we know it is otherwise—in our own day especially when advertisement is so common and so effective in creating newspaper notoriety. The names which every reader of the *Daily Mail* knows are for the most part not the greatest names. First-rate men do not condescend to the arts of self-advertisement. They exercise their gifts spontaneously and with little thought of general recognition. Thus the man of genius usually has his comparatively small circle made up of those whom his work affects directly. The writer has his readers, the artist his followers and admirers, the preacher his audience. That circle feels towards him as no one feels towards the far more notorious windbags and self-advertisers; but to the majority of his countrymen his very existence may be hardly known until or unless some accidental circumstance brings his genius unmistakably home to the general public.

Father Maturin was one of those men of real genius who never advertised himself, but did his work quietly and thoroughly. His was not among the great historical names of his generation; but his gifts were placed very high indeed by those who followed his career as a preacher and came under his personal influence. The touch of true genius was unmistakable in him: yet I think his friends used to feel during his lifetime that though he was generally known to be one of our best preachers, the world at large had little conception of the quality of his mind which gave him so special a position among his own disciples and friends. And when at his Requiem the huge Westminster Cathedral was filled by some two thousand mourners it came to some of us as a surprise. It

was a remarkable case where many individuals owed him a deep debt for his preaching, yet there had not been that open communication between them which leads to universally acknowledged popular fame. Each one who came said, " I owe so much to Father Maturin that I must be among the mourners, though I fear that they will not be so numerous as such a man deserves." Many hundreds in London alone said the same thing, where each man had thought that it would be said only by a few scores.

I do not propose to say much of the external events of Father Maturin's life. They were not of great importance except as affording occasions for the real work of his life, constant personal influence. This work was really the beginning and end of his career. He was the son of a well-known Vicar of Grangegorman, who was almost the only high church clergyman in the Irish Church of seventy years ago. He worked in England and America as a Cowley Father; he did much mission work for eighteen years as a Catholic Priest. During all this time his influence was that of a preacher and giver of spiritual retreats and a guide to many individual souls. In his last years he seemed to have found opportunity for personal influence in a new field as chaplain to the Oxford Catholic undergraduates. But it was otherwise decreed, and one who was ever so keenly alive to the drama of human life died an heroic death in a great and terrible scene in that drama.

I propose to speak here of those gifts which enabled Father Maturin to win so many hearts and souls to a good and useful life, and often to a high spirituality.

Father Maturin was a man in whom missionary zeal, the fire of spiritual genius and penetrating psychological insight were combined to a rare degree. Both in the pulpit and from the chair of the preacher of spiritual retreats, first as a Cowley Father and then for eighteen years as a Catholic Priest, these gifts were exercised with a power which deeply affected many lives. I personally never heard any preacher of whom the word " inspiration " could be more justly used. It was with him in the pulpit much

what it is with many a great poet, whose conversation little prepares one for the immense sweep of imagination and passion or the power of vivid expression which are apparent when he takes his pen in hand. With the poet brooding thought in solitude as a rule kindles the fire and his pen is the instrument for kindling others. With Father Maturin the presence of human beings whom he addressed kindled the fire in himself and the spoken word was his instrument.

He was in private life a charming companion, full of sympathy, a frank simplicity running through his conversation. He was fond of the society of young people, who loved him and delighted in his favourite ghost stories—for the mysterious was ever congenial to him. But the attractive characteristics of his companionship conveyed little suggestion of his deepest gifts. His Irish impulsiveness and want of balance, something one-sided in his judgements, his lovable boyishness, were familiar traits which made the mellow wisdom, and the wonderful penetration of his pulpit utterances positively startling—so little did the agreeable *raconteur* touch the heights and depths reached by the preacher. It was as though a great spirit dwelt in the depths of his soul which only the presence of an audience of human beings looking to him for guidance could effectively evoke. And it was called out only gradually as a sermon went on and its theme developed. The text was spoken rapidly in a rather low tone and without emotion. The beginning was generally very simple. It made one feel that he was looking at the obvious practical facts of life and not any dream of his own. By degrees the thoughts and imaginings which his subject needed for its exposition and illustration shaped themselves. The fire was then kindled and there came forth the memorable utterances which left their mark for life on many of those who heard him.

To those who did not understand his sermons they sometimes appeared melodramatic, from the manner in which he delivered the most impassioned passages. But

to those who followed his argument closely the most remarkable trait was a very fine psychological perception.

The most remarkable passages were those which showed his keen appreciation of the view of life which blunts the mind of the sceptic or the man of the world to the lessons of Christianity. He would first describe vividly all that could be said against the religious view of human life, and then, with a force immensely increased by such concessions, depict the Christian message as affording an explanation of life and a guide to conduct which cannot be found elsewhere.

Never will those who were present forget his sermon preached a year ago at St Mary's, Cadogan Street, on the death of a friend deeply loved by himself and by many of those he addressed, the late Miss Mary Thesiger. How hard it often is to take quite firmly the Christian view of death when it comes near to our own door. We see the dissolution of all the powers and faculties. We are told to believe in their fuller life. We see the end. We are told to believe that it is only the beginning. How irresistibly at such times is the materialistic view apt to suggest itself. The physical aspect of death is so obvious—the fulfilment of the appointed cycle of growth, maturity, decay, and then final extinction. This is what we see in the rest of nature around us, vegetable and animal. Why should we think of man as an exception? The spiritual aspect of death, the conception of it as the entrance into a fuller and richer life is little suggested by what is visible to the loving watchers at the bed of death. We recite the prayers which presuppose this view of the case, but the haunting sense of utter extinction threatens to poison them with a feeling of unreality. The funeral preacher generally contents himself with dwelling on the past, with picturing him or her whom we have lost as they were on earth, with embalming the ever precious memories of friendship, touching only with decorous brevity on the question of where the mourned one now is, and what is happening behind that dark curtain of death. This last aspect of the case is at such a moment so hard to realize, so inevitably

promotes a feeling of scepticism if it is pressed too insistently, that it is rarely dwelt on at great length in such discourse.

But Father Maturin did on this occasion insist on it with a perfection of insight into the hearts of his hearers which enabled him to give full faith and comfort to many hearts, and brought consoling tears to many eyes. His success was due to his facing quite frankly in the first part of his discourse the sceptical thoughts which if allowed to remain sub-conscious might have poisoned the wells of faith and hope. He spoke first beautifully of the life of the friend that had gone, as a treasure left to the memory of those who loved her, as an eternal possession. He brought back to remembrance little incidents, ways and habits which made the picture true and living. Then he described with minute accuracy the impression left on dear friends at the bed of death, that all this gracious life with its happy memories was closed for ever —the career ended, the personality gone back to the nothingness from which it first came. This method was in reality the method of a surgeon who probes the wound to make real healing ultimately possible. Some of his words at the moment seemed almost unbearable. But they had probed the limits of lawful scepticism, and they had shown that when such limits were overpassed, scepticism had the nature not of reason but of feeling. It was a feeling caused by the ever present and pressing facts of this visible scene, absorbing and apparently exhausting all aspects of death that we can clearly imagine.

And then he passed to the view of death which Christian faith offers us. The half thoughts and unfulfilled aspirations and broken dreams which unanswerably suggest a self so far greater than this life can ever realize— these are wholly outside those categories supplied by animal and vegetable life which had at first suggested that death extinguishes man's individuality. If we must have a clear image in order to believe, of course we cannot get beyond the images with which earthly experience has supplied us. Then indeed are our beliefs the irrational

slaves of our past history. On such a view man's birth from nothingness would itself be incredible before it had actually happened. But if we have faith to rise higher and let a view suggested by what is deep and unmistakable, though made up of obscure and largely unknown elements, gain entrance into our minds, then we can think of the dead very differently. The Communion of Saints becomes no longer an unreal dream. We can think of our dead friend, he said, as a mother thinks of her boy far away in India or China. She has never seen the country where he dwells; she cannot picture his surroundings; but she has testimony in which she trusts that he is happy and well cared for, and among kind friends of whom she knows much—St Francis, St Catherine of Siena, St Theresa. The force and conviction with which Father Maturin brought home this Christian view of death to the hearts of his hearers were due entirely to the penetrating psychological insight with which he had first divined and faced those primary impressions wrought by the physical aspect of death which so often kept its spiritual aspect at a distance. That terrible haunting sense of death as mere extinction which comes spontaneously at the sight of it, lost its power by being boldly faced. The first part of his sermon effectively laid the sceptical spectre, and cleared the ground for the entrance of the Holy Visions of Faith.

That was but one instance of this preacher's power which I have so often felt—not more remarkable than many another, but still fresh in the memory of those to whom it gave deep and lasting comfort. His genius had some of the uncertainty which usually attends on veritable inspiration. At times the "spirit" refused to respond to his summons and he was left with the comparatively tame words at his command which suggest themselves to men and women when they do not realize the highest truths and yet have to speak of them. Sometimes a mere accident would put him off and an equally slight cause would kindle again the fire of his eloquence. He had the impressionableness which Irishmen

so often have and which so often accompanies dramatic genius.

I may give one instance of this curious impressionableness. He was staying with us at Eastbourne some six years ago or more, and was to preach a sermon at the Sunday evening service. He was not very well and I think some trifle had worried him. He said that he totally lacked inspiration, that the sermon must be a wretched failure, and he wished he could avoid having to preach it. Our neighbour, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, the famous pianist, came to tea that day, and played to us afterwards for more than an hour. Father Maturin was an absorbed listener. The music so completely transformed him, working up his powers of imagination and realization, that he preached that evening the finest sermon that I think I ever heard from him, the subject being the History of Job.

I have before me some notes made by a listener during one of his spiritual retreats. These notes will bring us nearer to the man in some ways than any general observations of my own on the character of his addresses, and I will here set down a few typical selections.

He was fond of the analogy between the order of nature and the order of grace, and he would insist that the systematic work of attempting to be good meant the employment in achieving a supernatural aim of just those moral qualities which are needed for success in any great work in human life. Self-denial, perseverance, singleness of mind are the conditions for success both in the order of nature and in the order of grace. Here is a passage in which this view of the case is set forth:

In the case of the *artist* " strait is the way and narrow is the gate " that leads to any success . . . Self-denial, humility, patience, and love of the Teacher who is giving the lesson . . . (Carlyle's courage and patient renewal of his labour after the burning of his volume on the French Revolution a lesson in the school of severe discipline.) . . . Another example; a genius for music has also a social genius; he must sacrifice one of them—give up his social distraction for art. Let him carry his self-denial a little further in

a higher sphere and this artist could become a saint. . . . To learn a foreign language (to take another example) is to learn patience. . . . It is upon the principles of the moral law alone that we learn anything. We must be resolute and single-hearted intent on seeing and learning the exact truth. " Blessed are the pure in heart for they alone shall see truth." . . . In all nature—over each secret there stands its guardian angel. . . . None can enter here but the patient, the humble, the pure, etc. . . . Nature teaches moral discipline. . . . The world is the world of God, and the order of Nature is the order of God. . . .

But at once the difficulty arises that the devoted artist or the devoted writer has a most definite idea of the work he has to accomplish and his faculties are clearly adapted to its accomplishment. In religion it is otherwise: we work for aims the very nature of which is only fully realized in another world. We work with faculties which are more obviously adapted only to the world in which we live. With this difficulty he proceeds to deal:

For our work in this life we are equipped adequately. We are enabled by our faculties to do all that is necessary between birth and the grave on this earth. We set ourselves an earthly task and we have the power in ourselves to carry it out. But we are not only meant for this earth, but for the next world as well; and for this we are not so well prepared. . . .

Tenacity of purpose, it has been said, is an intellectual rather than a moral matter. If *we see the end* we can go on. But we *don't* see the end clearly when that end lies in the other world. If we are beings of earth and heaven we are *not* fully equipped for this double work. " God has not done His duty," it would seem at first sight. He has created us for creatures of Heaven and yet so dim is our vision of Heaven, and so attractive and strong the world all about us, it does not seem possible to carry on our work towards Heaven.

Is there any plan then for our further equipment, the equipment which we have not naturally? Two things we need for this struggle towards Heaven—light and strength. With rare exceptions, man has not these at his birth—he must get them supernaturally.

Objectively, therefore, God gives us Revelation.

Subjectively, He gives us faith.

The sun (Revelation) cannot be seen without the opening of the eyes (faith).

But is it enough to *know* the good? To read the Sermon on the Mount and acknowledge its beauty, is that enough to make us *act* the good?

Christ gives us *clearness of vision*, but he needs also to give us *spiritual power*.

To give us light is fairly easy; to give us *strength* is another thing. . . . God respects our *will*. The power that God gives us is a power that *we* have to lay hold of to secure it. The *will* is the thing. . . . God gives us power in a germinal state. . . . All our natural powers are greater than we know, but the depths of *spiritual power* in us are infinite. It is the power of Christ—not our own, and we *must go to the well* to draw the water. We are not conscious that the power is there until we try.

One means he frequently emphasized for making us realize to the full our latent spiritual power. Our efforts should, he often said, be in their form positive rather than negative. We should strive by prayer and meditation to realize the great spiritual aims and to fill the imagination with them, to make their attainment the interest, even the romance, of our life, rather than simply to avoid sin. To one who thinks chiefly of temptation and its resistance religion is apt to seem the negation of life. For the more we realize and dwell on the allurements of temptation the more our picture of life includes sin as a part of it. If, on the contrary, the imagination and purpose are concentrated on the image of positive good to be attained in life, religion becomes not the negation of life but the fullness of what is best in life. So, too, he would urge, the goodness which comes of ignorance is precarious and uninspiring and seems to identify virtue with shutting out horizons of knowledge which would enlarge the mind. Such goodness, moreover, may be easily put to flight by the inrush of some half-knowledge which might appear to contradict the Christian faith.

Let us, on the contrary, he would urge, boldly and frankly face all knowledge, confident that the whole field of God's truth—material and spiritual—is harmonious and consistent. This favourite theme of his is touched on in the following passage:

Father Maturin

There are two theories of action in life:

1. Negative, abstain from evil doing.

2. Positive, do good and *crowd out* the evil.

Of course, to some extent the one thing necessarily implies the other. If we *do good*, we do not do evil. If we abstain from wrong, it implies that we do right. But the question is: Which theory stands out boldly as the ground of our action? The old order under the Law preached, "Thou shalt not"—the negative implying a positive; with the Sermon on the Mount it is the opposite, "Blessed are the peacemakers," etc., implying "Cursed are the mischief makers." Christ put the *positive* in strong evidence—the Old Law put it in the background.

Let us be *positively* good by action, not *negatively* good by abstention. So also, not ignorance but *knowledge* is the guardian angel of faith.

The forces we speak of as the "discoveries" of science (e.g. electricity) are older than the Incarnation—were always in the world. God is the maker of them all and gives us all this scientific knowledge of his work. As He is the God of the Incarnation, why then fear Knowledge?

Jesus Christ was *positive*: "I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." "Overcome evil with good." (Of course at times there may be in the negative attitude—abstention—a use and a rightness, *but* we abstain in order that we may *more fully act* afterwards. The discipline of silence, e.g., is in order that speech may afterwards be more effective—either speech to God or to man. All *mortification* is *dying* that we may *live*.) . . .

Merely negative goodness obtained by *not doing* wrong is a poor thing. At the Day of Judgement if we say to God, "Lord, I have not told lies, I have not said hard things about my neighbour, I have not committed adultery," etc., God will answer, "My child, tell me what you have *done* with all the faculties I gave you—with hands, eyes, speech, heart." . . . Catholics are not meant to keep their lives in a glass case and then transplant them straight to Heaven. We ought to use *all* our faculties *in the world for God*, in the very best way we can. Overcome evil with good. Theatre, Press, Society, etc.—*leave nothing to the Devil by abstaining* from these things, but *catch hold of them*, use them for God, make them Catholic. That is what God wants.

Father Maturin was very helpful to those who were tried by intellectual and moral difficulties against the Christian faith. And here again, as in the case of resistance

to evil, he encouraged positive trust in God rather than the filling of the mind with difficulties themselves, some of which are, owing to our limited knowledge of God's great universe, insoluble here on earth. He preached that personal trust in God which the whole atmosphere of the Christian and Catholic Church does so much to make easier.

The two classes of difficulties meet us—those of *inner* life and those from *without*. Look at the latter. . . . They make life for all of us a *probation*, a testing: and the last great storm will be the worst of all; but if we pass through the others, we shall be able to pass through this. . . .

Of the outer difficulties and problems that meet us there are:

1. Intellectual difficulties. . . .

2. Moral problems. . . .

It is the office of religion to deal with these problems.

Two ways of dealing with them.

1. By solving them completely (or appearing to) and thus giving peace—this can't really be done.

2. By creating an atmosphere of trust, calmness and peace we can wait in serenity for the answer.

This is what the Church does. She will *not* solve the difficulties—she can't, often (her infallibility is *confined* to the sphere of revelation), but she will, if you give yourself over to her, create for your mind an atmosphere of perfect moral calmness and confidence. . . .

One great question that comes up often to the *most devout* minds is, Why do we suffer so? (The misery of the world has taken away a man's faith sometimes.) . . . In zeal for God's reputation they ask that God should judge the world upon the highest moral principles which He certainly does not seem to do. . . .

What are we to say to this question of suffering?

We sometimes come upon facts which mitigate the difficulty. For instance, a man with an awful cancer is often far more pitied and troubled over by those who look on his suffering than he himself is troubled. He is, very often, *happy within*. He sees and knows something of the good in the trouble that outsiders do not. We may think of God as of a father apparently to outer world harsh and selfish to his children; but ask the children themselves if he is so, and they of the inner circle will feel the question an insult. . . .

Father Maturin

There is an inner circle of people who *understand* God, because they have confidence in Him. . . . The *personal* element is everything in the intercourse of human beings. One person can influence another only as far as he can create an atmosphere of personal trust. " Unless you have confidence in me I can't really teach you or help you, . . . nor can you do me justice in the views you will have of me." (*Cor ad cor loquitur.*) The personal element is the most mysterious and yet the most essential of elements to be considered in the intercourse of human beings. Only by being in sympathy with a person can we understand him. God is a person, and the same rule holds good. In sympathy with Him we shall understand His ways, and those ways which we cannot understand we shall trust. . . .

Dogmas are the garments of God; dry, if viewed intellectually, but if viewed in the atmosphere of personal relationship, how different they will appear.

Come, therefore, into *contact* with God, into personal sympathy with Him. So will the problems become clearer.

These extracts are not specially chosen ones. They are not taken from Father Maturin's great pulpit utterances. They are extracts which chance has placed in my way—notes of a retreat which was given to a group of ladies at a convent in Sussex. But they tell us intimately something of his mind and method.

During his recent visit to New York I saw him several times. I dined in his company on March 14, at the house of our common friend, Dr McMahon, the Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, with whom he was staying. I never saw him in better health or spirits. He discussed his plans and was determined to sail by the " Lusitania," which he thought from her speed the safest of all ships. Also he enjoyed its perfect equipment, which appealed to his imagination as a triumph of modern shipbuilding. I told him that I had received a warning that the Germans were determined on her destruction and I was hesitating whether I should not myself sail by preference in an American liner. I had arranged to return to England on April 3. He laughed at my fears, and said that he himself was so determined to keep to the " Lusitania," that although he could not accompany me, as he had

engagements after April 3, he meant to delay his departure until her next sailing in May, although he would have preferred to return a fortnight earlier.

I met him again a few days later at dinner, at the house of Mrs Augustus Paine, with whom I was staying. Mrs Paine had been a devoted disciple of Father Maturin some twenty-five years earlier, when, as a Cowley Father, he used to preach at Philadelphia. She became a Catholic largely under his influence two years ago. He was on this occasion in even better spirits. He always delighted in congenial conversation, and that night he stayed long after the other guests had left.

I could not but see that the immense fruit borne by his sermons in New York had been a very real joy to him. He told me that he was far happier than on the occasion of his last visit to America two years ago. His buoyant spirits impressed me so much that I laughingly told him that he seemed to have grown ten years younger, and that I who was born nine years later than he felt myself quite an old man by comparison.

I saw him once more when I was staying with my friend, Mr Thomas Kelly, at the Buckingham Hotel, New York. Mr Kelly asked Father Maturin and Dr McMahon to come on Maundy Thursday to a farewell dinner before my departure, which was to take place on Holy Saturday morning. Father Maturin was again on this occasion in remarkably good spirits and remained with us long after Dr McMahon had taken his leave. When he was going I said, " This is good-bye until we meet in England." He replied, " No, I mean to come and see you off on the ' Lusitania ' on Saturday." On the following evening I received a message that he was so tired that he must give up this plan. He had, I think, been preaching at Dr McMahon's church on Good Friday. Thus I never saw him again.

One of his American sermons I heard. It was, I gathered, the least successful he had given. Mrs Paine described some of the earlier ones as among the finest she had ever listened to. The one I heard was not well

constructed and for the first twenty minutes I was a little disappointed with it. But then the inspiration came, and though it could not redeem a certain absence of unity in the construction of the sermon, I carried away the remembrance of passages marked by that wonderful psychological insight which came to him often with the effect of great suddenness in the pulpit.

Father Maturin's end was that of a hero. And by a happy chance we know some of its details. After luncheon on that fated Friday, May 7, at about two o'clock he was seen on the deck saying his Office. The torpedo struck the ship soon after two. How long it took him to realize to the full what had happened we do not know, but we do know from a lady who survived that shortly before the ship went down, twenty minutes later, he was seen striving to keep people calm, giving Absolution to those who asked for it, fastening on lifebelts, and helping women and children into the boats. The lady who relates this was herself helped into a boat by Father Maturin, and just as the boat was putting off he threw a little child into her arms with the injunction "Try to find its mother." Then he stood waiting for the end, quite calm, but as white as a sheet. With his keen sense of the drama of life he probably realized vividly the approaching end. He put on no lifebelt. He did not take off his coat. He made no attempt to escape, but simply awaited death. We can picture him then as ever, intensely human and intensely spiritual—realizing keenly that his own death was now a matter of minutes, yet eager to the last to do good and help others and throwing himself on God for strength and support.

His loss to us is, I think, greater than many realize. His power of entering into other minds is a very rare power, perhaps more rare among Catholics than among others because the extreme definiteness of Catholic traditions may stiffen smaller minds—may so completely fix their direction that the imagination loses its suppleness and cannot enter into any other view. Yet this imaginative understanding of other standpoints than your own is

among the greatest gifts for winning souls to Christianity and to the Catholic Church.

He was wholly out of sympathy with the excesses of Modernism. The publication of Father Tyrrell's Life was a deep grief to him, for he had greatly admired the spiritual lessons contained in Father Tyrrell's early books, and he had an old family friendship with the man himself. " I shall nevermore take any interest in anything Tyrrell has said," was his deliberate utterance after reading Tyrrell's Life. On the other hand, Father Maturin detested the narrow anti-Modernists and was keenly alive, just as Cardinal Newman was, to the necessity of facing new facts which must affect our view of the universe, and of saying old things in a new way for a new generation. His was a temper at once conservative and yet adaptable and plastic. His knowledge of theology was not detailed enough to make him fully realize difficulties in applying his principle, but his temper and principles themselves in this matter were very helpful to many who consulted him. His books do not adequately reveal the man's mind, but *The Price of Unity* will, I venture to say, in spite of literary defects, hold an important place in the Roman controversy of the future. Nevertheless what was greatest in him is not to be found in his written works. It was inseparably blended with his living personality, and can therefore never be replaced for us. The loss is thus quite irreparable. It can perhaps best be mitigated by the collection of notes from his sermons which, though they will not recall the magic of the spoken word, may keep a record of great thoughts begotten in moments of inspiration.

WILFRID WARD

THE CITY OF CONSTANTINE

History of the Later Roman Empire. By J. B. Bury. London. 1889.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Edited by J. B. Bury. London.
The Fall of Constantinople. By Sir Edwin Pears. London. 1885.
Destruction of the Greek Empire. By Sir Edwin Pears. London. 1903.
Innocent III. And other works. By A. Luchaire. Paris.

THERE is a sentence which might have been found, but cannot be read, in what Sheridan described as the "luminous page" of Gibbon, and it runs thus, "Under the names of Byzantium, Constantinople, Stamboul, and Tsargrad, it will be convenient to sum up the origin, the dominion, the captivity, and the future of the city of Constantine." From the year before Christ 656 or 667, when the probably mythical Byzas figures in legend as its first eponymous hero, down to this hour, marked by the thunder of Russian guns from the Bosporus and of French and English fleets about Gallipoli, history has taken count of an incomparable site whence a seven-hilled fortress looks out, holding the keys of Europe and Asia in its grasp. A century or thereabouts junior to Rome, the Greek city waited to become its heir and assign, until nearly a thousand years were spent. In 324 B.C. Alexander the Great died at Babylon. In 324 A.D., by the defeat of Licinius at the Dardanelles and Chrysopolis (now Scutari), the first Christian Emperor made himself lord of the Roman world. He fixed his capital where he had overcome by the sign on his standard; and he gave his name to the new Eternal City. Never, perhaps, was a fresh great volume of the human record more deliberately opened. Imperial and orthodox, dedicated to the Virgin-Mother, fronting the East where enemies to Roman rule had risen up age after age, Constantinople symbolized in palace, church, and walls a policy that during eleven hundred and thirty years kept

those enemies at bay. Its triumph, indeed, was likewise a surrender. It gave up the failing West to tribes from the North; it suffered a feudal or a democratic Europe to grow into the nations that are now disputing, and will decide who shall next possess it. Old Rome, too, was destined to escape in time from Cæsar's rule, and to create the wonderful edifice of civilization above which the Lateran towered, as Dante sings:

> quando Laterano
> Alle cose mortali ando' di sopra.

So that, in the turning of the Roman eagles towards the rising sun, scope was left for Franks, Teutons, Britons; for mediaeval and modern history to go its own way; for the Papacy and the Crusades; for Genoa and Venice to anticipate English maritime adventures in the Mediterranean; and the division of Christendom into Eastern and Western, which need not have been, followed this recoil from the shores of the Atlantic to the Hellespont, as its sure but inevitable consequence.

Three rivers, the Rhine, the Danube, the Euphrates, bounded the Empire and tempted invasion by the treasures that lay inside this magic ring. It was a question, broadly speaking, which loomed more and more frowning on the Roman horizon from the days of Marcus Aurelius, how such dangers might be met. Rome itself could not continue to be the headquarters of campaigns waged at so great a distance; and Milan on one side, Nicomedia on the other, seemed likely to furnish homes for the Emperor with his general staff where he would see the Barbarians or the Persians on their march, in time to counter them. Shrewd thinkers, of whom Ernest Renan was an instance, have conjectured that if the new capital had been placed at Basle or Vienna the ruin of Western Europe and its fall into anarchy would never have come to pass. At all events, the watch on the Rhine could not well be kept up when the Roman front was turned round. Home problems now signified how to deal with hordes

threatening the Danube, with Syria which did not love the Greeks, and with Egypt which feared as well as hated them. The Latin tongue and the Roman law might claim to be paramount in these new courts; under a really exceptional monarch such as the great Justinian (527-565) they were still recognized as the language and decrees of majesty. But a transplanted dialect could not be popular; and the Greek or the Asiatic genius declined to imitate Italians. New Rome asserted its claim to equality with Old Rome, then to supremacy, and at last settled down into haughty disdain of the West as certainly uncivilized and hardly Christian.

If military motives told, as beyond question they did, against Rome and in favour of Byzantium, there was another not less grave, drawn from the strongly entrenched Paganism which still held the Capitol, and had its sacred associations with the Palatine. At Rome, the Emperor must always be Pontifex Maximus. That title, which made him Vicar, so to speak, of Jove, Best and Greatest, even Constantine did not give up; his successors, except the pious Gratian, retained it among their attributes, down to the Spaniard, Theodosius; and temples and priesthoods bore witness to a proud religious tradition, not long ago crowned by the worship of Augustus and the goddess Roma. Now, on May 11, 330, the Christian faith which had with a victorious convert mounted the throne consecrated to itself a city wholly free from idols, to be its political centre and expression. Constantinople, we might say, was cradled in orthodoxy. The Catholic creed was its very *raison d'être*. Other cities had been heathen; but this Queen of the World was born and baptized in the same hour. Greek intellect, which had ceased for several hundred years to produce masterpieces, discovered in Christian theology a source of inspiration, although we cannot reckon as pure Hellenes the most famous among the Fathers. Athanasius and Cyril of Alexandria belong to Egypt; the two Gregories and Basil were Cappadocians; Chrysostom himself came from the Syrian Orontes. Yet more. Constantinople

had to win its way to pre-eminence by incessant battle with ancient sees, in every case representing a nation or an undoubted hierarchical privilege. The Prince of the Apostles had left a local succession at Antioch, an œcumenical one in Rome; and his disciple Mark had carried the Petrine tradition to Alexandria. Cæsarea or Jerusalem was the head of Palestine. What could the latest born of churches cast into the scale to outweigh these dignities? Her answer was brief as conclusive; she threw the Emperor's diadem in, and the balance went down on her side.

It is one of the most curious episodes in all history. A Christian Emperor could not pretend to be priest or pontiff; but nothing need hinder him from acting, said Constantine, as bishop *ad extra*; in language more familiar to us, he might insist on doing his duty as defender of the faith, and in this sense head of the Church. Mass and sacraments he left to the clergy; but he anticipated the English article which lays down that "General Councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes." A living historian, Professor Bury, whose knowledge of later Greek times is almost unrivalled, has written that "In making the State Christian, Constantine made the Church a State-institution, and therefore under Imperial control. Cæsaro-papism was the logical consequence. The sacerdotium was united with the imperium in the person of the monarch, as in the Pagan State."

Professor Bury goes on to say, with more than a touch of paradox, that "the Church acquiesced, and yet did not acquiesce, in this theory." It is true, indeed, that "when a heretical emperor sought to impose his views, champions of ecclesiastical freedom never failed to come forward." But that circumstance, however glorious for the bishops and faithful who clung to their beliefs, does not do away with a principle closely akin to what we now term Erastianism, which had a most pernicious sequel, again and again repeated, from the meddling of Constantine himself in the Arian controversy onwards to

the " Henotikon " of Zeno, the " Ecthesis " of Heraclius and the " Type " of Constans II. It was always acted upon by the Greek sovereigns, orthodox and heterodox alike. It made of religion an engine of State, degraded theology into politics, often of the basest kind; enslaved bishops to eunuchs of the palace; turned councils to hotbeds of intrigue; and provoked the national animosities that, disguising themselves in the language of dogma, broke the unity of spirit created by Rome; and so it paved the way for Mohammed's lieutenants or disciples when they burst in armed upon Egypt and Syria.

The political historian detests theologians and their quarrels. But if he is dealing with Constantinople he cannot avoid the precincts of Nicæa, Ephesus, Chalcedon; or the violent scenes of Iconoclast dispute; and down to the day when Turks are entering by the gate of St Romanus still must the sounds of this battle deafen his ears. Gibbon records the first momentous tokens of disaster not without malice, " Under the rod of persecution," he says, " the Nestorians and Monophysites degenerated into rebels and fugitives; and the most ancient and useful allies of Rome were taught to consider the Emperor not as the chief but as the enemy of the Christians." Cæsar decreeing articles of faith, tuning pulpits, and sending orthodox bishops into exile, contrived in the three centuries which preceded the death of Mohammed to alienate from Constantinople the Western nations taught by Rome, the Copts who looked up to Alexandria their mother Church, the multitude of prelates and people to whom Antioch made its appeal, and not a few among the mixed peoples of Asia Minor. By such unhappy chances the Eastern Empire was preparing for itself the state of isolation in which it finally went down.

This perhaps it is which gives to Byzantine history an air of old age from the beginning, as if predestined to decay and failure. The " sick man " of Constantinople was not originally a Turk; he was the degenerate Greco-Roman, of whom it must be said that he never made a

lasting conquest, or added an immortal page to literature. He resembles a decrepit lion fitfully shaking the bars of his cage, but mostly torpid inside them. Once he did seem on the point of breaking loose; it was when Narses and Belisarius in the middle of the sixth century recovered Africa, Sicily, and Italy from the Gothic invader, and made the unwarlike Justinian master of Rome. Again and again the momentary hope flickers on a Byzantine Emperor, that he can thrust back the forces which from both sides are advancing to hem the empire in and to annihilate it on the very spot where it was born a second time. But these are deceptive gleams. By the year 600, it was doomed. Between Franks and Saracens it could not survive into modern conditions, although it was an unconscionable time dying. The Lower Empire was decadent from the first. And why? Simply, we must answer, because it stood altogether for precedent and usage; it had within it no prophetic idea, no germ of evolution. It lived wholly on the past. The word "Byzantine" spells stereotype. It was a grand, stately fossil. Such the Roman Empire itself had become when Christianity saved it. But in Constantinople the Christian ideals are fixed, once for all, principles and applications alike, by the year 743, on the ruin of Iconoclastic efforts. After that date nothing moves. The sundering of the Churches, so far as the Greeks are concerned, is a mere crystallizing in immobility. The idea has been realized in the type; it can no more. Thought is dead, action has become repetition; the classics and the creeds bind their votaries as by enchantment to a fixed attitude of stupid, because unintelligent, admiration. This life in death we are justified in disparaging as the Lower Empire.

Of Old Rome, now the heir of St Peter as well as of Cæsar, we may affirm that its authority was guided by vision, "instinctu divinitatis," as we read on the Arch of Constantine, which enabled it to resist and to win the Barbarians, with whom the world's progress had been providentially bound up. No such vision enlightened

the pride of Byzantium. It never understood the West. Coldly it looked on while the ancient provinces of the Empire fell beneath surging hosts in the great "Folk-wandering" which went on for centuries. Germany, Gaul, Britain, Spain, were lost. Alaric and Genseric entered Rome in triumph. Even the victories of Justinian's brave lieutenants did nothing to oust Franks or Vandals from the territories they had made their own. Towards the Holy See, by which alone a united Christian Europe was possible in the future, these shortsighted, envious Greeks behaved themselves with an infatuation to be called judicial. Thrusting aside the recognized Patriarchates, the Emperor Theodosius in 381 had given to his capital by conciliar decree the second rank after Rome. That decree the Popes would not countersign. Still less would St Gregory the Great allow the Bishop of Constantinople to style himself "Œcumenical or Universal Bishop," though he claims in the official documents that usurped dignity even to this day. Rome had protected St Athanasius and upheld St Chrysostom; her Pontiffs did all in their power to preserve what was left of Cæsar's dominion in Italy. But the most shameful episodes, ending more than once in martyrdom, of tyranny exercised on the Popes, from Vigilius to St Martin I, take us back to the imperial court and the public spaces of New Rome. Schism after schism, prolonged once for thirty-five years, announced a coming separation that should be final. When the seventh century broke amid clouds, the West was entering on its Age of Iron. Before long, Mohammed, son of Abdullah the Arab, would be dictating his Koran in half-trance, and arming it with a conqueror's sword. Of these tremendous events, round which as on the two foci of an ellipse history has ever since been turning, the Lower Empire had neither foreboding nor intelligence.

Heraclius, the vicissitudes of whose reign mark this period as one of transition and defeat, overcame the Persians, delivered Constantinople from their assault in 626, but in 638, when Damascus and Jerusalem had passed

under the Saracen yoke, he bade an everlasting farewell to Syria. Egypt was lost for good; Persia fell by a single stroke in the battle of Cadesia; Africa drew the hosts of Islam on till they faced the ocean and crossed into Spain. From this time forward the lines of conflict were firmly traced between Mohammedans, Greeks, and Westerns. The centre is Constantinople; but the circle of its strength and civilization shrinks ever into a less ample room. That which had been a vast empire, the "Roman universe," becomes a strip of land on the Bosporus, "the lonely suburbs," to quote Gibbon's meditative phrase, of a city which ought to have died with her last defender; but which survived as a captive and a concubine, given over to the caprice of her lord and master, the Turk.

Certainly, during the eight hundred years which we reckon from Heraclius to Constantine Palæologus, the Greeks did brave things. They made war, when compelled, by rule and science; they hurled back from their walls the Avars in 627, the Saracens twice over in 673-77 and in 718; by which latter date the peril from Islam was checked at the Straits until the Seljukian Turks should arrive. The Emperor's forces proved too much for the Bulgarians, who in 813 and 913 advanced to that conquest of Constantinople which, almost exactly one thousand years after the last named epoch, they so nearly achieved in 1912. Then some three centuries of security followed, to be ended in storm, fire, and havoc by the Fourth Crusade in 1203-4. From that unspeakable crime, perpetrated by the Barons of France and the Doge of Venice, no recovery which might avail against Mohammedan fanatics came within sight. After fifty-seven years of misrule and confusion the Latin Empire vanished. These so-called crusaders had betrayed all that was left of Eastern Christendom, as a military power, to the Ottomans and their Janissaries. On May 29, 1453, the doom so long averted by valour and good fortune was fulfilled. I am writing on its very anniversary, 462 years after Palæologus went down in battle, and Moham-

med II transformed St Sophia into a mosque. Since that dark day the city of Constantine has been known under its slave-name of Stamboul.

That Islamite chiefs, Arabs, Kurds, and Osmanli, Caliphs or Sultans, should hold in their grip the sacred places of Christian story, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse, had been to devout men a standing sacrilege, challenging Europe to crusades; and of these the Pope was by every claim the Captain-General. But here came in the division of the Churches to forbid united enterprise. A malignant power, seated always at the Golden Horn, delighted in stirring up strife under pretence of orthodoxy between Greeks and Latins. Pretence, I say, for the Holy See did not innovate, and its conduct during each of these critical moments can be defended as just and wise. If the quarrel concerning images which we term Iconoclasm led to the defection of central Italy, and the Popes thereby became, in their own despite, temporal rulers of Rome, they at all events had not begun the dispute, and they still acknowledged the Emperor's lieutenant or exarch at Ravenna. It was the Italian people themselves who would not have an image-breaker to reign over them. "The Italians were prepared," in the words of Gibbon, "to create an orthodox emperor, and to conduct him with a fleet and army to the palace of Constantinople." Thus, the Fourth Crusade, which in 1204 took possession of the sovereign persons, while it laid waste the imperial city, might have been anticipated in 728 under Pope Gregory II. The Pope excommunicated Leo the Isaurian; writers of Byzantine chronicles add that he made Rome and Italy disown their allegiance to the notorious heretic. But there was no need of spurring on these multitudes to formal acts. The defence of religion carried in its train political independence. With "St Peter's patrimony" was laid the corner stone of a new Western Empire. In this manner the Popes began to rule from the Lateran. We must quote once more the judgement which Gibbon has pronounced on this "civil princedom"

of the Pontiffs, writing just before the French Revolution. "Their temporal dominion," he says, "is now confirmed by the reverence of a thousand years; and their noblest title is the free choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery."

The Holy Roman Empire, founded when Charlemagne lay prostrate in front of the Apostle's tomb, completed the severance of West from East, by setting the Pope visibly above the man whom he constituted champion of the Church, thus reversing at a stroke "Cæsaropapism," and assigning to the temporal lord his true place among the faithful. Those terms of the "divinity that doth hedge a King," which were so lavishly abused in Byzantine laws and customs, could never be tolerated while the Sacerdotium conferred what the Imperium accepted. The idea of kingly service instead of kingly despotism was born anew when Leo III crowned Charles the Emperor. We may consider this political philosophy to be Frankish or Catholic; it is, historically speaking, both one and the other—a perfect antithesis to the lower Greek conception wherever it exists in Kaiser, Tsar, and "absolute King." On our system the monarchy is limited by the Church; conscience and law become relative terms, demanding adjustment; religion is prior to establishment and does not depend on it. Principles like these, wrought into charters and shaping constitutions, were active all during the period when Europe was reaching out to a form of society as much loftier and more human than the Byzantine as self-determination is superior to mechanical obedience. The Roman Pontiff stood up for freedom, while the Emperor of Constantinople could not imagine what freedom meant.

But in the West, for three centuries and more, freedom was not far removed from anarchy. We may figure to ourselves the Europe of the Iron Age as a vast wood where brigands dwelt in rude castles or ruder hovels, a church here and there keeping religion just alive, the sons of St Benedict teaching the arts of peace to a population scanty and in fear, which was ever praying to be

delivered from the fury of Dane, Norseman, Hungarian, Saracen. Rome had become a den of robbers entrenched in the olden monuments. The Papacy sank under fearful eclipse. It should never be forgotten that the Moslem "True Believers," orthodox in their own eyes with a fanatical enthusiasm, not only conquered Spain to the valleys of Biscay, but rode far into Frankish Gaul, left descendants in the heart of Switzerland about Zermatt, and violated St Peter's shrine at Rome, whence the Leonine city dates, from Leo IV in 855. Saracens or Berbers swept the Mediterranean like the corsairs of Barbary fame long after. The Norsemen sailed laughing in all waters and took the nations for a prey. Some shreds and patches of Latin culture hung loose in the storm-wind, with a little decorative writing, chiefly employed on the Gospels. Western Europe, till about the middle of the twelfth century, was the "wild wood" of legend, an old Roman city breaking its monotonous gloom, or a monastery rising among the trees at wide intervals. The age is hit off in Icelandic epithets, "Hungertide, wolftide, windtide"—war everywhere, and peace the hard-won "Truce of God." Until Paris began to gather light and to spread it the West was dark. After Charlemagne the Holy Roman Empire fell to drivellers and idiots. By miracle a man of genius once and again occupies St Peter's chair; but the story of the usurping House of Theophylact—a hundred and fifty years belong to it—is so shameful that even to tell it now provokes a scandalized remonstrance. Whither had civilization fled?

We must answer, it took refuge among Moslems, who were largely now recruited from Hellenized Orientals and Alexandrian Greeks, or from old and new Spaniards. This era of deep Western degradation is the golden age of Baghdad, Cairo, Seville, Cordova. Not the Arabs of the desert but nations converted to Islam may honestly be cited as interpreting Aristotle, cultivating science, promoting the amenities of civil intercourse, and adorning the borders of that dull volume, the Koran, with fair inventions that it could never, by any word within it,

have inspired. So much for the most glorious days of Islam. But the Greeks, who still kept a faltering hold on Asia Minor, had made of Constantinople a museum, a library, a city of magnificent churches—the mausoleum, let us call it, in which all that remained of Hellenic genius lay as in a tomb. Except some pretty or sarcastic verses in the "Anthology," there was nothing original and great contributed by the Lower Greek pens to that treasure. Perhaps we ought to include the wrought up Liturgy and the hymns, often devout or sonorous, that come down from venerated authors. But as a grand collection of relics, and as the home of Byzantine religious art, round which the social order still moved with grace and politeness, Constantinople outshone Baghdad and Cairo, Seville and Cordova. It rejoiced in the peerless basilica of Justinian, Sancta Sophia. It had palaces on all sea-fronts, market places, hippodrome, law courts—all finely constructed. Its population was witty and to a certain degree truly Hellenic, petulant and mocking, as if some gleam of Aristophanes rested on the queen-city of Europe. If we add to the dream-like charm of Venice the sanctity of Rome, the sparkle and the disputatious vivacity of mediæval Paris, we shall have given matter to the fancy of which it may create a not unlovely phantom and stamp it with Constantine's name. For the romance of the Dark Ages figured Constantinople under symbols resembling these. It enjoyed peace and plenty; it was learned; it received all precious things from afar in a wide-sailing commerce; it had shrines and saints; its Emperor was God's vicegerent on earth; it seemed impregnable and had never been taken.

In six hundred years, between Heraclius and Isaac Angelus, it reckoned sixty Emperors and five dynasties with interruptions—"the Heraclian, Isaurian, Amorian, Basilian, and Comnenian families." I transcribe Gibbon, who reminds us of some Miltonic line in this lofty herald's cry. There were men among the sixty not unheroic, engaged in a ceaseless conflict with foes who might be defeated but could never be subdued. Historians will

praise Constans II for preserving Asia Minor and raising an efficient army and fleet to do battle with Moslemin; but his memory is not dear to religion. Constantine IV and Leo III saved the city and even Europe, when the infidel thundered at the Golden Horn. Crete, Sicily, and the Exarchate of Ravenna were lost under the Isaurian dynasty; yet in some respects it strengthened the Empire. The Basilian line, which claimed to be Armenian and royal, became in the ninth century more powerful than Frank or Saracen. Late in the tenth, after 960, Crete and Cilicia were won back, as well as Cyprus and Northern Syria. Basil II is the great man who from 976 to 1018 did these things, besides conquering the Bulgarians and setting forward the conversion of Russia. Then the Seljukian Turks came on the scene. They made themselves masters of Asia Minor, which they called Roum, and in 1080 occupied Nicæa, the beautifully-placed town on its lake and hills. " The Empire seemed," says Professor Bury, " through incompetence and frivolity to have been brought to the verge of dissolution." It was rescued by Alexius Comnenus from the assaults of Seljuks and Normans alike.

But these dreaded names tell us that we have arrived at the watershed, so to call it, of mediaeval history. On one side Latin Christendom had made of the most adventurous among Low German races its vassals in Southern Italy, its champions instead of the worn out Carlovingian Franks, and they would soon be leading its armies to the Holy Sepulchre. On the other side, these Turks in all their tribes had embraced Islam or would do so as they moved down from the steppes. They had already served as the Prætorian Guards of a decrepit Caliphate and handled it despitefully. After fierce quarrelling which involved the ruin of the Ghaznevides, the Seljukian branch was planted over against the Greeks, in positions from which the Paynim were never after permanently dislodged. The year 1076 saw the capture of Jerusalem by Turks, to the horror and dismay of all good Christians. It led the much tried Pontiff,

Gregory VII, to meditate afresh on that great offensive movement towards the East which was soon to issue in the First Crusade, to enrich and modify the social order of Westerns, hitherto little different from their Barbarian ancestors, and to achieve the taking and the ruin of Constantinople.

Politically speaking, Gregory VII is perhaps the foremost man that ever sat in St Peter's Chair. But he held a world in check with amazing difficulty. He had brought the German Emperor, Henry IV, to kneel in the snow at Canossa. He could not keep the Teuton from coming down in fury on Lombardy and Rome. Henry was leagued with Alexius the Greek, and Alexius reigned over a Church that had now broken away, once for all, from the Holy See. In 1081, two hundred and fourteen years had gone by since Photius, the rare scholar, the unscrupulous intruder into the sanctuary at Byzantium, had excommunicated Pope Nicholas I on grounds which, even at this distance of time, we cannot read without a sense of humiliation. Not on account of Nicholas, a truly eminent Pontiff and the patron of SS. Cyril and Methodius who began the conversion of Russia. But Photius recalls the mean and wrangling heroes of Euripides, given over to chicanery, the Græculus of Roman satire; he is the predestined slave of the Turk. Could it be for such contemptible reasons as are set down in the Encyclical of 867 by this usurper, that the Church was rent in twain? Gibbon is scornful of the Greek "bigotry and aversion," to which Photius gave loud voice. The schism turned neither on points of dogma nor on peculiarities of discipline. It was a political apostasy disguised under trifling forms. The Greeks hated the Latins; the city of the Great King would not yield pre-eminence to dead Rome. Outwardly a quarrel of ecclesiastics, at heart the dispute was between Papal Supremacy and the lay headship of the Church.

It slumbered during the forlorn years when Rome appeared to be sunk in hopeless anarchy. But by 1054 the change had come about which inaugurated a series of great

reforming Popes. The romance of the Normans in Italy was opening its first chapter. They took Leo IX prisoner at Civitella and accepted from him the investiture of the South. Before six years had passed, Robert Guiscard would be writing himself, " By the grace of God and St Peter, Duke of Apulia, Calabria, and hereafter of Sicily." At the Eastern court these transactions provoked reprisals as smacking both of treason and heresy. The Patriarch, Michael Cerularius, closed all the Latin churches in Constantinople, and broke off communion with the Pope's legates. They in turn laid a strong anathema upon the high altar of St Sophia. And the deed was done which left the Greeks, mainly by their own pride and intolerance, to fight a losing battle against their Mohammedan foes.

But they were also to have the Normans on their hands at a favourable conjuncture for Robert Guiscard, which came in 1081. He crossed the Ionian Sea from Otranto, laid siege to Durazzo, defeated Alexius Comnenus, and compelled Durazzo to surrender. A triumphant march led him nigh to Salonika, when he was recalled to Italy by the Apulian revolt, as well as by rumours of Henry IV descending from the Alps. He had alarmed Constantinople; his son Bohemond beat Alexius a second and a third time, and was only just defeated at Larissa. Less than three years afterwards Henry IV was repelled from the walls of Rome by the Norman; but in the fire and pillage that ensued a third of the city was laid waste. Then Robert invaded Epirus again, in October, 1084. He was compelled to fight the Greeks and their allies the Venetians at sea off Corfu. In the third naval combat he won; he set about conquering Hellas, and might have attempted Constantinople in the spring; but an infectious disease cut short his plans when he was seventy years of age. He died in Cephalonia. His design on the imperial city was to be put in execution by that very Republic of Venice which had sent its galleys to the aid of Comnenus, but not until one hundred and nineteen years were past. Thanks, however, to the alliance with Comnenus in his hour of trouble, the Venetians gained commercial

privileges so extensive as to become the first trading power in imperial waters, and even thus early did they "hold the gorgeous East in fee." The Genoese settlement at Pera came by and by.

Despite schism and the preceding quarrels which we have noted, this Emperor Alexius, founder of a dynasty well known from its literary associations, was compelled to seek assistance from Rome and the Franks. He could not withstand the Seljukian power unaided. The answer was given by Pope Urban II at Clermont to the cry, "Dieu le veult" which resounded all over the West Be the faults and high crimes of the crusaders too great for apology, it still remains true that their object was the triumph of faith, and their political instinct justified. They aimed at recovering Jerusalem; it certainly did not enter into their minds for many years that Constantinople would afford them an easier and more substantial conquest. Admittedly, the victories which they first achieved gave new strength to the Empire. It got back Nicæa with large portions of Asia Minor. It was delivered from the Turkish terror hanging over it. The Churches might have been united again in a happy moment. But here the well-named "Lower Greek" spirit ruined all. One would not wish to describe Constantinople with Renan as "the everlasting capital of intrigue and baseness." It suffered much and preserved much to the benefit of civilization for all time. It had grievances against its mailclad visitors from the dark West, who behaved themselves among these polished people not less rudely than the Romans of Mummius, when they came to Hellenic towns and stared at marvels which they could not comprehend. Our sympathies in this present age, calling itself the second Renaissance, go out to a nation still acquainted with classic art, speaking the language if not of Homer yet of Plutarch, not swordsmen indeed equal to Baldwin or Bohemond, but the one society then extant which did not cultivate war as the only profession worthy of a man. We feel their superiority in these things, as no Frank of the twelfth century could have

felt it. And still there seems to us folly besides ingratitude in their conduct towards the helpers whom they had called in.

Alexius deemed himself feudal lord of his Frankish allies. Not content with recovering what had been lost in Asia Minor, the diplomacy of Byzance was hungering after Syria and Palestine, countries which during centuries had been rent from the Empire, inhabited by hostile races, and to be held, if at all, by the valour of the crusaders. These Barbarians spoke of conquering for Christ; the imperial court wanted them to conquer for Cæsar. Doubtless in the jarring of lawyers and soldiers we should find faults on both sides. The kingdom of Jerusalem, bought at a great price of blood and suffering, was not, however, a menace to Constantinople; it might have served as its bulwark. But the claims of unwarlike Greeks, and the Norman system of divided sovereignties, were a fatal hindrance to success. The secret of establishing in the East an empire governed by Westerns, which the Romans knew, had not yet been divulged to later times. It was reserved for the British, and has given them a loyal India. Meanwhile, as is evident, the continual passage of independent armed pilgrims over sea and land to Palestine was a trial which hardly the best organized of States could endure. Yet if the Greek Empire did not lead it must submit to the angry demands of men who, in resisting the infidel, were saving Europe. However unwillingly, Constantinople was acting to the advantage of the Moslem powers. A less enviable position it is not easy to imagine. This temporizing policy threatened to be the way of destruction. And so it proved.

After a series of expeditions between 1101 and 1189, which were all thwarted in various ways by the Greeks and all failed, the loss of Jerusalem to Saladin brought on a period of incessant effort against Mohammedans; but soon the notion of a crusade was enlarged until it included any military enterprise of which religion was the occasion, or it might be the pretext. In the great Third Crusade where Germany, France and England

joined forces, Frederick Barbarossa learned that Isaac Angelus had made terms of friendship with Saladin himself; and the Teuton came very near attacking Constantinople as a Moslem outpost. These troubles, it has been rightly said, "contain the germs of the Fourth Crusade." Commencing as a genuine Holy War, blessed by the Pope and directed to the rescue of our sacred places, the immense movement had now become a profitable secular adventure, managed by the Great Powers for their own ends. The negotiations between a Greek Emperor and an Islamite Sultan, or again our King Richard's proposals to the same illustrious chief, were forebodings of a time when the Turkish Grand Signior would divide and frustrate the policy of Christendom, as he succeeded in doing for centuries, and is doing now. In 1195, the strong but relentless Henry VI, son of Barbarossa, took the cross and challenged Isaac Angelus on his own account. Isaac was suddenly dethroned by his brother, Alexius III; and the crusade would have been turned against the usurper, if Henry had not died in Sicily. The storm was gathering fast which historians term the Fourth Crusade.

Innocent III was the Pope; French feudal magnates were the leaders; Egypt was the object; and the Venetian Republic was the maritime agent, under which this voyage of the Christian Argonauts began. "The true heir of Henry VI," said Ranke, "was Innocent III." Yet we count ourselves happy in escaping from the odious task of charging so supremely great a Pontiff with the ruin of the Eastern Empire. It is some relief, too, in a dark page that originally the crusaders themselves had no thought of committing the crime into which they afterwards plunged. To attack Egypt was a legitimate and even necessary proceeding, now that Syria no longer afforded a sure way to Jerusalem. Moreover, at Cairo the heart of Islam invited a deadly stroke. We will not linger on the curious combination of motives that drove the crusading fleet first to Zara and then to the Dardanelles. Against both plans Innocent was decidedy

resolved. He wanted nothing but the old and true expedition, guided by faith to a religious victory. His commands were evaded. The lay argument prevailed. Another Alexius, son, not brother, of Isaac Angelus, went with these filibustering heroes, for such they had become, as the justification of their enterprise. In June, 1203, they arrived before the Queen City which, rising on its delightful hills, smote them with admiration and desire. "Every man's heart," says Villehardouin, "thrilled to the adventure." On July 6 they passed the Bosporus. In ten days these twenty thousand Latins took the city by assault, put the usurper to flight, and released the blinded Isaac Angelus from his prison. Dandolo, Doge of Venice, himself old and blind, is the figure most conspicuous in a scene at once magnificent and unfortunate. The Lion of St Mark had taken Constantinople, hitherto holding out against all comers and the great defence of Christendom. Villehardouin demanded on behalf of the victors that the Eastern Empire should submit to the Pope, succour the Holy Land, pay the stipulated ransom which Alexius the younger could not collect. It was the hour of doom. In March, 1204, the crusaders, who had been relegated to Pera, determined to seize the city by violence and divide the Empire. We seem to be reading of Cortés and Mexico, rather than of the second Christian capital and an army signed with the Cross. In April once more the city fell. In May the freebooters elected Baldwin of Flanders to be their emperor. Venice took "a quarter and a half" of the mutilated State for her portion, and Morosini the Venetian was made Patriarch. "The Empire," says Gibbon in a memorable sentence, "which still bore the name of Constantine and the title of Roman, was subverted by the arms of the Latin pilgrims."

Of the many delinquencies on a great scale committed by mediaeval Christians this may well be judged the head and front. In one huge catastrophe it brought shame on the crusading movement altogether; it cut the sinews of the Byzantine Empire, which had lived through

six centuries of conflict, reckoning from Heraclius; it wrought up the Greek Church to an unconquerable hatred against all that was Latin; it made the Pope its accomplice, though he loathed its perpetrators and rebuked them in scathing terms; and the riot of profanity and debauchery that followed on the sack of Constantinople, while it moved Innocent to righteous indignation, was but the culminating horror in a day that laid Eastern Europe bare to any fresh invader.

For though the Pope acquiesced, and French adventurers carved out dukedoms for themselves at Athens and Sparta; though Venice got her coasts and islands, and fresh crusades were promised to help the Latin Emperors; this unhallowed crazy State was a failure from the beginning. It never showed signs of permanence. It was little else than a vast brigandage, sucking the marrow out of nations that none of these barons could guide or win to themselves. In two years from its foundation a Greek Emperor, Lascaris, had been chosen at Nicæa. There was another at Trebizond; and Epirus held out. After a miserable life in death during fifty-seven years, as we have said, the phantom of " Romania " was put to flight in 1261. Michael Palæologus entered Constantinople to set up a brave but ineffectual dynasty which, ever seeking union with Rome from political motives, but defeated in each attempt by the obstinacy of the Greek people, went forward as under the thrusting on of Fate to the inevitable last act. Who should finish the tragedy? Charles of Anjou with his French, the Ottomans more terrible even than the Seljuks, the Bulgarians, or the Serbians? " Ubi corpus, ibi aquilæ." These eagles were gathering to devour the prey, which St Mark's lion had torn to shreds.

Not Charles of Anjou, for the Sicilian Vespers in 1282 gave him his quietus. Nor the Bulgarians, whom in 1330 their Serbian rivals broke. Nor yet the Serbians themselves; for these, on the lamentable day of Kossovo in 1387, were beaten into ruin by the children of Othman. The remnants of the Greek dominion were spared, one

had almost said overlooked, when monstrous waves of Tartar desolation covered the hitherto flourishing provinces of Asia. The Moghuls retired; and the Ottomans grew to greatness. More untamable than any people of the East, refractory to culture, fanatical without knowing why, it was laid upon them to accomplish the fifth act, in which a chief centre of civilization and Christianity should be degraded into a Turkish camp. Othman invaded the province of Nicomedia on July 27, 1299. We mark his tribe's advance to Brusa in 1326, across the Hellespont in 1360, to Tirnovo in 1393. A short respite was given by the triumph of Tamerlane over Bajazet in 1402 at Angora. Then Amurath II, as our English books write the name, took Adrianople and unsuccessfully assailed the Capital in 1422. I pass by emperors begging succour in the West, Councils of Basle and Florence with decrees of reunion. The last Constantine was left to encounter Mohammed II, warrior, tyrant, scholar, and sceptic, who brought a strong fleet and an army of 150,000 men to blockade the city on April 7, 1453, against 8,000 Greeks and Genoese.

It is a story worth reading, map in hand, whether we take the vivid narrative of Gibbon or the still more exact chronicle of Sir Edwin Pears for our guide—a story not dishonourable to the Emperor who fell with his Empire, nor to the Genoese Justiniani, his chief adjutant; while the Greek people deserve a song of lament such as Euripides sang in his choral odes over Troy. Significant it is that Mohammed II came of a half-Christian pedigree; and that the Janissaries who rushed the last stockade were Christian youths forcibly converted to Islam. On the night of May 29, 1453, Constantinople, the orthodox New Rome, ceased to exist. After sunrise on the following day it became Stamboul.

Henceforth, its vicissitudes (which never involved surrender) belong to Oriental history, where no development of ideas or institutions has a place. The camp, the mosque, the hareem occupy the conquered city; and Europe waits until Western civilization, moving

irresistibly forward on the lines of an ideal never yet vanquished beyond hope, shall renew but with more just pretensions the Fourth Crusade. In March, 1878, Russian armies at San Stefano dictated terms of peace to Constantinople, which England under Beaconsfield tore up. In the autumn of 1912, to universal astonishment, the Balkan peoples, aided by the long enslaved Greeks, nearly anticipated that victory towards which a mightier array of Christian powers is driving a path by land, air and sea. Stamboul is dying. When will Tsargrad rise above the seven hills? In the hour of that revelation, Latins and Greeks will come face to face; Holy Russia will meet Eternal Rome; Franks and Slavs, Italians and Britons, will march on to St Sophia. During one historic moment East and West, sundered by differences which faith would speedily overcome, are destined to join hands before the altar above which, looking down graciously upon these His children, the Byzantine Christ bids them celebrate an everlasting peace in His name.

WILLIAM BARRY

DISRAELI

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. Vol. III, 1846-1855. John Murray. 1914.

TO read about past political struggles is, to the reflective mind, one of the most melancholy of pleasures. They have not the glamour of glory which attends the stories of real war however ancient; they seem to be not so much dead realities as dead unrealities. The questions that stirred the passions of men between 1846 and 1855, the decade of Mr Buckle's present volume, are settled for good or bad, the men who fought then, Tories, Whigs, Radicals, are long dead and almost entirely forgotten; the clamours are silent, ambitions stilled, reputations vanished, other figures sit in the same seats in the same House of Commons. Mr Buckle's present volume appeared, moreover, in an uncongenial time, in the early part of a colossal war which has destroyed our interest in the political questions of our own day, those questions which last July seemed so burning and pressing. Now we can hardly remember that we felt excited about them. The greater reality always does destroy the less, and this comparative method gives a much shorter " pathway to reality " than that with which Lord Haldane has kindly supplied us. Party politics are a mild form of civil war, *en permanence*, but now all warlike passion is swallowed up in the war against Germany, like a river in the sea. There is not enough left even to supply interest in such lesser symbols or mimicries of war as cricket or football. How then can we feel interest in questions which overthrew Governments, or kept them in power, seventy years ago?

The decade 1846–55 is, moreover, the first half of a comparatively uninteresting twenty years of political history in England, though great affairs were afoot on the Continent. Large issues of principle, the Test Acts, Reform of Parliament, Free Trade, had already been

fought and decided, and those were yet to come of the later period which began with the admission of the urban working class to power in 1867. It was a time of recriminations, and transfers of power on small issues from one set of men of the political caste to another. Debates were amusing enough, and personal, but now seem petty, and too vehement for the class of subject in question. History, however, which takes biographical form is always of interest, where the hero is a man of original and singular and various genius, as is pre-eminently the case of Disraeli. He alone of all statesmen in our chronicles cut his way to the tenure of supreme power, without having one drop of British blood in his veins, without the fraternal support of any great profession like the law; with no territorial standing or inherited wealth of his own; unlinked by parentage with any of the great political families, without being a demagogue or having the power to excite enthusiasm in the masses of the people. It was a unique achievement of an adventurous, fighting, ambitious genius, and, on its lesser scale, is like nothing more than the conquest of France by the first Napoleon.

Buonaparte and Disraeli were alike in this that both were entirely alien in blood and temperament from the people whom they came to rule. Both were Italianate, and Disraeli was, besides, a pure Jew by race. From the point of view of success there was herein advantage and disadvantage to the aspirant. Disadvantage, because there was racial prejudice to overcome; advantage, because the alien can keep a cool head. Not swept away by tides of popular emotion, he can watch them like a man on the bank and turn them to his own advantage. No man of recently imported alien stock can have exactly the same inbred sentiments or emotions as those of men whose ancestors have lived and married in the same country for centuries. The Catholic Church has intense formative and absorbing power. Yet, probably, no convert can exactly and fully share, though he may respect and envy, the way of regarding things possessed by those

whose families have been Catholic for generations. Possibly, and for this reason, he may see some things more correctly than they do, but he will hardly share, much as he may wish to do so, the full and rich simplicity and ease of their piety and feeling.

Another thing to be considered is this. An alien, who has to overcome his difficulties, can hardly rise to power in the blameless manner of one who, like a Cavendish, a Russell, a Cecil, comes of an hereditary race of native statesmen, or territorial magnates, whose position-achieving crimes were committed centuries ago. Lord Hartington, for instance, arrived in 1875 at the leadership of the Liberal Party, forced and driven into the position entirely against his will, and thinking it a dreadful bore—without having committed a single political crime, or having exercised the full vigour of war against a single antagonist or rival. The Duke of Wellington once said, in a discussion on Napoleon's character: "The fact is the fellow was not a gentleman." But Buonaparte could not by acting like an English gentleman have made himself from a poor Corsican lieutenant into the Emperor Napoleon. He could no more have attained his end while acting like the grand Condé than Disraeli could have attained his while acting like Hartington. Cardinal Newman once drew a famous parallel between the character of a gentleman and that of a Christian, and showed that, apart from the inspiring motive, they were almost identical. Neither Buonaparte nor Disraeli could have attained their position while acting in the spirit of the Gospels. But both of them were aristocrats by temperament and by race, for Buonaparte came of an old noble family, and although the exact descent cannot be traced, one can hardly doubt that Disraeli was right in his belief that he descended from a high caste among the Hebrews. There was nothing in the least plebeian about him. He rose, soon and easily, to a high social level as water in a pipe mounts towards the level of its source. Both Buonaparte and Disraeli were romantic poets in action; they were the central heroes of their own romance,

and France and England were the horses which they mounted and rode. Byron and Chateaubriand were men of the same temperament, although chance, or some defect on the practical side, limited their careers.

The general feeling about Disraeli during the earlier half, at least, of his life was that he was extraordinarily clever and extremely unscrupulous. We see him now in the light of his complete career. When he no longer had to carve his way he showed only his good side, his very good side, which was always there, magnanimity, kindness, generosity, loyalty to friends, courtesy to foes (except Gladstone), good humour and philosophic calm. Successful, he was now in the position of Becky Sharpe's ideal, the woman who had £5,000 a year, and could afford to be virtuous.

The two first volumes of this biography, written by the late Mr Monypenny, show Disraeli " on the make." Here we seen an alien youth, not fettered by any traditional instincts or associations or connexions, considering which of the British parties would best enable him to fulfil his high romantic dream of becoming ruler of England. He chose the Tory side because he had natural sympathy with Tory aristocracy, and because there was less intellectual competition and more opening for an original mind on that side. His revolt against Peel was due partly to a personal affront, and antipathy of temperament, but chiefly to the opportunity given to him by Peel's protection-destroying policy to oust that dully righteous chief and his official staff, the Gladstones and Grahams and Herberts, and to capture the lead of the indolent and speechless agrarian party. He assailed Peel, without fundamentally disagreeing with his policy, with the bitterest invective, simulating a passion which did not really at all affect his cool Jew-Italian brain, and in the end overthrew that extremely English statesman. Disraeli always accused Peel of the crime of breaking up a great party, but really it was Disraeli who broke the party. Had it not been for him Peel would have carried his side, however reluctant, through the repeal of the Corn

Laws as he did through the repeal, almost equally odious to them, of the Test Acts. He did carry the whole of his Cabinet except Stanley. And, had it not been for the dominating and, to them, antipathetic personality of Disraeli, Gladstone and his Peelite friends would, in the 'fifties, have returned, like errant sheep, to the Conservative fold, and not have permanently joined the Liberals. Disraeli captured and held the Tory leadership, but he had to spend almost thirty years, with hardly a break, in opposition, and, when at last in 1874 he came into real power, he was too old and worn to exercise it with much joy. This was his expiation for sins of youth.

Mr Buckle's volume takes up the story at the point where Disraeli, having driven Peel out of office and the Tory party out of power, was securing by every means he could the leadership of the Protectionist section in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the secret opposition of Lord Derby and the official Whips he soon obtained this position, for the simple reason that, the intellectual and official Peelites having gone, he was the only effective speaker, good tactician and political thinker left with the main body of the Tories. He was indispensable. He not only supplied his party with ideas, but was their only man who could express them. As soon as Lord George Bentinck, the nominal leader for three years, died, this became quite evident. Among other difficulties Disraeli had to overcome the distrust and disapproval of his virtuous Sovereign. When Lord Derby was making an unsuccessful attempt to form a Government in 1851, the Queen said to him, " I do not approve of Mr Disraeli. I do not approve of his conduct to Sir Robert Peel." Lord Derby replied, " Madam, Mr Disraeli has had to make his position, and men who make their positions will say and do things which are not necessary to be said or done by men for whom positions are provided." " That is true," said Her Majesty. " And all I can now hope is that having attained this great position he will be temperate. I accept Mr Disraeli " (as leader in the Commons) " on your guarantee."

Disraeli

A man of Disraeli's stamp, while he is rising, looks at questions from the point of view how they will enable him to secure power. Disraeli could do this more easily since his cool and aloof alien brain was not affected by tides of British emotion. It is the strength of a Roman Gallio in the eastern provinces, or of a British Governor in India. This admirably appears in his treatment of religious questions. As a Hebrew of Hebrews by race, though a kind of Christian by adoption, he was concerned in the matter of the admission of Jews to Parliament. As Catholics, until 1829, had been excluded by the terms of an oath, so still were Jews, because they had to swear "on the true faith of a Christian." Baron Lionel de Rothschild was elected again and again by the City of London, but was not allowed to take his seat because he could not utter such words. Bills for the relief of the Jews were brought forward almost annually from 1849 to 1858, passed by the Whig and Radical majority in the Commons, and rejected by the Lords. Disraeli steadily supported these Bills against most of his own party, and gloried in his race. In books and speeches he urged his favourite theme that race is everything, that the Jews were a Semite race of pure type, that Christianity was but fully developed Judaism, more or less corrupted by Gentile superstitions, that this race had produced "the Man whom all Europe, and the Woman whom half Europe, worships." In a coldly received speech of 1847 he said, "As a Christian I will not take upon myself the awful responsibility of excluding from the legislature those who are of the religion in the bosom of which my Lord and Saviour was born." In 1856, he informed an amazed House of Commons that "this would not be a Christian State or a Christian community had it not been, under divine inspiration, for the efforts and exertions of a Jew."

This shows how far Disraeli was from being a Catholic Christian. To Catholics the divine nature of our Lord is so transcendently and overwhelmingly important that it would not be possible for them even to think of that

Being as an inspired Jew who made certain " efforts and exertions." The original Arianism seems to have begun with the subterranean activity of the Jews, although respectable prelates like Eusebius of Antioch decked it out in fancy verbiage, and this way of thinking has run through the history of the Church, reappearing in great force after the German conquests in the Roman Empire, and again at the Protestant Reformation. Arianism seems to suit the Teutonic mind. Except so far as the Tory minority, or part of it, was concerned, Disraeli was pushing at an open door. Ever since Oliver Cromwell permitted them to live in England the Jews, though not exactly popular, have been far less disliked or feared in this country than the Catholics. No Catholic, in the 'forties, would have had the smallest chance of being elected by the City of London like Lionel de Rothschild. It is not very different even in these softened days. There is never any difficulty in " running " a Jew candidate for Parliament. There are many in the House, and at least two were in the late Cabinet. But although in England and Scotland there are, perhaps, twenty Catholics for every Jew, there are not more than three or four Catholic members (excluding those who sit for Irish seats) in the House of Commons, and in the case of these the fact that they are there is due to very special territorial connexions and influences. No skilled party agent would run a Catholic for an ordinary seat for fear of losing it, whereas he would welcome a wealthy Hebrew. And has there ever yet been a Catholic in any British Cabinet except the late Lord Llandaff? It was better by far for Disraeli, for political purposes, to have been born a Jew than to have been born a Catholic, for the world—and nothing except a lady of fashion is more the world than the men who " take an active part in politics "—prefers, if it cannot get its own, to get at least that which most resembles its own.

What were the views of this " outsider " Disraeli as to Catholicism and Protestantism? In his novels he treats Anglican dignitaries with a slightly patronizing

and contemptuous and comic touch. He describes Catholics with respect, though, on the whole, with hostility. In a way, the Catholic Church, as an ancient and living and powerful and aggressive and international organization, had his esteem or excited his interest. In his earlier romances, *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, he regrets the misdeeds of the English Reformation. He was evidently much influenced by the *History of the Protestant Reformation* published in 1825 by that old Tory-Radical, squire-and-parson-hating ex-private soldier, William Cobbett. Cobbett saw in the history of the Whigs nothing but the story of a successful unscrupulous faction founded upon the plunder of the monasteries, and so, incidentally, upon that of the poor, and guided in all their later rebellions, " glorious revolutions," French Wars, creation of " tax-eating " fund-holders and so forth, by the desire to secure their booty from the vengeance of an awakened people. His book was written with a verve and fierce indignation of which no writer now seems capable except the fiery Mr Leo Maxse, and it had wide circulation, although, like our Mr Maxse, Cobbett was treated by the vain and uneasy Liberal Intellectuals of his day as beneath notice. His influence was afterwards swept away by the writings of Macaulay, who preached a diametrically opposite view of English history so enthusiastically and so brilliantly that we are only now slowly beginning to recover our senses from the asphyxiating effects. Disraeli, with no acknowledgment, borrowed freely ideas and almost words from Cobbett. It was Cobbett and not Coningsby who first profanely derided the sacro-sanct cause " for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold " as that of a narrow and interested oligarchy, supported by a deluded middle class. At that time Disraeli had hopes of the " Young England " party, mostly clever Cambridge young men, who were the political counterpart of the Oxford Tractarian movement, and he liked, while he did not share, the enthusiasm of these delightful boys. But Disraeli was not at all the man to damage his career for a

romantic dream or a poetic emotion, and the correspondence in the present volume shows that he was soon convinced of the unassailable Protestantism of the middle classes then dominant in England and Scotland. A convincing proof of this, to him, was the storm lashed up by the re-establishment of the English Catholic hierarchy under Cardinal Wiseman in the autumn of 1850.

Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, the blood of his Whig and monastery-plundering ancestors boiling in his veins, wrote his famous epistle to the Bishop of Durham, and all Great Britain was aflame with wrath against the aggressive Catholics and the treacherous Puseyites. Impetuous little "Johnny" had for the moment forgotten that the Irish Catholics were an important contingent of his supporters, and that, for political transactions, he had himself recognized the Irish hierarchy. Disraeli's line was to divert what he called "the legitimate Protestant feeling" to the use of the Tory party, and so, while feigning indignation at the "aggression," he artfully regretted Russell's previous relations with the aggressors. Two years later he wrote to Lord Henry Lennox.

> We framed an opposition on Protection and Protestantism. When you commence your studies and read *Coningsby*, you will see how I have treated those exclusive and limited principles, clearly unfitted for a great and expanding country, of various elements, like this of ours. . . . Notwithstanding all I said and did, they stuck to Protection till the country positively spat upon it. I tore away this millstone, but yielded reluctantly to the belief that the brother burden was to turn up trumps for us. It seems to me to have done us more harm than the South Sea bubble.

Here, with the incautious sincerity of private correspondence, Disraeli writes down Protestantism as bad political business, or as a policy which having served its turn must now be got rid of as, like Protection, a *damnosa hereditas* from Whiggism, alien to true Tory principles. Yet he never seemed certain whether Protestantism were a good horse to ride or not. The inconclusive English

mind perhaps puzzled him on this head. In 1874 he passed the futile Public Worship Regulation Act, directed against the section of Anglican clergy who, having accepted most Catholic doctrines except that of authority, naturally were led to imitate Catholic practices and ritual. His rival Gladstone covered his own opposition to that Act by furious assaults upon the decrees of the Vatican Council. No doubt, Protestant feeling was strong just then, and so Disraeli and Gladstone, the former directly and cynically, the latter more or less subconsciously, ministered to the gratification of the mighty and power-bestowing Electorate.

Disraeli's novel *Lothair* was an earlier homage to the electoral strength of British Protestantism. He knew that among his supporters were many impregnable men, like that delightful Scot, the Earl of Culloden, who observes to Lothair, " If the country sticks to Free Trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress." In the same novel the Lady Corisande, who, in the long run, routs the Catholic society ladies, and carries off the magnificently wealthy and vacillating hero in matrimonial and ecclesiastical triumph, says to her Garibaldian friend, the " divine Theodora," " I look upon our nobility joining the Church of Rome as the greatest calamity that has ever happened to England. Irrespective of all religious considerations, on which I will not presume to touch, it is an abnegation of patriotism; and, in this age, when all things are questioned, a love of our country seems to me the one sentiment to cling to." " 'I know no higher sentiment,' said Theodora." Nor did she. This touches the real foundation of the vague dislike felt by so many Britons for the Catholic Church. They feel that Catholics are a permanent conspiracy to attract them from their national and accustomed orbit into a foreign and obscure and uncomfortable region. More or less consciously they deem Catholicism to be in conflict with that religion, for it is a real religion also, which men call " patriotism." The Catholic, they feel, is

not a national religion; it intercepts and diverts emotion into a cosmopolitan channel. The same accusation was made by Roman writers against the early Christian Church, and was replied to by St Augustine in his famous distinction between the two Cities. In a certain sense the charge is true. A Catholic will be patriotic in the best sense, but he cannot be *limitlessly* patriotic, precisely because his visible and organic Church is not identified with his particular country. He can be, and is, a true lover of England and can, and does, fight and die in her service, but he cannot possibly deem her to be his sole motherland, for he is a citizen of another "Civitas" also, the real and visible Catholic Church extending through many nations, whether they are at war or peace, and supremely ruled in spiritual matters by one earthly vice-regent. He believes in the dual world of Church and State just as he believes in the primary truth of the dual nature in man. And then, is this limitless patriotism a real good? Just as the selfhood of an individual is a useful and necessary force when restrained within limits by the family, the city, the commonwealth, so should not also the selfhood of particular States be, ideally, restrained within certain bounds by membership of an Universal Church? Without a bond of this nature does not patriotism tend towards its own specific corruption, that is, to become idolatry of a noble, perhaps, but freedom-destroying and reason-obscuring, kind? Once more we now see vividly the results of unlimited patriotisms of nations unfettered by union in an Universal Church.

Disraeli thought, or in his writings pretended to think, that the Church of Rome was corrupted by sacerdotal ambitions and old-world paganisms, whereas the Church of England, though weak and timid and time-serving and short-sighted, was nearer to the unadulterated fountain of Asiatic wisdom and Semitic principle which his hero in *Tancred*, with rather comic results, goes to seek at Jerusalem. But he liked the more mundane and governmental side of Catholicism.

He liked to contemplate it as a great world-force warring against secret societies. In that glorious romance, his last novel *Endymion*, the hero at fifteen says to his ambitious twin sister that he "sometimes thought he should like to be a clergyman." "Dear darling," says lovely Myra with a glance from her wondrous eyes of blended mockery and affection, "if you are to be a clergyman, I should like you to be a Cardinal." However much, for political purposes, Disraeli might pretend to approve of the Established Church, his essentially cosmopolitan mind and Oriental heart were indubitably attracted by the sempiternal world-wide and mysterious Church which has its visible centre at Rome. His special oracle, the wise Sidonia, says to the Anglican nobleman, Tancred, "Your bishops know nothing about these things. How can they? A few centuries ago they were tattooed savages. This is the advantage which Rome has over you, and which you can never understand. That Church was founded by a Hebrew, and the magnetic influence lingers." Disraeli liked, or at least respected, Cardinal Manning much more than he did any Bishop of the Established Church. Manning's action at the Vatican Council was of the kind which appealed to his imagination and love of the "grand game," as he called high policy. He drew a not unsympathetic portrait of Manning in the Cardinal Grandison of *Lothair*, and a much more sympathetic, and, as the Cardinal himself thought, correct portrait in the Nigel Penruddock in *Endymion*. "There was nothing exclusive," he says, "in the Archbishop's social habits; all classes and all creeds and all conditions of men were alike interesting to him; they were part of the community, with all whose pursuits and passions and interests and occupations he seemed to sympathize; but respecting which he had only one object—to bring them back once more to that imperial fold from which, in an hour of darkness and distraction, they had miserably wandered. The conversion of England was deeply engraven on the heart of Penruddock; it was his constant purpose and his daily and nightly

prayer." Both Disraeli and Manning had, in their different spheres, an imperial aim, and they will probably stand out in history as our two greatest men of civic action in the glorious reign of Victoria. In these matters Disraeli contrasted with most of our insular statesmen. Mr Chamberlain once asked a young friend staying with him at Birmingham what he was going to do that afternoon. "I have a letter of introduction to Cardinal Newman and think of going to present it." "Why on earth should you want to see Cardinal Newman?" said the secular Light of Birmingham. The late Duke of Devonshire, it is recorded, once asked a private secretary, "Do you happen to know what is meant by Transubstantiation that they are talking of?" Disraeli was not near to the heart of the Catholic religion but his keen intelligence well understood its importance in history. The witty Charles Buller, his contemporary, once said to a fellow-Liberal proposing to disestablish and disendow the Established Church, "For Heaven's sake, don't let us do that, it is our only barrier against the real thing." That was, perhaps, rather Disraeli's feeling about the Catholic Church, something real and wonderful and dangerous. Like all the wisest statesmen of the nineteenth century, both Whig and Tory, Disraeli would have wished to carry out Pitt's idea, and establish a kind of concordat with Rome, giving recognition and public endowment to the Catholic Church in Ireland, with perhaps some voice as to the nomination of Bishops. Whether or not Rome would have accepted this, the Protestant feeling in the United Kingdom, which was roused to anger even by the small grant to Maynooth, made such a policy impossible, and the anomaly remains that the Church of the majority is established and endowed in England and Scotland, but not in Ireland.

With regard to other political questions one is struck afresh, in reading Mr Buckle's volume, with the far-ranging vision of the Hebrew statesman. Patiently and steadily he re-built his shattered Party, and gave to them positive ideals, the maintenance and development, so

far as practicable, of the position of the Crown and the Aristocracy, the realization and consolidation of the British Empire, the promotion of the physical and moral welfare of the poorer classes, and a foreign policy which should safeguard British interests, and give to our country a leading voice in the Councils of Europe. Mr Buckle gives an interesting letter written by Prince Metternich, who recognized a kindred spirit, to Disraeli, advising him to strengthen the position by abandoning the title of " Protectionist Party," and to re-found the policy in name as well as in fact upon the more general Conservative principles. Disraeli, a great admirer of " the profound " Metternich, who talked, he said, " divinely," needed not the advice; he was the last man to confine himself to a single, and, in its old shape, discredited and obsolete issue. The title " Conservative " really is a good one, but it calls up, perhaps, too sober a vision of comfortable and dull-minded classes. In our own day it has been dropped in favour of " Unionist," but this, like " Protectionist," refers to a single question which seems likely to pass into the domain of history. Disraeli, in his earlier days, liked to call himself a "Nationalist," but the word now denotes, not, as he meant, national interest against factional, but particularist insularity as against imperialist aims. The party which opposes radical change in Church and State, and stands on the great traditions, requires a new name, and redefinition of principles, as it did in the day when Disraeli became its spokesman and leader.

Disraeli constantly taught the doctrine that a nation's welfare largely depends upon its position in the world, and that it must be united at home to be powerful abroad. The greatest external business of England in the period now under consideration was the ill-begun and mismanaged Crimean War. Disraeli held that the objects of this war might have been secured without a war by a clear and decided policy. He maintained that it was entirely due to the fact that in the Coalition Cabinet there were two sections with antagonistic principles. On one side

were Peelites like Gladstone, Graham and Herbert, who, in the result of their Free Trade advocacy, were influenced by pacificist and philanthropic dreams, and on the other, practical men like the ex-Tory, Palmerston, who believed in defining and defending British interests. Gladstone disapproved of Palmerston as strongly as he did of Disraeli. This conflicting medley was presided over by the feeble and undecided Peelite, Lord Aberdeen, who, instead of anticipating events, waited upon them. The Russian Government were not made to understand, as Palmerston desired, that, if they invaded Turkish provinces or attacked the Turkish fleet, England would certainly fight alongside of France. It was Palmerston's opinion, and Disraeli's, that if Russia had been made to understand this by a clear and public declaration there would have been no war. " I speak of what I know," said Disraeli, at a later time, " not of what I believe, but of what I have evidence in my possession to prove, that the Crimean War would never have happened if Lord Derby had remained in office." There is nothing so fatal in dealing with outside folk as that a Government should, through its composition, be undecided, that it should not be sure what it wants, and at what point it will by war resist the policy and aims of a foreign nation. Cloudy and indefinite intentions, half-baked alliances and so forth, lead to fatal illusions and errors on the part of other Governments, which may be expiated by oceans of human misery. To be well armed and to make intentions absolutely unmistakable, and that in good time, and to all the world, is the way to avoid war. A strong and daylight clear position is like a sea-wall along a low coast. Disraeli knew this well, and when, for the first time, in 1874 he held real power, the interests of the country were far more safe in his hands than ever they were in those of Gladstone, who never saw things as they were but only as he wished them to be. Bismarck said of Lord Beaconsfield, referring to the Berlin Congress, " It was easy to transact business with him. In a quarter of an hour you knew exactly how you stood with him; the

limits to which he was prepared to go were clearly defined, and a rapid summary soon defined matters."

Mr Buckle's volume is not exactly brilliantly written, perhaps this is best in an official biography, but it is extremely sound and well put together. The life and character of men like Napoleon, and, on his lesser theatre, Disraeli, cannot be given in a single work; such large subjects require to be seen from many points of view, and reflected in the mirrors of numerous and different imaginations. Readers of Mr Buckle's exact and historical work would do well to read, or re-peruse, in connexion with it, in order to be reminded of lighter and more characteristic aspects, Mr Wilfrid Meynell's excellent study published in 1903, and there are, of course, other studies and reminiscences. It is singular how seldom Disraeli, outside of doings in Parliament, is encountered in the contemporary memoirs of the reign of Victoria. The fact was that he did not, like the virtuous and well-educated Gladstone, move in those intellectual-political-ecclesiastical and orthodox circles which produce such copious and rather insipid memoirs about themselves. He did not start in life by being correct and respectable; quite the reverse. His taste in youth was for dandy or aristocratic-Bohemian society, the eccentric Count d'Orsays, Lady Blessingtons, and Bulwers of the day. In later years he only visited at the historic homes of a few old and great Tory families who lived in a kind of dignified reserve and privacy. Also, best of all reasons, he was a great lover of his own home, and wisely preferred books by his own fire or strolls about the gardens and lovely woods of Hughenden to the shining conversation and wit of his time, all that wit which, as Carlyle would have said, has so long "fallen silent." Is it not one of his own characters who says that "Solitude is the best of the Muses"? Disraeli had the Oriental gift denied to his greatest rival, that of brooding and indolent and inactive meditation, the true source of inspiration. His real character was that of the natural onlooker at life, and at the same time he was a man in

action, rather a rare combination. He had the reflective nature of Hamlet, without the consequent indecision, which is still more rare. For him the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. He seemed to take life like an actor who has learned his part and plays it correctly and with vigour, yet knows all the time that it is not a reality but a dream.

BERNARD HOLLAND

THE MARQUISE DE LA TOUR DU PIN

Journal d'une femme de cinquante ans, 1778-1815; publié par son arrière-petit-fils, le Colonel Comte Aymar de Liedekerke Beaufort.

Le duc de Lauzun et la Cour de Marie Antoinette. Par Gaston Maugras.

The Jerningham Letters.

AN abundance of historical Memoirs is a characteristic feature of the literature of our day and, of this, few among us are tempted to complain. The bolder outlines of history, its prominent facts and dates, appeal less to the average reader than the closer intimacy of a Memoir, where the writer's reflected individuality lends a familiar interest to public events.

Among the innumerable books of the kind that have lately been published in France, the Memoirs of the Marquise de la Tour du Pin have a special claim on English readers. The writer was of Irish and English descent, connected with many leading Catholic families of our country. She spent some years of exile in England, where Lady Jerningham, née Dillon, the central figure of the *Jerningham Letters*, proved herself a kind friend to the penniless "émigrée" whose Irish and English blood and French training combine to make up a very charming personality. She possessed a natural rectitude and sincerity, that some of her French reviewers have traced back to her Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and an indomitable cheerfulness that was clearly an Irish and French heritage. She was an excellent and devoted wife and mother, indeed, her relations with her husband contrast with those of the average eighteenth century Court ladies. In adversity she proved herself cool, energetic and capable; she adapted herself with bright good humour to her changes of fortune and, when living in the States as a farmer's wife, she took as much pride in her home-

made butter as she had done in her dresses and jewels, hair and complexion, at the Court of Versailles.

It was about the year 1820, that Madame de la Tour du Pin, for the sake of her only surviving son, put together the Memoirs that are now published; she continued to write them, at intervals, till 1843, and, when she laid down her pen, she had brought her narrative down to the year 1815. The reader, who has grown to value the Marquise's society, would gladly know more of the closing years of her long and eventful life, and the Comte de Liedekerke's brief notice of his great-grand-mother is hardly full enough to satisfy him.

Henrietta Lucy Dillon was the daughter of Arthur Dillon,* sixth Colonel of the famous Dillon regiment, that, after following James II into exile, had entered the service of France in 1690 and distinguished itself on many an eighteenth century battlefield.

Arthur Dillon married his cousin, Teresa Lucy de Rothe, and the authoress of the Memoirs, their only child, was born in Paris, in 1770. Colonel Dillon had inherited the fighting instincts of his race, he was only nineteen at his daughter's birth and his time was chiefly spent in active service in the West Indies and the United States, where he took part in the war of Independence. His wife and her little girl, lived under the roof of another Dillon, Arthur Richard, Archbishop of Narbonne,† at the head of whose household was Madame de Rothe,‡ our heroine's grandmother.

* Arthur Dillon, born in 1750, son of the eleventh Viscount Dillon and of Lady Charlotte Lee; sixth Colonel and proprietor of the regiment that bore his name, married first his cousin Lucy Teresa de Rothe, secondly, Madame de la Touche, née Girardin. He was beheaded in Paris, 1794.

† Arthur Richard, son of Hon. Arthur Dillon, first Colonel of the Dillon regiment and of Catherine Sheldon was born at St Germain in 1721. Was made, in 1758, Archbishop of Toulouse, and, in 1762, Archbishop of Narbonne and Primate of Gaul. Died in London in 1806.

‡ The Honourable Lucy Cary was the daughter of Lord Falkland and of the Honourable Laura Dillon, sister of the Archbishop of Narbonne. She married General Edward de Rothe, who died in 1766. His mother was Catherine Middleton, daughter of James the Second's minister, the Earl of Middleton. Madame de Rothe died in London in 1804.

de la Tour du Pin

It would be unfair to judge all the prelates of the "ancien régime" from the magnificent and talented Archbishop of Narbonne, who had nothing priestly about him. Unlike Mgr du Lau, whose palace at Arles resembled a monastery, Mgr Dillon, in his princely Château of Hautefontaine, led the life of a wealthy country magnate. He was a mighty hunter, a delightful host, but the Memoirs of the time give a most unedifying description of the society that met under his roof. However, their strictures are mild compared to the judgement passed upon her great uncle by the observant little girl, whose natural rectitude happily saved her from contamination. "My youngest years," says this stern young moralist, "witnessed all that ought to have perverted my heart and destroyed in me any idea of morality and religion. From the age of ten, the freest conversations took place in my presence, and the most impious principles were expressed before me; I was brought up in the house of an Archbishop, where the laws of religion were daily violated," and, when, in 1782, her mother died of consumption. "I am pained to write it, but no one suggested to her that she should receive the Sacraments or see a priest . . . no chaplain was attached to the Archbishop's house."

The severity with which the child was treated by her grandmother made her youth an unhappy one. Her only confidant was a peasant woman, named Marguerite, who could neither read nor write, but whose high principles happily influenced her forlorn little mistress. In this constrained and unhealthy atmosphere, Henrietta Lucy grew up reticent and observant. Her education, utterly neglected from a religious and moral point of view, was, in other respects, suited to her rank, she spoke English as well as French: indeed, there was a strong English element in the Archbishop's household: he had English coachmen, grooms and gardeners, and his niece had an English maid.

The happiest time of the little girl's life was the annual journey of her great uncle to Montpellier, where, as

Archbishop of Narbonne and Primate of Gaul, he presided at the meeting of the "Etats du Languedoc." It was, in fact, the only occasion when he was ever seen in his diocese. The voyage was no small affair: the Archbishop, accompanied by Madame de Rothe and Mademoiselle Dillon, a large suite of servants and provisions in abundance, travelled in princely fashion from Paris to Montpellier. His handsome presence and the graciousness with which he received petitions and listened to speeches made him popular on the way. His little niece, her eyes and ears well open, her mind ever on the alert, thoroughly enjoyed being present on all solemn occasions, even at the official banquets, where she and her grandmother were the only women admitted.

Young as she was, she had a social part to play: "When," she writes, "strangers were present, especially English people, they were made to sit next to me. I thus accustomed myself to take pains with my conversation, and to ascertain the kind of talk that best suited my neighbours."

The following anecdote is amusing: "One day, several Bishops had come to dinner, conversation turned on astronomy and on the time when certain discoveries took place: no one present could remember the name of the astronomer, who was persecuted because he taught a theory that is now acknowledged to be the right one: I was only thirteen and at first I said nothing, as I always disliked putting myself forward. At last, I got so tired of hearing the Bishops try in vain to find the name, that I whispered very low: 'It was Galileo.' My neighbour, who may have had no memory, but who certainly was not deaf, heard me and called out: 'Mlle. Dillon says it was Galileo.' My confusion was so great that I burst into tears, ran away, and did not appear again that evening."

According to the custom of the old "régime" Mlle. Dillon was little more than a child when her marriage was discussed. She was tall, with a good figure, a brilliant complexion and profusion of fair hair; moreover,

she was supposed to be an heiress, the splendid property of Hautefontaine was to be hers, together with her grandmother's wealth. No one supposed that the Archbishop, with an income of 400,000 francs a year, and Madame de Rothe, who was known to have inherited a large fortune, were, even then, heavily in debt. Still less, did the gay and pleasure-loving people among whom Henrietta Dillon had grown up, realize that they were literally "dancing on a volcano" and that a terrific upheaval was at hand, in which their honours, fortunes and, in many cases, their lives would be hopelessly destroyed.

Providence had kept the little girl safe among her doubtful surroundings, it again protected her when the question of her marriage was decided. Her great-uncle and her grandmother considered the question from a purely worldly standpoint, and her father was far away, soldiering in the West Indies, moreover, he had lately married again. His second wife, a creole widow, Madame de la Touche, was first cousin to another creole, the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, for whom an Imperial crown loomed in the near future.

After some discussion, Mademoiselle Dillon was affianced to the Comte de Gouvernet, as he was then styled, but whom, for the sake of clearness, we shall call by the name that he bore during the greater part of his life, la Tour du Pin. He was eleven years older than his bride, not good looking, but intelligent, with a charming temper and a kind heart: he had served in the army under Arthur Dillon, his future father-in-law, who warmly approved the match.

Queen Marie Antoinette, to whose household our heroine's mother had belonged, promised to give the same post to the young bride, whose future was happily and brilliantly mapped out: between her and her "fiancé," had sprung up a strong affection, that fifty years of wedded life only deepened; she was handsome, apparently an heiress and, from the moment of her marriage, she was to be admitted into the inner circle

of the Court, a privilege that, according to the ideas of the day, could not be prized too highly. No wonder then that the story of her wedding reads like a romance of the old "régime."

She was married on May 21, 1787, not at princely Hautefontaine, but at a small country house that Madame de Rothe possessed near Paris. The ceremony was naturally performed by the bride's great-uncle, who showed to advantage on these occasions; her English relations, Sir William and Lady Jerningham were there, with their son, the future Lord Stafford, and their daughter who became Lady Bedingfield, also Sir William's "French brother," the Chevalier Jerningham, and his cousin, M. Sheldon.* The la Tour du Pin's were well represented and, besides the Archbishops of Paris and Toulouse, several Bishops from Languedoc came to honour the niece of the "Primat des Gaules."

Only five days afterwards the bride was presented at Court, and for this elaborate function she was, according to custom, literally covered with diamonds, some of which were borrowed from the Queen. Although she lays much stress on her shyness, our heroine seems to have successfully faced the ordeal; the future career at Court of a young woman often depended on her public "presentation," when any sign of awkwardness was promptly detected and mercilessly criticized by the fastidious courtiers.

A pathetic interest lies behind these trivial details, when we remember that they belong to the very last days of the old French monarchy, an institution, apparently so deeply rooted that it is difficult to realize how, only six years later, the gorgeous fabric was utterly and for ever destroyed.

Young as she was, the newly married Madame de la Tour du Pin noticed dangerous symptoms among her brilliant surroundings: "It was considered good form to complain of everything . . . . even of the duties to be

* The Archbishop's mother was Catherine Sheldon, daughter of the equerry of James II.

filled at Court, although the grumblers profited by and even abused the advantages that were the consequence of their situations. All social ties were loosened and, alas, the higher classes set the example of laxity. Bishops no longer resided in their dioceses, and they made use of every excuse to come to Paris. Colonels, who were only obliged to remain four months a year with their regiments, would never have stayed five minutes more and, although the fact was not recognized, a spirit of revolt reigned among all classes."

From her education and surroundings, our heroine was better able to judge of the abuses that existed among the Court circles than of the sound and solid goodness that still reigned among the nobles and "bourgeois" of the French provinces, who were comparatively untouched by the unbelieving spirit and frivolous habits of Paris and Versailles.

It was the recollection of the depraved and sceptical circle among whom she had grown up that made Henrietta Dillon write this wholesale condemnation of her caste: "The older I grow, the more convinced I am that the Revolution of 1789 was the inevitable result, I may even say, the just punishment, of the vices of the higher classes; they were carried to such a point that it was clear that we must inevitably be destroyed by the fire that we ourselves had helped to kindle." "Inevitable result," we admit, but we demur at "just punishment," when we remember, not only that the horrors of the Revolution far exceeded the abuses that made the upheaval possible, but also that its long standing evil influence still controls, in a certain measure, the destinies of modern France. Moreover, if the abuses of the old "régime" helped to bring about the nightmare of the Reign of Terror, other more complex and mysterious causes were at work that prepared the catastrophe.

However, for two years after her marriage, our heroine, like most of her contemporaries, lived in happy ignorance of the evils to come. Madame de Rothe's ungovernable temper having made life in the Archbishop's house

difficult for the young couple, they resided chiefly with M. de la Tour du Pin's aunt, the Princesse d'Henin, or with his father, who was Minister of War to Louis XVI.

The Assembly of the "Etats Généraux" in 1789, an event fraught with sinister importance, was at the time looked upon by the young bride merely as the pretext of long and dull political discussions; but, in the retrospect, when she took up her pen to write her Memoirs, she marvelled at the blindness of the King, his Ministers, and his courtiers. While the pleasure-loving portion of the community "went dancing towards the precipice," the serious minded, who were not much more farseeing, spoke wisely of the reform of abuses: "France, they said, is going to be regenerated. The word Revolution was never uttered, whoever pronounced it would have been looked upon as one demented. . . . But," judiciously adds our heroine, "it is easy now, after fifty years, when the consequences of the weakness of the Court have been proved, to say what ought to have been done; at that time, when no one knew what a Revolution meant, to take a wise resolution was a more difficult matter."

A curious instance of the agitation that, even then, was being mysteriously encouraged in the provinces is related by Madame de la Tour du Pin from her own personal experience. She was staying with her husband at the little watering place of Forges, in Normandy, on July 28, 1789, the day when, in different parts of France, broke out what was called "la grande peur," a general panic, never satisfactorily explained.

"It was," she says, "an extraordinary thing, most difficult to explain; to understand it we must suppose that a vast network was made to cover the whole of France, so that, at the same moment and through the same cause, terror and confusion broke out in every village." She goes on to relate how, at seven in the morning, on July 28, she was standing in her riding habit, waiting for her husband when on the high road from Paris to Dieppe, she saw: "a crowd of people, who were running, seemingly in desperate fear. Women were

crying, men seemed furious and some of them raising their hands to heaven, were calling out: 'we are lost.' A man on horseback was in their midst . . . his horse covered with froth. He began a speech, in a theatrical tone and said: 'They will be here in three hours, they are pillaging Gaillefontaine, they are firing the barns, etc. . . .' After one or two sentences, he put his spurs to his horse's side and galloped away toward Neuchâtel. As I am no coward I went down, got on my horse and rode slowly up and down the street, talking to the people, trying to persuade them that there was no truth in what the man said, that it was impossible for the Austrians, of whom the impostor had spoken, to have reached the middle of Normandy without anyone being aware of their approach." The parish priest, as frightened as the rest, was about to ring the alarm bell, when M. de la Tour du Pin and another officer appeared on the scene: "They found me," continues our heroine, "still on horseback, holding the 'curé' by the collar of his cassock, and expostulating with him on the folly of alarming his flock by ringing the bell, instead of uniting his efforts to mine, to show them that their fears were vain." M. de la Tour du Pin made some impression by assuring the terrified villagers that he and his wife would ride on to Gaillefontaine and ascertain how matters stood there; in the meantime he persuaded them to return home, and to await events quietly.

The la Tour du Pin's and the officer who was with them, rode to Gaillefontaine, escorted by an English groom, who had been in Paris on the day when the Bastille was taken. He could not speak a word of French and was convinced that the people among whom he now lived were stark mad. "Please, my Lady," he inquired of his mistress, "what are they all about?"

At Gaillefontaine, the riders were stopped by a man armed with a rusty pistol, who asked if the Austrians were at Forges; when they had reassured him he ran to calm the anxious citizens, but a fat man, looking closely at Madame de la Tour du Pin, exclaimed: "She is the

Queen." A locksmith, however, came out of his shop and certified that the Queen, whom he had seen, "was twice the age and the size of the 'young lady'" whereupon, adds our author, "we started to return to Forges, where a rumour had been spread that we had been seized by the enemy. We found that the men had armed themselves with all that they could lay their hands on, and that the national guard was organized. This was the object in view; in all France, on the same day and almost at the same hour, the population found itself armed."

The fact of a simultaneous explosion of panic throughout the Kingdom, having for its immediate consequence the creation and arming of the national guard that was to play an important part in the approaching Revolution, goes far to confirm the theory of those historians who believe in the existence of a carefully organized plan, served by the general discontent.

After 1789, tragic events followed in rapid succession; the quixotic impulse, by which, on August 4, the French nobility renounced its privileges, ruined the la Tour du Pin's and many others. "We never recovered from the blow dealt to our fortune that night," writes our heroine. A few months later, on October 4, Versailles was invaded by the mob, and the royal family carried off to Paris. M. de la Tour du Pin accompanied his young wife, who was expecting her confinement, to St Germain, where she found a refuge in the apartment once occupied in the château by her great-aunt Mary Dillon, one of the many Jacobites, who had been allowed to linger on in the roomy palace, where their fathers had served James II and his Queen.

Then came a brief stay at the Hague, where her husband was named French Minister, followed by an anxious return to France, "where the Revolution with all its dangers, loomed darkly before me," says our narrator. She keenly realized the perils ahead, but they stimulated more than they depressed her: "I felt that, in times so difficult, I must try to brace and elevate my soul." She was not at that time the religious woman that

she afterwards became, but she instinctively turned to God for support in her deadly peril.

She was in hiding at Passy, when, on January 21, 1793, the King was executed. The la Tour du Pin's knew that a plan was afloat to deliver the unfortunate sovereign on his way to the guillotine: "My husband and I," she says, "leaning out of the window that looked towards Paris, were listening for a discharge of fire-arms . . . we hardly dared speak to each other." After some moments of intense strain, as they continued to hear nothing, they concluded that the execution had taken place, after which, says our writer, "everything went on as usual."

Two months later, M. de la Tour du Pin, yielding to the advice of his father, retired to the south of France, where his family property, Le Bouilh, was situated. His wife sorrowfully bade adieu to Colonel Dillon, of whom she had seen more within the last year than at any previous time of her life. She describes with filial enthusiasm the brilliant descendant of the Jacobites, who had forsworn his royalist traditions to serve the Republic by whose hand he was to die: "There was only nineteen years between us, he seemed to be my brother rather than my father. . . . His great height, handsome face and splendid bearing made him look young. It was impossible to have finer manners or to be more of a grand seigneur. His original mind and easy temper made him delightful to live with. He was my best friend and my husband's comrade."

On leaving Paris, Madame de la Tour du Pin, who believed that she would find comparative safety in the South, was, in fact, going to meet the most tragic experiences of her long life. Throughout the length and breadth of France there was no security for those whose mere name was a criminal offence; terror reigned supreme in large towns and remote villages; the "guillotine" was in daily use, and at Bordeaux, close to Le Bouilh, from forty to fifty heads fell daily under the knife. To escape attention our travellers soon left their

family home and, in an obscure lodging near Bordeaux, our heroine gave birth to her second child, a girl, named Séraphine. Only a few hours after the baby's birth, her father had to fly for his life, and the house was searched by a troop of "terroristes," whose bloodthirsty jokes made the poor mother tremble. After this, one hair-breadth escape succeeded another and, to add to her misery, she was parted from her husband, who remained hidden for three months in a dark hole at the back of a blacksmith's shop in the country, while his wife and children were in concealment at Bordeaux.

Madame de la Tour du Pin evidently enlisted the sympathies of those whom she came across; many humble folk, among others her negro servant, Zamore, and Marguerite, the faithful nurse of her childhood, shared her dangers with a devotion that was simply heroic. She deserved their attachment, for this young woman, not twenty-five, showed a presence of mind, a thoughtfulness for others and a cheerful endurance that, given her wealthy and luxurious bringing up, are truly wonderful. She was no stage heroine and one of her charms is the sincerity and directness of her narrative. But, humanly speaking, neither our heroine's courage and resourcefulness nor the devotion of her friends could have saved her in the end, had not Providence opened out before her an unexpected means of escape.

The representative at Bordeaux of the Paris Terrorists, Tallien, was governed by the notorious Teresa Cabarrus, who had left her husband, M. de Fontenay, to live with the tyrant whom she afterwards married.

The beautiful Teresa had a kind heart and used her power to save the lives of many royalists. Through her intervention, Madame de la Tour du Pin succeeded in obtaining a passport for her husband, herself, their children, and a friend, enabling them to sail for America under the name of Dillon. The tenacity, self-control and prudence of the young Marquise, who had long since adopted the dress of a woman of the people, happily combined with Madame Tallien's courage to

save those whom she loved. The story of the negotiations that preceded their departure is more thrilling than any romance and, although she kept a brave face, there was a beating heart under the "fichu" of the handsome young "grisette" who, her baby in her arms and her small boy holding on to her skirt, made her way one morning to the port, where a miserably-dressed man was waiting to join her.

Only when the American captain cried: "Off," did the outlaws breathe freely: with her husband by her side the Marquise exulted: she writes: "poverty, work, misery with him, nothing seemed to me difficult."

The most dramatic period of her life was now at an end; the years spent in America were laborious, but safe and, on the whole, successful. They were saddened by the echoes that came from revolutionary France where, on April 13, 1794, Arthur Dillon was executed in Paris; a fortnight later our heroine's father-in-law, the ex-minister of war, met with the same fate.

Unlike many "émigrés," the la Tour du Pin's had provided themselves with a sum of money, which was supplemented by funds sent to them from Holland and, with the assistance of their American friends, they bought a farm near Albany, where they set to work in a business-like fashion that astonished and delighted their neighbours. Their companion, M. de Chambeau, apprenticed himself to a carpenter and became a first-rate workman, whose services on the farm were invaluable. Madame de la Tour du Pin was the soul of the establishment: "My husband and M. de Chambeau," she says, "might have applied to me M. de Talleyrand's words regarding Napoleon: 'whoever could succeed in making that man idle, would benefit the Universe . . .' during the whole time that I spent on the farm, well or ill, I was always up before sunrise." The sight of Marie Antoinette's lady-in-waiting, dressed as a peasant, busy with her cooking, her washing and ironing, was unexpected enough to excite interest and win sympathy. The neighbours were helpful and friendly, the negro slaves devoted, and the French

"émigrée's" butter, carefully made and daintily arranged, soon became the fashion.

The death of her little girl, Séraphine, was, together with the evil news from France, the Marquise's only sorrow during her stay in America, but it became the starting point of a new spiritual life. "Till then," she says, "although I was not impious, I did not trouble myself about religion. During the time of my education, no one spoke to me on the subject. In my youth, I had the worst examples before me. In the best society of Paris I witnessed so many scandals that the sight of them became familiar to me, and my sense of morality seemed blunted. But the hour had now come when I was to recognize the hand that afflicted me. . . . A voice made itself heard that changed me entirely. Kneeling on the grave of my child, I begged her to obtain for me the forgiveness of God and also some relief in my sorrow. My prayer was heard, God gave me the grace to know and to serve Him. . . . From that day His Divine will found me docile, submissive and resigned."

Grief had done its work and brought into a naturally upright and noble nature the divine element that, till then, had been lacking.

News that the Revolution was at an end, that some of their friends were in hopes of recovering their property, broke with almost unwelcome suddenness upon the even current of our heroine's life; her husband was impressed by the letters that he received, all of which tried to persuade him that, if he wished to save any portion of his inheritance, he must put forward his claims in person. His wife from conscientious motives, dared not oppose the idea of a return to France, although the mere thought of it filled her with horror. Her experiences under the Reign of Terror were still vivid, and her farm was a safe haven that she feared to leave.

Before breaking with her American life, she gave her slaves their freedom: "Do you mean that we are free?" they asked, and when she replied: "As free as I am myself," they knelt down and kissed the hem of her

dress: "We would rather be slaves all our lives and that you should stay here," cried these grateful folk. The la Tour du Pin's popularity was universal: "Famous good people, those from the old country," was the verdict passed upon them by their neighbours.

On May 6, 1796, the travellers embarked at New York on an English ship, bound for Spain, and, after a wearisome journey from Cadiz to Bayonne, they found themselves again at Le Bouilh. The Marquise's reluctance to return seemed justified by the miserable condition in which she found her old home, where all the furniture had been carried away. Her father-in-law having been executed, his property had been confiscated and, of the broad lands, "château," furniture, books, pictures that ought to have been his, M. de la Tour du Pin recovered next to nothing; he found himself practically a ruined man.

His wife's first impression of discouragement was somewhat dispelled in Paris, where Madame de la Tour du Pin suddenly discovered that she was "the fashion." Her American experiences were talked of and the Court lady who had successfully worked a farm became an object of curiosity in the very mixed society of the "Directoire." One of her first visits was to Madame Tallien, who had now married the former "terrorist," by whom she had a daughter named "Thermidor."

The crisis of September 4, 1797, when the triumph of the extreme party in the Government seemed to herald a new Reign of Terror, made the la Tour du Pin's start for England. "Though we were all furious, in despair and ruined," writes our heroine, "we managed to keep our good temper and even to laugh."

On the boat she was greeted by young Jefferies, son of the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, whom she had met three years before in Boston and on arriving in London, her aunt, Lady Jerningham, welcomed her as if she had been a daughter of the house. She also renewed acquaintance with her stepmother, Arthur Dillon's creole widow, who was living in London with her little

daughter, Fanny, the future Comtesse Bertrand, of St Helena fame.

A meeting that caused her more anxiety, was her interview with her great uncle, the Archbishop, and her grandmother, Madame de Rothe, whom she had not seen since the latter's tyrannical temper had driven her from their house in 1788.

At Lady Jerningham's suggestion, she made her way, with some trepidation, to their small home in Thayer Street. The contrast between it and stately Hautefontaine softened her heart towards the old man, who, whatever might have been his past failings, bore his change of fortune with dignified resignation. The servant, who opened the door, had been present at Madame de la Tour du Pin's wedding, and he burst into tears when he recognized her. Although Madame de Rothe pointedly addressed her grand-daughter as "Madame," the Archbishop cordially embraced her, praised her beauty and seemed charmed with little Humbert, who accompanied his mother and who soon made friends with "the old gentleman."* The next day, she was taken to see her other uncles, Lord Dillon† and Lord Kenmare,‡ and in October, 1797, she, her husband, their children, and the latter's nurse Marguerite, proceeded to Cossey on a prolonged visit to Lady Jerningham. Added to the party were Mrs Dillon and her two children by her first marriage; her

* The Archbishop of Narbonne died in George Street, Portman Square, on July 5, 1806; his funeral took place at the French chapel in presence of the French Royal family and many "émigrés." Lady Jerningham writes to her daughter: "that he had showed every desirable sentiment, and had received the Sacraments, in presence of some of his confrères . . . that he publicly begged pardon of his faults and declared that he had confessed them all." To his chaplain, who prayed by his side, he said: "Tu me rends un grand service," and his last recorded words : "Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi," are pleasanter to remember than the anecdotes related by the Memoirs of the eighteenth century concerning this most unclerical prelate.

† Charles, twelfth Viscount Dillon, born 1745, married first, the Honourable Henrietta Phipps; secondly, Marie Rogier.

‡ Lord Kenmare's first wife, the Honourable Charlotte Dillon was sister to Arthur Dillon and to Lady Jerningham.

son-in-law, M. de Fitz James, his horses and grooms. The hospitality of Cossey seems to have been equal to the occasion and our "émigrée" gratefully enlarges on her aunt's thoughful generosity: how she was "extremely kind," and provided her with stuffs of all sorts, that kept Madame de la Tour du Pin's skilful needle busily employed.

Even when, in the spring of 1798, the party at Cossey broke up Lady Jerningham continues to befriend her niece, for whom she rented a cottage at Richmond, where a large colony of "émigrés" had settled. Her aunt's kindness did not prevent Madame de la Tour du Pin from having to sew and to iron for her family; an old Chevalier de Thuisy was her devoted helper; he sat by the fire and handed her the irons. "Madame, is to-morrow our ironing day?" he would whisper, with a profound bow and a grand manner, when he met her at Madame d'Ennery's, where, in the evenings, the French exiles often forgot their anxiety and penury in witty conversation.

A second visit to Cossey in 1799 was abruptly brought to an end by the news that Bonaparte, who had just landed at Fréjus, had assumed the reins of Government, and again the la Tour du Pin's were urged, if they wished to wind up their affairs and to press their claims, to return to France. War was raging, and they had to pass through Germany, where at Willershausen, in Hanover, on February 13, the Marquise gave birth to her third living child: Cecile; a second boy born in England, had died there at the age of three months.

In Paris they found Bonaparte's star in the ascendant, "all the young men," says our heroine, "had their eyes turned towards it," and Madame Bonaparte was living at the Tuileries in semi-royal state. She was first cousin to the second Madame Dillon, and would gladly have attached her stepdaughter, Marie Antoinette's former lady-in-waiting, to her own household, had the latter been willing. Other friends and relatives welcomed the returning "émigrés," among them Madame de la Tour

du Pin's English cousin Sheldon, who had once served under her father in the Dillon Regiment. Since then, she tells us, he had been intimate with George IV and had even "witnessed the latter's marriage to Mrs Fitzherbert."

In the end, the la Tour du Pin's decided that it was wiser to leave Paris and to make their home on their property near Bordeaux, where they now settled down for several years of comparative peace. Their means were much reduced; of the wealth and splendour that had been theirs before 1789, they had rescued comparatively little, but, with her usual good-tempered philosophy, the Marquise made the best of things. The management of her property and the education of her children filled her time happily enough. Both she and her husband were presented to Napoleon when he passed through Bordeaux and were treated by him with marked graciousness. It was probably in consequence of this interview that M. de la Tour du Pin was named Prefect of the Empire at Brussels, where his wife joined him without much enthusiam: "I left my kitchen garden, my hens, cows and flowers, my regular and quiet occupations, all of which were suited to my tastes, to lead a totally different life," she writes, "but Providence had given me the wish to do my best in whatever situation I found myself.'

In her new "situation," she did "her best" with marked success; she even served Napoleon's policy by conciliating the Belgian aristocracy; among whom her birth, her education and social gifts made her welcome. The Emperor had a high opinion of her capacity, Fanny Dillon's marriage to his favourite aide-de-camp, General Bertrand, was, by Napoleon's command, concluded under the auspices of the practical Marquise, whose activity contrasted with her half-sister's creole indolence. No wonder that to one so brimful of life, the new Empress, Marie Louise, appeared hopelessly dull and "insipid."

M. de la Tour du Pin had left Brussels and was Prefect at Amiens, when the Bourbons returned to France; if we may believe his wife, he did not expect and hardly

desired their advent, nevertheless, he took up his allegiance and served them faithfully henceforth.

The Memoirs come to an end in 1815, but the Comte de Liedkerke-Beaufort tells us the main facts of his great-grandmother's subsequent life.

After Waterloo, her husband became a peer of France and Minister at the Hague, then ambassador at Turin. In 1830, at the accession of Louis Philippe, he retired from active service and, seven years afterwards, he died at Lausanne at the age of seventy-eight. His widow survived him sixteen years and breathed her last at Pisa in 1853. Of her six children, five died before her, one only, Aymar, survived and it was for this beloved and only son that his mother consented to take up her pen.

After living in her intimacy, among scenes so varied, some of them so tragic, the reader regretfully parts company from this clever and courageous woman; in whom the social charm of an eighteenth century " grande dame " is happily combined with more sterling virtues. This rare blending of opposite qualities makes up a charming personality and invests the " Memoirs " with an interest that gives them a prominent place among recent books of the same kind.

BARBARA DE COURSON

WAR AND THE CONSCIENCE OF NATIONS

IT is generally felt that the present war will be followed by one of those periods of reconstructive thought in political and social life, which mark the beginning of a new chapter in history. One has frequently heard it said that this is not a war of peoples but of ideals. The ideals have been variously formulated. Thus we have been told that it is a war for the right-to-exist of small nations; again, that it is a fight for democratic freedom as against militarism: *The Times*, at the beginning of the war, ventured to describe it as a conflict between the Catholic ideal and the Protestant. But however it may be expressed, the general feeling is that the contending nations are fighting in the cause of fundamentally opposed ideals concerning human life and human affairs. And it is this instinctive feeling which has given the war in the minds of Englishmen, a high moral character such as few wars have been credited with.

But when the prophets attempted to express definitely the ideals for which the nations are fighting, they were met by certain difficulties. If it is a war for the rights of the smaller nations, how comes it that Russia, with her record in Poland and Finland, is opposed to Germany the destroyer of Belgium? If it is a war for democratic freedom, Austria with her mild and liberal systems of government, would be more fittingly in alliance with England than against us. Again, if *The Times* is correct in attributing the war to the conflict of the Catholic and Protestant ideals, how is it that Catholic Austria is opposed to Catholic Belgium and Protestant England to Protestant Prussia?

And yet, as it seems to me, all these attempts to diagnose the situation have something of truth in them. The only really absurd contention is that which regards the war as "the final effort of Europe to throw off

mediaevalism." Mediaevalism has had little influence in European politics for the past four centuries: it certainly has had nothing to do with the building up of German thought and the modern German State.

The crux of the difficulty against which the prophets have been brought up, lies in the fact that German militarism and *Kultur* are but an extreme development of principles upon which the thought and politics and social life of Europe, have been more or less fashioned since the sixteenth century. In fighting Germany to-day, we are in conflict with political and social ideas with which every nation in Christendom has long dallied, and upon which the modern European system has been built up. We have been brought face to face with a pernicious tradition against which the awakening conscience of the peoples of Europe has long protested but too frequently in vain, namely, the tradition of self-assertive egoism as the foundation of the State or political community. The tradition took definite form in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; it was fostered in Italy by the Renaissance; in Germany by Protestantism, and in England and France by the new aggressive nationalism. These three movements had a common basis in their revolt against the mediaeval tradition fostered by the Catholic Church. With the right or wrong of that revolt we are not concerned here, but only with the tradition which resulted from it.

One has been so accustomed to hear the Renaissance belauded as the dawn of European thought and civilization that it seems almost a blasphemy to speak of it as a set-back in the development of Europe; yet in one aspect it was undoubtedly a set-back: for it did much to destroy the spiritual idea of man which the mediaeval civilization had laboriously brought into consciousness. The idol of the Renaissance-spirit was the same super-man whom under another guise, Nietzsche and the modern German philosophers have exalted. The modern German idol might be more especially the embodiment of will-power, whilst the sixteenth century Italian idol was of a more

sensuous character: but the idea was fundamentally the same—the exaltation of the *ego* to a sovereignty uncontrolled by any larger spiritual faith. In each case, too, knowledge is the busy handmaid by which this worship is served.

Whatever one may say of the intellectual achievement of the Renaissance, there is this damning fact to be put to its account: it let loose the egoism of the natural man, and fostered that unholy self-assertiveness which in practice has tended to set up the strong man over the weaker, the learned man over the ignorant, the wealthy man over the poor, without regard to the human rights of the less fortunate. It gave to might and cleverness an absolute sovereignty of their own. The strong man was right in using his strength for his own personal advantage, heedless of the disadvantage to his neighbour; the clever man, in using his cleverness.

Unfortunately, the political and social conditions of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave the teachers of the new Humanism a favourable circumstance for the full development of their moral—or immoral—code. In the anarchy prevailing in the peninsula, consequent on the extinction of Imperial authority and the weakening of the political power of the Papacy, all things went to the strong arm or crafty brain. Law had given place to tyranny; the common weal to individual ambition. The unhappy thing about the Humanist teaching was that it consecrated the tyranny which it found and threw a glamour over the egoism of the tyrant and adventurer. The tyrant was deified and craftiness was upheld as the ally of the gods. Machiavelli did but systematize with brutal frankness the political doctrine of the Renaissance, and obtain for it a more universal sanction.

As in Italy so elsewhere, the new Humanism became the ally of the new egoism which for centuries was to control the politics of Europe, and to place the destinies of peoples in the hands of unscrupulous princes and adventurers or party caucuses. It thus became in large measure responsible for the new and less wholesome

direction given in the sixteenth century to the national sentiment—which had been growing steadily in Europe since the thirteenth century, for the schisms which divided Christendom, and for Erastianism which has fettered the freedom of the Church even in professedly Catholic countries.

In nothing, perhaps, did the Renaissance spirit prove traitor to the best interests of Europe more than its subversion of the earlier national sentiment in England, France and Germany. In Germany, where the national sentiment was still in an incipient stage, political nationalism was strangled before it was born, by the new political absolutism which Humanism and Protestantism together conferred upon the sovereign princes. In England and France, where the national sentiment was already matured, its character was subverted. In both countries political nationalism in its inception and early growth had tended towards a larger internal liberty, a more consistent reign of law and social security. Its ideal was that of a constitutional monarchy which would be the expression and safeguard of the people's rights and liberties. Moreover, in both countries the earlier national movement was distinctly pacificist in character: in England it was opposed to the wars of adventure undertaken by the crown for its own aggrandizement; in France it had been fostered by the legitimate desire to preserve the peace of the French people against foreign aggression. But in both countries in the sixteenth century the new egoistic spirit, acknowledging no control but an immoral opportunism, at first laid hold of the princes and parties in power, and ultimately became the accepted principle of the political and social life of the people. Under Francis I, "the King of the Renaissance," the French monarchy became definitely aggressive in its foreign policy. There was no need for an aggressive policy, so far as the French people themselves were concerned: in fact, peace would have been to their advantage. The aggressive policy was due to the ambition of the king: yet it so infected the nation that French nationalism itself became militant in

character and was exploited by the Crown and the nobles for their own personal advantages. Nowhere did Machiavelli find more apt pupils than at the French court; and nowhere were the liberties of the people at large more blithely trodden under foot than in France from the time of Francis I until the Revolution.

Much the same thing happened in England under the Tudors to subvert the earlier character of the national sentiment. English nationalism became aggressively egoistic and was exploited for the benefit of the stronger man, be he king or noble or common adventurer: might was installed in place of right; the weaker lived by favour of the stronger. That is the spirit running through the history of the Tudors, and it left its mark upon all our subsequent history; for centuries it held under its heel the proper rights of the people at large, and repressed, though it could not destroy, that spirit of democratic freedom which had been maturing during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As a result the nation at large had little part in national politics. The Reformation, for instance, was forced upon the mass of the people by the Crown, supported by those who saw in the change an opportunity for personal advancement. Wars were waged at the dictate of this or that ruling party, without regard to the wishes of the nation. Laws were framed in the interest of those who had power or wealth, as against those who had not. The entire fabric of the State, politically and socially, was founded upon ultra-egoism.

Even religion itself was attached to the wheels of State in the interests of the prince or the party in power. When the German princes agreed to a truce on the principle: *Cujus regio ejus religio*, they did but formulate the principle which was to govern the relation of the State to the Church in all the monarchies of Europe for centuries to come. In Protestant countries the State-Church was made to subserve the political interests of the Crown, and the new national egoism. In Catholic countries the same purpose was sought for in the system of concordats which the State forced upon the Papacy.

of Nations

When Francis I made his famous concordat with the Holy See, his one object was to control the Church in France in the interests of the secular policy of the French monarchy; just as Henry VIII and Elizabeth brought about the schism with Rome for the consolidation of the power of the Crown.

It was thus that the egoist spirit of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries permeated the whole political system of Europe; and not only the political system, but the entire social system and even the very fibre of men's thought. Socially as well as politically it enthroned the strong and the unscrupulous. It allowed the large landowner to enclose the common lands, and it sanctioned the exploiting of labour for the personal benefit of the employer. As it set nation against nation and based international relations upon a policy of watchful distrust, so within the nation itself it created a division of classes, parties and cliques, each antagonistic to the other, and each primarily concerned to safeguard the individual interests of its members.

Thus, politically and socially, the ultra-egoism fostered by the Renaissance tended to destroy the spiritual idea of man, democratic liberty and the comity of nations.

Now it is against this spirit that we have to throw ourselves in the political and social reconstruction which must follow the present war.

By force of circumstance we find ourselves to-day at war with the Power which has developed the egoism of European thought and politics into a mighty organism, and more than any other Power has set itself against the political reaction which is inspired by the conception of a more democratic system of government. Prussian militarism and *Kultur* do but express in an accentuated form the spirit which has dominated Europe since the fifteenth century: and it will be of little use to the peace of the world if Germany is beaten whilst the egoist spirit remains as the animating force in social and political life. Whether that spirit resolves itself into militarism or an aggressive industrialism, whether

into government by free-thinkers who would over-ride the religious convictions of their fellow-men, or into the rule of a political caucus—so long as it dominates the political system, there can be no real freedom nor lasting good-will amongst the peoples. Our imperative need is for a new ideal and a fundamentally new principle in the upbuilding of national and international life. We need a new political and social faith in which all men, the weaker as well as the stronger, shall have an honoured place; in which freedom shall be based upon the sense of human kinship, and in which national life shall develop in harmony with the larger life of the world. It is in these directions that the conscience of the peoples, quickened by the dread issue of war, looks for a renovated Europe.

The ideal is not a new one: it was the ideal which underlay the whole course of mediaeval history and was, to some extent at least, embodied in that mediaeval tradition against which the Renaissance raised the standard of revolt. It is in a peculiar sense the Catholic ideal as opposed to that ultra-egoism which hitherto has been championed most consistently in the Protestant States; perhaps it was in this sense that *The Times* spoke of the war as a conflict between the Catholic ideal and the Protestant.

Yet in pointing back to the Middle Ages, it is well to bear in mind that the Catholic ideal of society did not then come to its full fruition, though the world was working towards it. Had the Renaissance attached itself to the Catholic ideal instead of reverting to the pagan, mediaevalism might well have passed into a Catholic modernism without any radical break in European thought and life and with far greater advantage to the world of to-day. And in saying that, we recognize that there was an element in the Renaissance spirit which was needed for the fuller development of the world's life. By the fifteenth century the mediaeval system had ceased to respond to the ideals which created it. The Renaissance not only broke with the system; it broke with the ideals: and in doing so thrust Europe back into that egoistic

selfishness from which mediaeval Christianity had endeavoured to rescue the peoples.

There is, then, no question of reviving the mediaeval system: though we shall do well in the reconstruction before us to look back upon the Middle Ages as a witness to the Catholic ideal itself. The Middle Ages can teach us much; though they cannot relieve us of the necessity to use our own thought and experience in dealing with the problems before us.

Upon two points the mediaeval tradition can appeal confidently to the public conscience of the present day against the tradition of the past four centuries. The first point is the necessity for a recognized law and tribunal which shall co-ordinate the interests of the various States and bear authoritative witness to the principles of justice and goodwill, which should govern the relations of the sovereign peoples to each other. The second point is that the ultimate purpose of the State is not the material well-being or advantage of the State at large, so much as the moral and spiritual development of the people who make up the State.

It is generally admitted that international law as at present existing is no law, because it has no real authority behind it, and no definite sanction to enforce it. At best it is a mere consensus of opinions about which each of the contracting parties holds itself the judge in the final issue. It could hardly be otherwise under a political system primarily based upon material interests—the very interests which most surely divide men and set them against each other. International law, to be of any effect, must be founded in a concern for those moral and spiritual interests which appeal to the consciences of men and in regard to which the various peoples are at one. Its concern with the material interests of the nations must be subordinate to its concern for that higher life upon which the moral and spiritual progress of the world depends. This, of course, applies to national as well as to international law; but it has a peculiar cogency in regard to an international authority. For international law must

depend in its final appeal upon the conscience of the nations: its authority must be essentially a moral authority: its weapon, the aroused moral sense of the peoples. Moreover, there must be a sovereign tribunal to voice the conscience of the peoples in the councils of the nations: since without such a tribunal international law will always fail in the supreme issues.

Here we come to difficulties. In the Middle Ages the comity of nations was based upon a common religious faith, which was held superior to local and national interests, and gave the Christian peoples a common thought and life. To-day that common faith is lacking. Yet the problem is surely not insoluble. If a common faith is lacking, there is yet the appeal to those principles of justice and goodwill to which the conscience of the civilized world will undoubtedly respond.

Some indication, perhaps, of the lines upon which the immediate solution will be found, may be supplied by the constitution of the Hague Conference. But the weakness of the Hague Conference is that the various States seem to have entered into it mainly with the object of assuring their own particular claims; whilst the one power—the Papacy—which might have raised the conference to a higher altruistic level was, owing to political considerations, excluded. The exclusion of the Papacy was more than a political blunder; it showed that the spirit of the conference was still mainly governed by the political egoism which has been the bane of international relations since the sixteenth century. Moreover, it deprived the conference of that moral authority with which the participation of the Holy See would have invested it, not only in the eyes of Catholics, but of a large section of the non-Catholic peoples who instinctively, as recent events have shown, look to the Pope to voice the conscience of the religious world. In the future reconstruction of international law, the Papacy with its unique moral influence must undoubtedly be recognized. It is for the Catholic body to see that this recognition is accorded; and in this matter we may confidently count

upon the support of that growing opinion amongst non-Catholics which would welcome the reappearance of the Papacy in the councils of the nations, as a witness to a higher moral ideal of international relationship. There is no question here of re-establishing the temporal power: it is merely a question of giving the Pope, as a spiritual sovereign, a more effective freedom, and position to exercise the moral influence which he alone possesses in the interest of that universal justice and goodwill upon which international law must be based.

But whilst our thoughts turn naturally at this moment towards the problem of international politics, we must not forget that the security of the world's peace depends fundamentally upon the renovation of the State ideal itself. That ideal must assume a more spiritual character as against the materialism of the past. For four centuries past, the principle that a man has a soul to save has had no place in the political systems of the nations. The truth might be preached from the pulpits; it was not listened to in the councils of the State. In thus ignoring the essentially spiritual character of man, the modern State fell into its cardinal error: it demoralized the whole conception of the State. Public Law and State policy were not so much—indeed, hardly at all—based upon moral law and conscience, as upon the law of material expediency and the lust of power or wealth. As a result, the mass of the people renounced, or were deprived of, the rights of conscience in political affairs and became the slaves or blind followers of the will of the party in power. The will of the State, or of those running the State machine, was held to be the only moral law in public conduct. This idea of State authority still dominates most of the peoples of Europe: even amongst ourselves it so far holds its own, that there are those who would exonerate the individual officers and men of the German submarine who deliberately destroy the lives of non-combatants, on the plea that they are but obeying the orders of their official superiors. Something, indeed, might be said in their defence, on the ground that they

are themselves the victims of a long recognized political system: but no defence can be made for them on the ground of moral law. No authority in the State can order the destruction of innocent lives; and no man can be bound in conscience to carry out such an order. But the same principle, if recognized consistently, will revolutionize the whole idea of State authority as it has been conceived of in the government of most modern States

The immediate point, then, from which the renovation of the modern State must begin, is that public law must be brought into harmony with that moral law which the conscience of the Christian people recognizes as the individual's supreme rule of life. State policy must again acquire a moral character and be the outward expression of the national conscience formed in the frank recognition of the ethical law of Christendom. But such a recognition of the ethical law can come about only as the mass of the people are given back their sovereign right of conscience in political affairs, and trained and educated in the use of that right. Citizenship must again come to mean that every citizen in a free State is in some measure responsible for the right conduct of the State, and that this responsibility cannot be entirely shifted on to the shoulders of those in charge of the machine of State. Nor can this moral responsibility be limited to the proper use of the electoral vote: it remains an integral factor in the formation of that public opinion of which in the free State public policy is the concrete expression.

But the motive power of the action of public conscience is spiritual idealism: and if the State is to regain its moral character, the nation itself must be again transfused with spiritual ideals: national life and liberty must represent in the mind of the people something more than the material gain which appeals to the cupidity of the passions: it must evoke those more generous emotions which only a spiritual ideal can evoke. Something of that idealism we have undoubtedly regained through the awakening of the war. It is not for the sake of her factories

and markets that we are proud of the British Empire to-day, but because of the chivalry with which it has championed the right of a weak nation and risen up in defence of the sacred principle of honour amongst peoples. Politicians may have known that our own existence as an Empire was at stake in the German invasion of Belgium; I doubt whether the people at large realized that truth. What they did see clearly and what aroused them to face the ordeal of war was that a pitiless wrong was about to be done, to avert which they were willing to sacrifice material wealth and comfort and their own lives. Not for centuries has the British ideal of liberty shone with so spiritual a light as in that awakening which came to us when Belgium's right was violated. It was one of those moments when the true soul of a people is revealed to itself. Let us compare the self-complacent jingoism of past days with the deep, prayerful emotion and chivalrous unselfishness with which the Empire entered into this war, and we shall see at once the immense bound forward in spiritual idealism which the war occasioned. But the task before us is to live up to the truth and grace of that moment, and to establish our future national life in it. We must keep hold of the ideal of the liberty we cherish as the guardian and defence of right and justice and honour amongst men, in all our national dealings, both with other nations and the people of our own nation: and the selfish egoism of the past which has paraded under the banner of liberty must give place to a sense that every individual in the nation is responsible for the upholding of the purer national ideal.

In this matter political renovation and social renovation join hands. The same egoism which has eaten into the political life of nations has been the cause of the social unrest which has agitated Europe for years past: the same divorce of the idea of right from the idea of responsibility, and the same materialism of outlook and purpose. On the one hand there has been the selfishness of landowners, like those who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fattened at the expense of the

agricultural labourer, and the selfishness of an industrialism which has made the employers of labour wealthy and comfortable, whilst the working man himself was underpaid and starved. On the other hand, the efforts of the labouring class to better their position have been fostered by the same egoism to seeking its own advantage with little thought of the common welfare. Political and social reform movements have moved inside the same vicious circle, which has been the cause of the abuses against which they protested. No true renovation can be brought about on those lines: it could mean nothing more than the substitution of one tyranny for another. Social reform equally with political reform must be animated and dominated by a more spiritual idealism: both must aim at building up a nation of men in possession of their spiritual birthright of a noble idealism for which they themselves, individually and corporately, are responsible, a nation of men established each in his due rights and liberties by the consent of the community at large, yet each conscious that his own right and liberty entails a personal moral obligation to foster and safeguard the welfare and honour of the nation which secures to him his own right and freedom.

One thing, however, is clear. Such a radical renovation as is needed cannot be left to professed politicians: it must proceed from the aroused conscience of the people themselves. It indicates the work which lies before all who look for a more human and Christian condition of things in the world's political and social life. The task before us is not to tinker up the radically false systems of the past, but to work for a fundamental renovation in the conception of what national life stands for.

F. CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

THE SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

"LUSITANIA," "TRIUMPH," "MAJESTIC"

TO the last number of this REVIEW I contributed an article entitled "The Submarine Myth," which closed with an expression of faith in the various defensive measures then in preparation for protecting our merchant shipping. And I added that it was my belief that these measures would "so profoundly affect the employment of submarines as to make even the shadow of menace from this source seem ridiculous."

Three months have passed since this article was written, and in that time no less than sixty ships, aggregating some 180,000 gross tonnage, have been sunk, not to mention half as many fishing vessels as well. Roughly, five ships a week and five trawlers a fortnight have been caught. The loss in ships has twice gone as high as eight in a single week, and in the seven days ending May 5 five ships and seventeen trawlers fell. In these three months nearly 28,000 ships arrived from oversea or left the United Kingdom ports. One in every 434 of these ships has been sunk or captured by submarines. It is somewhat less than a quarter of one per cent of the shipping. If our tonnage continued to be consumed at this rate, we should lose something over 800,000 tons in the course of a year—rather more than three-quarters of our average production of new ships. If we omit the "Lusitania," the average displacement per ship destroyed is about 2,600 tons, and as several large ships from 5,000 to 8,000 tons have been included, it is obvious that far larger toll has been taken from the very smallest than from the larger ships. Still the loss is an exceedingly serious one, and at the present value of shipping would represent a drain on the national resources of not much short of a million pounds a month.

What has, perhaps, disturbed the public mind more than the total number of ships lost is the disconcerting

fact that the " Lusitania," the largest, the most luxurious and fastest passenger ship in commission anywhere in the world, was caught by a submarine and torpedoed off the Old Head of Kinsale in the second week in May, and before a month had passed we had lost two fine battleships in the Dardanelles by under-water attack. In view of what I said last month, I am not surprised at being asked whether I still remain of the same opinion, and still regard the submarine as an over-rated engine of the war.

I must at once confess that my faith in the protective measures which I supposed to have been a long time in preparation and already when I wrote in force, has been considerably shaken. This is not to say that they have been altogether ineffective. In certain respects, indeed, they have been very effective. They have for the most part driven the submarines away from the immediate vicinity of our southern coasts. On the other hand, the Germans have learned by experience, and have for some time been carrying on their depredations with equal success farther afield. For one thing, they have been producing a far larger type of submarine, one, therefore, that can maintain itself much longer at sea, and, consequently, one able to carry out its work much farther from its bases. It is quite possible that our defensive measures have only driven the smaller submarines from our south and south-east coasts. It is quite certain that they have had practically no effect on the larger boats. Since the submarine war began, only four are officially reported as having been sunk by us, but there seems to be a consensus of opinion that at least eleven more have been destroyed in the course of the war, of which eight are supposed to have been destroyed since the beginning of the so-called blockade.

Authorities differ very greatly as to the number of submarines that Germany has been able to build in the first ten months of the war, and as to the numbers which she can turn out now. Had Germany devoted the whole of her resources to submarine building at the very com-

mencement of hostilities, she should now be able to produce probably more than two, though certainly less than three, boats every month. But the best information which I am able to get puts the figure much lower than this. The editor of the *Motor Boat*—probably the highest authority on this subject in England—says that Germany has not built more than ten submarines since the beginning of the war. But he agrees that her capacity by this time should be equal to two a month. If Germany has indeed lost twelve submarines since the blockade began and if of these twelve, as the Editor of the *Motor Boat* supposes, are of the sea-going type, then Germany is losing her big submarines not only much faster than she has been able to build them hitherto, but considerably faster than she is able to build them now that her productive powers have been doubled. But these figures are not really very consoling, even if they are true. For in the first week in June, when at least two, if not more, of these sea-going submarines have been despatched to the Dardanelles, so that not more than eight should be available for attacking our commerce, no less than seven British ships and six neutrals were torpedoed in a single week. I must then admit, to begin with, that however much the counter campaign may have altered the course of the submarine war, it is very far from having removed or indeed even qualified the menace that it holds over our merchant shipping.

The defensive measures to be taken against submarines may be divided into general and particular. By general defensive measures I mean a campaign designed to extirpate them, to drive them off, or to confine them, by barriers, within certain limits. Particular measures are either the passive defence of individual ships, as by nets or other barricades to guard that ship from a torpedo when discharged, or a local offensive campaign, as when a ship or squadron is protected by a bodyguard of two or more destroyers that accompany her and look out to ram the submarine the moment that the periscope is seen. Lastly, a ship has a certain power of self protection if it

can command speed, and, when aware of the presence of a submarine at a longer range than that at which it will attack, can either combine a zig-zag course with superior speed, or adopt the simple alternative of flight, if the speed is equal or not so inferior but that the ship can reach a safe haven before the submarine comes within range.

In the general campaign against submarines, it has to be said that no system of barriers has as yet succeeded. I do not say that such defences have not caused the capture or destruction of some submarines, but they have not been successful in the sense of having confined submarines within any particular area, or made their entry into any particular area impossible. Theoretically, of course, it is no doubt possible to make such barriers. One can imagine, for instance, a mine-field being laid across a channel with the mines not only laid at one fixed depth from the surface, as mine-fields are now laid for the impeding of ships, but in layers, one field below the one above it, thus constituting a vertical as well as a horizontal field. But while such a barrier is conceivable, it is obvious that a simply fabulous quantity of mines would be required for each barrier. If an attempt was made to pierce the barrier at any point and the submarine struck a mine, an enormous quantity of other mines besides the one struck would be destroyed. The task of making good the damage and of replacing the mines would be one of incredible difficulty. Various alternative measures of making a barrier of this kind have been suggested, but it is, I think, obvious that we are still a long way from finding any successful method. It will probably be found that the cost of a successful method would be almost greater than the cost of the damages we are now suffering. Partial barriers can, no doubt, be multiplied and each individual barrier made more effective, if only a larger number of explosive mines could be combined with the other elements. Here we are up against one of the haunting difficulties of the present situation, viz., the immense demands that are made on the world's resources of high explosives of every kind.

The Submarine Campaign

Something may develop out of the different experiments that are being made in the nature of magnetic or acoustical appliances for detecting the presence of submarines even at a great distance under water, but even if these methods should be brought to perfection, they can do no more than give an approximate location of the submarines at any given time. The number of vessels to be fitted with these detectors would have to be very large, as the area to be covered is, of course, enormous, and if any pursuit is to be made of the submarine, if it is to be surrounded and followed until compelled to come to the surface, it will be necessary for each of these detectors to have a group of destroyers or fast patrols within call. But as no detector is as yet known to be efficient for this purpose, the consideration of this possibility need not delay us.

We are practically left, then, in this position, that for the general campaign against submarines our reliance must chiefly be placed upon fast craft that can maintain a general patrol and run down and either ram a submarine or sink it by gun-fire, if the opportunity arises. The difficulty here, as in the case of all the other measures, is shortage of material. Such really fast patrols and destroyers as we possess have either general warlike duties which cannot safely be neglected, or if they are reserved to deal with submarines, must be reserved for the protection of the fleet units, on which the command at sea depends. It seems, then, as far as the general campaign is concerned, it is unlikely that there will, at any rate in this war, ever be a sufficient quantity of destroyers to safeguard our merchant fleet.

This reduces the question to these proportions: no ship which is slower than a submarine and *is not armed* can ever be safe from submarine attack. In other words, all ships below a certain speed can, if sufficiently far from land, and if there is sufficient daylight for the chase to be completed, be run down and sunk by an under-water boat of superior speed.

What speed, one asks, should render ships reasonably

safe? So far as I know the " Lusitania " is the only ship going faster than fifteen knots that has so far been hit, and as the " Lusitania " was nearly 800 feet long, she would, as a mere moving target at any given range, be as easy to hit at eighteen knots as a proportionately shorter ship would be at fifteen. But as no other ship at fifteen knots has been sunk, the particular circumstances in which the " Lusitania " was hit at eighteen are worth investigating.

To begin with, it is to be remembered that the German Embassy at Washington advertised some days before the ship started that a determined effort would be made to sink her. This notice was supplemented in the case of almost every passenger of name by a private personal warning which was received by each before the ship sailed. It is clear, then, that a very special effort was going to be made to intercept the " Lusitania." Just exactly what form that effort would take, it should not have been difficult to anticipate. The form it did take is quite clear from the events that occurred between the south coast of Ireland and the Scilly Islands, between April 29, just before the " Lusitania " sailed, and May 7, the day she was sunk.

On April 29 and 30 two ships were sunk in the neighbourhood of the Blaskett Islands, which lie just above Bantry Bay, and are some seventy-five miles from the Fastnet Rock, or nearly 100 miles from the spot where the " Lusitania " was struck. From the Blaskett to the Scilly Isles is 217 miles, and in this belt between April 29 and May 7 no less than eleven ships were torpedoed. The points of attack are interesting. On April 29 and 30 and on May 1 three ships were sunk between the Blaskett Islands and the Fastnet; three others were sunk at the other extreme of the belt, off the Scilly Islands. On May 2 and 3 one more fell on the more southerly point of Ireland, and one more off Scilly. On May 6 the " Earl of Lathom " was sunk almost exactly on the spot where the " Lusitania " was sunk the day after, and the " Candidate " and the " Centurion " were torpedoed on the same course, but some miles further east.

From these eleven attacks, seven off the Irish coast and four off the Scilly Islands, it seems obvious that submarines must have gathered in two groups, one on each side of St George's Channel. The furthest point apart, east and west, of these attacks is 150 miles—that is from the Blaskett Islands to Waterford—which looks as if submarines had been spread along the Irish coast, no doubt with the intention of drawing together, so as to make a single or double cordon across the " Lusitania's " usual route, on the day when she was expected. The Scilly Islands group of submarines was probably at the same time shifted north-west, and it is not improbable that two or three were stationed at intervals across St George's Channel between St David's Head and Waterford, where the channel is only about sixty miles wide. If Mr Chalkley's figures for ocean-going submarines are correct, and I see no reason to doubt them, and assuming that three of these had already been sent to the Dardanelles, it is probable that no more than eight were available for the enterprise of catching the " Lusitania." We can, therefore, imagine these grouped, probably four off the coast of Ireland, two off the Scillies and two in St George's Channel. But, of course, the number may have been greater. But whatever the numbers, the facts I have now put before the reader were available to the Admiralty, and no doubt to the Cunard Company twenty-four hours before the " Lusitania " came into the danger zone. Note first, then, that all the elements were available for forming an estimate of the wide extent of the special preparations which the Germans had made for an effort in this neighbourhood.

What were the defensive measures that could be taken to save the ship? In the first place she might have been escorted by destroyers. The " Lusitania," it is to be remembered, was a ship of over 30,000 tons displacement, half as big again as any other ship afloat. She had maintained her journeys between Liverpool and New York uninterruptedly during the war. She was to the Americans and to the world generally the most convincing

possible demonstration that the highway of the sea was free to the British, and that our trade and passenger service could be carried on in defiance of any enemy. That she could cross the Atlantic again and again was a daily triumph over the German cruisers while there were still any at large, and was a daily reminder of their destruction when all were gone. It was the " Lusitania " and her sister ship that had been built by the help of a national loan with the express object of winning and holding for Great Britain the premier position in the Trans-Atlantic trade. For twenty years previously there had been a steady competition amongst the nations to own the ship that could cross the Atlantic in the quickest time. The blue ribbon had passed from England to America, back to England and then from England to Germany, when the " Lusitania " was laid down. Against two 26-knot ships, competition became impossible, and the pride of pace was ours. The " Lusitania," therefore, embodied every attribute of Great Britain which Germany most envied and hated. She was the ensign of our trade supremacy, of our dominance of the seas—a supremacy and dominance detestable in peace, unbearable in war. In intrinsic value, she stood high above any other vessel in commission; morally, she was the commercial representative of our sea power.

This being the stake, one would have thought that the Admiralty would have felt justified in seeing that she was escorted. But Mr Churchill explained in the House of Commons that no destroyers could be spared for this purpose. No other craft could have lived with the " Lusitania " at high speed. This decision, astonishing at first sight, in view of the greatness of the issue, was nevertheless, in all probability, an absolutely right one. All the steamship companies had from the first been told that they could not look to the Admiralty for destroyer convoys, and alone amongst the ships in the world the " Lusitania " had a range of speed at her command which it might well be thought would render her absolutely immune, if only reasonable precautions had been taken

in other directions. Anyhow, rightly or wrongly, no protective measures were adopted.

The " Lusitania," therefore, had to rely upon her speed and her choice of course. In choice of courses there were two things to consider. First, the actual line that she elected to go on, whether her normal course or so many miles to the south of it, and there was always the alternative of going round the north of Ireland to the Clyde. But, in addition to the choice of courses, there was the choice of taking any particular course in daylight or in darkness. Darkness is, for all practical purposes, a period of safety from torpedo attack.

There were, then, the following obvious precautions to be taken singly or in combination:

The first was to avoid the danger zone altogether by making for the Clyde.

The second was to go through the danger zone at the highest possible speed.

The third was the choice of a course through the danger zone that was most remote from the known recent fields of submarine activity.

Lastly, the danger zone might have been passed at night.

What the " Lusitania " did was as follows:

First, she went to the south of Ireland where eleven successful submarine attacks had been made within the week, instead of going to the north where no submarines had been reported.

Next, she kept within a mile or two of her normal route, and it was practically on this route that seven out of the eleven submarine attacks had been made.

Next, on going into the danger zone, she dropped her speed from twenty-six knots to eighteen; and,

Lastly, she timed her arrival off the Old Head of Kinsale for midday—and the Old Head of Kinsale was about half-way from the Blaskett Islands to Waterford, and therefore the middle point of known submarine activity.

The Submarine Campaign

When the facts of the position are stated, the alternatives put before us, and the " Lusitania's " choice reported, there seems very little more to say. The burden of explanation is on those who decided what the " Lusitania " was to do. It is known that the Admiralty sent certain wireless messages to the " Lusitania's " captain and that these messages were in the character of instructions. The terms of these instructions were not told either by Mr Churchill in the House of Commons nor by Captain Turner at the preliminary inquiry. The captain stated, however, that he had followed them so far as he was able. As the matter stands, the maintenance of the old course, the drop in speed, to eighteen knots, taking the danger zone by daylight—all appear to be perfectly inexplicable. The explanation that the " Lusitania's " arrival at Liverpool was to be timed for a certain hour and that eighteen knots would bring her to the bar of the Mersey at the chosen hour, is, of course, no explanation at all. It is obvious that a route half as long again, taken at fifty per cent higher speed, would have made the rendezvous with equal accuracy. So here the matter must be left, until Lord Mersey's inquiry is completed and the judgement given.

But the facts of the sinking of the " Lusitania " do not show the submarine to be capable of any warlike action not disclosed by its previous activities. It still remains true that a submarine lying in wait by daylight can torpedo any big ship, at practically any speed, *if it passes within a range of about* 1,000 *yards*. But the chances of a fast ship passing a lurking submarine within this range are so exceedingly small that this danger can be regarded as negligible. The real point is that a submarine has very little opportunity of manœuvring itself into a position in which it can intercept a fast ship. I have published diagrams elsewhere showing, in a given case, if a submarine can estimate the speed and course of an eighteen-knot target at a distance of 7,000 yards it can get within 1,000 yards' range if, at its nearest point, the target's course

is not more than 5,000 yards away from the submarine. But if the speed of the target is twenty-six knots a submarine in the same position cannot manœuvre to fire a shot at less than 3,000 yards' range. If, then, there had been a cordon of submarines, even though spaced at five miles apart across St George's Channel, and if these boats had not been able to estimate the course of the "Lusitania" until she was 7,000 yards off, and if she had taken the middle line between any two of the submarines, neither could have got a shot at her at less than 3,000 yards. It is obvious, then, that high speed must reduce the risk almost incalculably.

The sinking of "Triumph" and "Majestic" at the Dardanelles raises no new question with regard to the submarines at all. "Triumph," at least, is reported to have been stationary when attacked. She was stationary because engaged as practically part of the military forces fighting in the Gallipoli Peninsula. It may be asked why, if the German submarines were known to be, or at any rate expected soon to be, in the Eastern Mediterranean, the ships were exposed in this way? The answer is probably that the admiral's duty was to support the military operations by naval gun-fire, and that he determined to carry out this duty until it was made quite clear that the danger to the ships was too great. The risk had to be measured against the military requirements of the position and the choice was probably right. Both ships, we may be perfectly certain, were protected by nets, and it had not then been proved that nets were not a sufficient protection against modern fast torpedoes. The admiral was not responsible for the operations being undertaken; he was responsible for helping them forward as much as he could. His fleet was, no doubt, as well protected by destroyers as it could be, and destroyers had hitherto shown themselves to be perfectly efficient bodyguards.

But in these two cases a new element appeared. Bodyguards of destroyers had hitherto been chiefly

protecting ships, either singly or in squadrons, *that were under way*—that is, ships proceeding at considerably more than a submarine's under-water speed, probably going as fast as, if not faster than all except the largest submarine could go upon the surface. The lurking submarine showing only her periscope in such circumstances has a very difficult task. She would have to estimate the range, and the speed and course of the target with very great accuracy, and no one of the three would be easy to get right, unless the target was in view for a considerable time. The target could not be in view without the periscope being exposed, and a long exposure of the periscope would be to risk detection by destroyers, and hence immediate attack.

But if the ship were stationary the task of the submarine would be quite different. A very brief exposure of the periscope would show where the target ship was situated. The submarine captain would note its bearing and make a rough guess both of its distance and the quarter most advantageous for attacking it. He would sink his boat immediately and proceed under water in the chosen direction, and when, after noting the speed of his progress and course he had taken, he reckoned to arrive at the right position, he would rise cautiously and expose his periscopes again. Once more the briefest possible view of the target, and quite a small movement of the submarine's helm would bring the ship into the torpedo's line of fire. With a stationary target, only the line of fire would have to be thought of. No knowledge of the range is required, as the torpedo keeps at a fixed distance below the surface. If the target is moving, the range has to be known so as to calculate the time the torpedo would take to reach the advancing target and the distance the target would make while it was running. No such calculations are necessary if the target is standing still. Thus whether the submarine has to show its periscopes to get a view of the target once, twice, or three times before the shot can be fired, each

exposure need only be extremely brief. Unless the protective destroyers detect it instantly, and are so close that they can ram before the submarine has sunk, the under-water boat is safe.

It is clear that in these circumstances the protective properties of destroyers are considerably less than when ships are under way. To get the same amount of protection, a very much larger number of destroyers would be required.

But here again it would be wrong to say that any new fighting quality in the submarine had been discovered. All of these things could have been—and no doubt were—anticipated by an elementary analysis of known facts. The element of surprise in the success of the submarines at the Dardanelles is not that a submarine can torpedo a slow or stationary battleship even when netted and destroyers are in attendance, but *that battleships should have to be stationary in waters that submarines are known to frequent.*

When the operations at the Dardanelles first began, it was known that no submarines were in the Eastern Mediterranean at all. It was also known that by the middle of February Germany had only very few under-water boats that could make the journey from Cuxhaven to the Straits. Had it been possible to force the Dardanelles by a *coup de main*, the British fleet might have been in the Sea of Marmora and thundering at the walls of Constantinople before a single submarine had passed Gibraltar. The miscalculation lay, not in supposing that the Straits could be forced by a *coup de main*, but in supposing that ships alone could do it. Had Sir Ian Hamilton's army appeared in its transports on the afternoon of February 27, and, after the destruction of the forts of Seddul Bahr, 30,000 men instead of 200 men had been landed, it is more than likely that the whole Peninsula would have been in our hands within a week, and our ships in the Sea of Marmora in a fortnight.

But the army landed not on February 27, but on

The Submarine Campaign

April 25, and the Germans did not waste the intervening two months. What might have been almost a bloodless victory has become probably the bloodiest fight of the war. In spite of a combination of incredible skill and incredible valour resulting in the most remarkable martial performance in history, victory is not yet in sight. The task we have undertaken needs a combination of the ships at sea with the men on shore. It is useless to disguise from ourselves that the possibility of using the ships is greatly modified by the submarines being there. The submarines may, of course, be caught and sunk. No doubt every conceivable effort will be made to destroy them. But until they are destroyed, the work of the fleet, though it will still continue, can hardly be continuous.

The reader may ask why the fleet cannot protect itself by its own speed and manœuvring? It can, but it cannot bombard the enemy's positions while it does so. As a mere feat, finding the range of a landmark is infinitely more difficult than finding the range of a ship. A ship stands clear and defined against the sea and sky. Its masts and funnels afford the sharp vertical lines required for accurate range-finding. The definiteness of the target gives the gunlayer a precise point of aim. The high fountains of water that spout from the sea when a projectile misses the ship give the spotter the data he wants for increasing or decreasing the range. The problem of fire-control at sea is simplified by all these things, and complicated only by the movements of the ships which cause the range to change between successive shots. But these difficulties of a changing range are common to both sides, and, so far as I am aware, no one navy is for the majority of its ships better equipped than any other with means for overcoming the difficulties thus created. Hence where enemy ships meet and *mean to fight*, they will probably tend to maintain the parallel courses that reduce change of range to the minimum. They will fight it out under easy artillery conditions by consent. This is, at least, the

theory on which the British Admiralty apparently acted when it abandoned the further pursuit of a scientific solution of the problem.

But in engaging forts and, still more, in engaging entrenched positions, the difficulties in finding the range and a point of aim are quite enormously increased. There is nothing to range on, very little to aim at, and in most cases, nothing to tell the spotter whether his shots have hit or missed. Even suppose, however, that he has found the range it would immediately be lost if the ship started to manœuvre—and if it manœuvred at high speed it would be lost hopelessly. To equip the ships with means to overcome these difficulties would cost a great deal of money—an obstacle that is *not* insuperable—a great deal of time—an obstacle which *is*.

Summing up the whole position, one can, I think, say this. As far as the operations of war are concerned, no new fact has been disclosed about the submarine that makes it a more formidable menace than it seemed three months ago. We have chosen to engage in an undertaking in which our ships are exposed to danger from submarines. But those dangers were all known before, and the extent to which they could be evaded was, or should have been, perfectly understood. Our ships are not equipped to carry out the duties now put on them in comparative safety, although they might have been. If there is any new fact in the situation, it is not a new attribute of the submarines, but a fresh revelation both of the want of understanding of the technicalities of naval force at headquarters, and of want of forethought in not equipping ships to overcome the difficulties with which they would certainly be faced.

So far as the submarine blockade is concerned, it must be admitted that our defensive measures have been unsuccessful. Whether they can be improved, enlarged or extended is doubtful. It is almost certain that they cannot be extended to the point of being any real and absolute protection, except at a cost greater than the sub-

marines are inflicting. It is, at any rate, well to remember that our rate of loss by submarines, say a million pounds a month, is negligible compared with the total cost of the war, and that from the beginning of hostilities to the moment of writing the submarine has not in the least affected the main purpose of sea power, viz., to assert and maintain the command of the sea.

A. H. POLLEN

ANGLICANISM PAST AND PRESENT

AN important contribution to the history of "the second spring" has recently been made accessible to English readers by the translation of *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre*, by the late Paul Thureau-Dangin, of the French Academy.* Those who know the book in its original form will not need to be told that, proceeding as it did from one well acquainted with England and the English tongue, and written with the clearness and accuracy which characterize the best French literary work, it at once took a leading position as a history of the period to which it relates. Such knowledge, however, was confined to comparatively few, and it may be confidently hoped that in its present form it will meet with the reception to which its merits assuredly entitle it.

The period covered by the main portion of the book extends from the beginning of the Oxford Movement until the death of Manning in 1892: Newman and Manning, as might be expected, fill most of the canvas, but the accessories of the pictures are as carefully drawn as the portraits themselves. The bibliography prefixed to each of the three parts in which the work originally appeared, unfortunately omitted from the translation, shows that the author had read widely, and he has made full use of the books at his disposal. The work having been finished in 1906, such important material as that in Mr Snead Cox's *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* (1910) and Mr Wilfrid Ward's biography of Newman (1912) was not available; on this ground, and not on this alone, it is to be regretted that the editor of the translation (whose name is not given) has not at least indicated the principal works in which supplementary matter appears, thus bringing the volumes, at any rate bibliographically, up to

* *The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century.* 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

date. Moreover there is no indication of the original divisions, and the introduction to the third part is suppressed, thus giving the impression that the work was completed in 1899. We have, however, to thank the English editor for an excellent index.

Of the main subjects of the book it is unnecessary to speak, but attention may be called to M. Thureau-Dangin's introduction, of sixty pages, which gives an admirable sketch of the state of the Established Religion in England before the Oxford Movement and of the changes by which this was brought about. The second division of the third part, which occupies nearly two hundred pages in the English version, is devoted to a history of the later developments of the Movement; this the author finds it convenient to end with the Lincoln judgement of 1902, adding, however, "sommairement, dans une sorte d'épilogue, les escarmouches plus récentes par lesquelles l'élement protestant cherche encore aujourd'hui à prendre sa revanche.*

The author, while fully conscious of the impossibility of their position, does not disguise his sympathy with the ritualists and with those who, with Lord Halifax, approached Rome in 1895-6 on the question of Anglican Orders. He is struck, however, by the fact that many of those who were most sedulous in their imitation of Roman ceremonial and teaching were also most zealous in hindering conversions and most severe in their denunciations of those who became Catholics:

> These contradictory feelings, which estranged men from Catholicism whilst attracting them to its devotions, often led to extravagances which would have been impossible in a more logical country. The very clergymen who on English soil made it a matter of conscience never to set foot in a Roman Catholic church, because there Catholics seemed to them to be intruders—"papal schismatics," or, as it was styled, "the Italian mission in England," deemed it quite allowable once on the Continent, to frequent the churches of these same Catholics, whom they there regarded as

* I quote from the original, as this introduction is not in the translation.

inheritors of the apostolic tradition. . . . The inconsistency of such behaviour never seems to have occurred to their minds. (II, 533.)

The inconsistency is perhaps not so inexplicable as it appears. With reference to the phrase "the Italian Mission" it is interesting to note Lord Halifax's opinion, expressed in a letter to Dean Lake (1817-1897), that it is "unjust, in view of our conduct and position, to accuse the adherents of the Roman Church of being a schism in England"; to this the Dean replied, "I quite agree with you in disliking this wretched humbug of an Italian Mission" (II, 535). This is a somewhat severe censure of Archbishop Benson, who, I believe, invented the phrase—forgetful of the fact that he himself claimed to occupy the chair of St Augustine, the first Italian missioner.

The last part of the book appeared in 1906, thus synchronizing with the Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, better known as the Ritual Commission. Of this important and voluminous document a summary was given by the late Monsignor Benson in this REVIEW for October of the same year, which may be regarded as supplementing Thureau-Dangin's book by bringing his sketch of what Anglicans, by an ingenious misappropriation of terms, call "the Catholic revival,"* up to that date. During the nine years that have followed, the movement, so far from being hindered by the Report, has made notable advances, and the situation has appreciably changed. It is hardly too much to say that the present attitude of the "Catholic" party differs as widely from the earlier Anglicanism as the latter did from the Protestantism which preceded it† and from the High Churchmanship of the Caroline divines. It is with the advanced section of the party that the following remarks will be concerned: to treat even briefly the many features of interest presented by the Church of England as a whole

* *E.g.*, *The Story of the Catholic Revival*, by Clifton Kelway (1914). The phrase is employed in its legitimate sense in the title of Mgr. Ward's book, *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* (1906).

† On this point *Old Anglicanism and Modern Ritualism* (1901), by the Rev. F. Meyrick, should be consulted.

would occupy far more space than this REVIEW can afford.

The celebration during the period under consideration of the jubilee of some of the chief Anglican societies and churches has afforded an opportunity for estimating the progress and development of the movement. Among the latter may be mentioned All Saints', Margaret Street (1909) and St Alban's, Holborn, in each of which the standard of teaching and ceremonial has materially advanced since its consecration: the former, indeed, favoured as it is with episcopal approval, has from a comparatively moderate standard of doctrine and ritual become recognized as a principal centre of advanced Anglicanism. Among the societies may be named the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, established in 1862, and now numbering some 20,000 members, and the English Church Union, which kept its jubilee in 1909, and may be regarded as the most important representative of the High Church party as a whole. Although including in its ranks representatives of the advanced party, its membership is by no means confined to these, and this fact gives additional importance to that which on other grounds would attach to the summary of the progress of fifty years given by its President, Lord Halifax, in his jubilee address—a remarkable document, affording a complete summary of the Anglican position at the period of its delivery.* From this the following is an extract:

> The Holy Eucharist has become so entirely the centre of our devotions, our Communions, the celebration of Mass as the one service of obligation on Sundays, the daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice, have become so much a part of our ordinary life, that we can hardly conceive the time when, even in cathedrals, Mass was not always said on Sunday, and when scarcely anywhere it was celebrated with the accessories prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer. We have got so completely into the habit of making our confessions as a matter of course, at least before the great festivals, that it is difficult to recall the atmosphere of

* E. C. U. office, 31 Russell Square, W.C., price 2d.

mystery, and the difficulties of all kinds which once attended the practice. It seems so natural to invoke the prayers of the Mother of God and the Saints—those friends of God and those friends of ours within the veil—that we find it hard to recall the time when such a practice was thought to derogate from that unique honour and worship due to Him, whose grace alone has made them what they are.

The reference to the Holy Eucharist is amplified later into an explanation of what is meant by the Mass: " it is the Mass that signifies," says Lord Halifax, thus adopting, although in a different sense, Mr Birrell's phrase which has become historic—" it is the Mass that matters." The position of the Eucharist in the Church of England at the beginning of the Oxford Movement was dealt with at some length in this REVIEW for January, 1914; its present position is shown by the growth of the observance of Corpus Christi as a " holy day of obligation."* and by the frequency of Reservation, the latter sometimes with episcopal approval. A full belief in the Real Presence, indistinguishable to the ordinary mind from Transubstantiation, has steadily gained ground ever since *The Altar Manual*, drawn entirely from Catholic sources, superseded Scudamore's *Steps to the Altar*, the eucharistic manual in use in the 'fifties and early 'sixties. For a long period, probably from a feeling that some respect was due to the very definite wording of Article XXVIII, it was usual to attempt to distinguish between the Catholic doctrine and that of the Church of England, but the full doctrine is now preached and the term is employed.

The cultus of our Lady has made notable advances. Three societies exist for the special promotion of this devotion. The earliest of these is the Confraternity of Our Lady, established in 1885 for the " special honour

* It is interesting to note that since the transference by Pope Pius X of the solemn observance of the feast to the Sunday within its octave, it has found no place in advanced publications such as *Church Teaching;* it was, however, this year duly observed with four low masses and a " High Mass " at St Cuthbert's, Kensington, whose magazine for June contains a full account of the institution of the feast and an instruction on the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

and veneration of the B.V.M." and "to set forth by invocation the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints." The most important is the League of Our Lady, founded in 1904, of which Lord Halifax is president, and three Anglican bishops—the Bishop of Bloemfontein, Bishop Powell, and Bishop Smith—are vice-presidents. The first object of the League is "to promote the honour due to the Holy Mother of God"; members undertake "to say the Angelus or at least three Aves daily" and to "hear Mass on the feasts of Our Lady"; the Manual of the League contains Vespers of Our Lady in Latin and English and a form for the blessing of the medals which are worn by members: the League also publishes a quarterly magazine—*Ave*—and a pamphlet on *Devotion to Mary* by Lord Halifax. The membership of the Society has greatly increased during the last twelve months. More recent is "The Living Rosary of Our Lady and S. Dominic" (1905), the object of which is "to encourage the use of the Rosary and devotion to Mary"; members say a decade of the Rosary daily, receive Holy Communion on Rosary Sunday and hear Mass on St Dominic's day. The saying of the Angelus is promoted by two organizations. The feast of the Assumption is observed in the advanced churches as a holy day of obligation, and sermons are preached which lack nothing in fullness of expression. Of these a notable instance will be found in the discourse rather daringly entitled "Mary in the XXXIX Articles" preached at St James's, Plymouth, by the Rev. Ronald Knox;* in this the Assumption and the Immaculate Conception are defined and inculcated, the titles of the Litany of Loreto are explained, and its recitation, with that of the Angelus and the Rosary, indicated. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the promulgation of which was at one time regarded as an insuperable obstacle to reunion with Rome, is now openly taught and the phrase concerning it now finds place in the "Divine Praises," from which it was until recently omitted; the Rosary, if not publicly

* Printed in *The Church in Bondage* (Society of SS. Peter and Paul).

recited, is a frequent private devotion: the "Hail Mary" follows the "Our Father" in many prayer books; statues of Our Lady—or, in default of these, pictures—adorned with flowers and lights, are not infrequent in churches. The work of the Catholic Literature Association, and of the Society of SS. Peter and Paul in spreading this devotion will be referred to later.

With regard to the invocation of saints, it is interesting to note that, although deprecated by so advanced an Anglican as the late Bishop King of Lincoln as recently as 1906,* it has been defended, somewhat half-heartedly it is true, by the Bishop of London.† An important and scholarly contribution to the Anglican literature of the subject is the volume entitled *The Blessed Virgin Mary and the Company of Heaven*,‡ by Archdeacon Wirgman, who holds several important offices in the Anglican Church in South Africa.

It may perhaps be thought that the above presents only an extreme type of Anglicanism; but it must not be overlooked that teaching and observances which originated with and were at one time confined to a small section have in many instances ultimately permeated the Anglican body. Of this the general standard of worship and notably the position now given to the Eucharist everywhere save in the extreme Low Church party are obvious illustrations.

A more recent development may be noticed in the use of Prayers for the Dead, which, at first practised occasionally as a private devotion, has now obtained public and general recognition. This has been largely due to the efforts of the Guild of All Souls, whose publications and proceedings were condemned by the Ritual Commission as "significant of teaching entirely inconsistent with the teaching of the Church of England." The Guild has recently celebrated its forty-second

* See *Edward King, sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln*, by G. W. E. Russell (1912), p. 272.

† See sermon in *The Eyes of Flame*. Wells, Gardner (1914).

‡ Cope and Fenwick, 1s.

anniversary; in the presidential address delivered on the occasion attention was called "to the regularity with which the Holy Sacrifice is offered for the repose of the faithful departed at the altars (*sic*) of St Stephen's, South Kensington, on all permissible days." Requiem masses and other public devotions have received a great impetus from the war, and prayer for the dead is finding a footing even in Nonconformist circles: thus on Sunday, May 16, in a Free Church in Edinburgh, the preacher, after paying a tribute to the memory of a lieutenant-colonel who had been killed, ended his address with the words: "Our prayer to-day is: Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon him."* The Catholic League, which has arranged for a requiem Mass to be said every Tuesday in a London church for deceased soldiers and sailors, advertises leaflets that "give the whole proper from the Roman Missal"; and the Society of SS. Peter and Paul provides a book containing "The Mass and Absolutions of the Dead." At the death of King Edward in 1910, mortuary cards with Catholic prayers were displayed at the doors of many churches and privately distributed: a "Requiem for the Soul of His Most Excellent Majesty" was sung at St Matthew's, Westminster, at which the introit, sequence, Agnus Dei, and post-communion were from the Missal. The service at St Paul's Cathedral on the same occasion, although less definitely Catholic, recognized the principle of intercession for the departed.

Among the numerous guilds and societies which have attended the growth of the movement, two of recent formation claim a brief mention. The Guild of the Love of God, founded in 1910, includes among its members two Anglican (retired colonial) bishops and numerous representative clergy and laity, and has "wards" and "chapters" in England and the colonies. Members undertake "to attend Mass at least on all Sundays and red letter days," to go to confession and to observe the days of fasting and abstinence, as well as the fast

* *Glasgow Star*, May 21.

before communion. A quarterly magazine—*Caritas*—is issued in connexion with the Guild.

The Catholic League seceded from the Guild, of which it was understood to represent the pro-Roman section, in 1913; its rules are practically those of the Guild, although it claims to be "the only Society in communion with Canterbury that requires the observation (*sic*) of the whole of Catholic discipline as a condition of membership." Less representative in its membership, it has the distinction of having provoked Anglican bishops, who as a body seem content to ignore the proceedings of the advanced party,* into taking action.

On July, 5, 1913, the members of the League, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, assembled at Corringham in Essex; the Litany of Loreto was sung in procession, followed by the *Salve Regina* and hymn "Hail, Queen of Heaven"; the League was solemnly dedicated to "Our Lady of Victory," St Joseph and St Nicholas; badges of membership were blessed and distributed; and a sermon on devotion to our Lady was preached by the Rev. Dr Langford James, a London clergyman and superior-general of the League. The proceedings were reported to the Bishop of St Albans, in whose diocese Corringham is situated, and who promptly denounced the League; the Bishop of London insisted on the withdrawal of Dr Langford James, and a Birmingham clergyman who proposed to take his place was threatened by his Bishop with legal proceedings should he do so. The Guild, however, still exists, having for its superior a Ramsgate clergyman.

It will be remembered that this public action of the Bishop of St Albans, who also announced his intention

* An amusing instance of episcopal willingness to "turn the blind eye" is related of the then Bishop of Winchester (Thorold) in Dolling's *Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum:* "When I told him that a crucifix was always carried in the procession he asked that it might be put away, but when I told him there was one on the high altar, he said, 'Oh, I shall not see that one!'" (p. 154).

of refusing ordination to any who practised invocation of the saints—as contrasted with his quiet and private invitation to the Rev. B. S. Streeter, of *Foundations* fame, to resign his position as examining chaplain—formed one of the subjects of the Bishop of Zanzibar's important letter. The latter Bishop, by the way, considers invocation of the saints a "Catholic, beautiful and profoundly useful"* practice; thus running counter to the judgement of the Ritual Commission.

The League possesses a quarterly journal—*The Catholic Magazine*, which treats Anglicanism, for which it would "plead for a long patience," with amusing condescension:

> Let us, if we be more enlightened, respect the Anglican. He is doing a useful work in the second line, and if we seek to bring him on further, let it be done with gentleness and consideration.†

This attitude is adopted by many of the advanced party. Prebendary Denison, in a pamphlet published two or three years since, pointed out that High Churchmen had been the chief hindrance to the spread of "Catholicism," and Mr Knox's sermon on "Half-Shares" adopts a similar position.‡

The systematic provision and distribution of cheap literature of the most advanced kind has greatly developed during the last ten years. The work was begun in the 'sixties by a "Committee of Clergy" of the Society of the Holy Cross, and was further developed by the Church Extension Association, whose cheap and attractive publications suggested the formation of the Catholic Truth Society as it at present exists. Individual publishers—notably Messrs Mowbray and Mr W. Knott—issued numerous prayer books and manuals which left little to be desired in the way of Catholic teaching§:

* See this REVIEW, April 1914, p. 342.

† *Catholic Magazine*, September–December, 1914, p. 74.

‡ *The Church in Bondage*, p. 55.

§ A summary of the contents of some of these will be found in the Report of the Ritual Commission, p. 48.

but the success of the C.T.S. indicated that there was room for further and more organized effort, and on its lines the Catholic Literature Association was established in 1906, with the somewhat truculent motto, "Not peace but a sword."

The C.L.A. was founded by the Rev. A. H. Baverstock, who became and still remains its Hon. Secretary and moving spirit. Associated with him was the late Rev. H. N. Thompson, at one time curate of St Bartholomew's, Brighton, and author of the telling series entitled "St Bartholomew Tracts." The Association was established on the basis of the right of Anglicans to hold and practise all that belonged to the historic Christian system common to East and West, the position adopted being that the Church of England had evolved no new system, but held the Catholic Creeds in their historic sense.* The publications of the Society are instructive and devotional rather than controversial; a special feature of these is the prominence given to the Blessed Virgin—under the heading "May Literature" a recent advertisement enumerates eleven publications of which our Lady is the subject, among them an excellent pamphlet on *The Holy Rosary*, a *Mary Hymnbook*, and *Mary Magnified*, "daily devotions for the month"—the last obviously suggested by the C.T.S. *Maria Magnificata*. When the Association was formed, doubt was expressed whether patronage would not be alienated by the *cultus* of our Lady and of the Saints, but the new departure proved attractive rather than repulsive. The C.L.A. publishes a quarterly Magazine entitled *The Christian Warfare*: in the most recent issue we are told that "the Association has laboured whole-heartedly for the purging of the Church of England from Protestantism" The view that Protestantism is foreign to that body is ingeniously defended by Archdeacon Wirgman in

* This position is developed in a paper by Mr Baverstock entitled *The Catholic Literature Association and the Cause of Reunion.* (Talbot and Co., ½d.).

a shilling volume* published by the Association. Another shilling book, *The Christian Religion*, almost entirely Catholic in teaching, has a preface by the Bishop of Zanzibar.

The publications of the Faith Press (1907), less known than those of the C.L.A., fall little short of these in definite Catholic teaching. In those for children the seven sacraments, to the representation of which a series of pictures is devoted, are taught, and hearing mass and going to confession are assumed as ordinary duties.

The Society of SS. Peter and Paul came into existence in 1910 and already occupies an important position. Its scope includes the production of missals, vestments, and other liturgical accessories; its attitude, as expressed by one of its promoters, is

> that the English Church is historically a part of the Roman or Western Church, and that in matters of ceremonial, faith and morals, they would do well to follow the lead of the Pope.

This attitude is carried out in the doctrinal publications, many of which are from Catholic sources. Among the penny publications are twelve by Bishop Challoner: *Let us Pray* is with slight modifications the C.T.S. *Simple Prayer Book. Church Teaching* is an ingenious blend of the Catholic Catechism with that of the Church of England, the former predominating. The Bishop of Zanzibar contributes a preface in which he describes the book as

> a quite admirable statement of the fundamental faith to which the whole College of Bishops down the ages has given its witness. . . . This Catechism accurately represents the Faith, Life, and Worship of the Catholic Church, and I most gladly commend it to the use of the Faithful.

Save for one or two omissions, notably of any reference to the Pope, it presents a complete course of Catholic doctrine: it includes the Hail Mary, the Angelus and

* *Foreign Protestantism within the Church of England: the Story of an Alien Theology and its Present Outcome.*

Regina Cœli, the Confiteor and the De profundis: the "chief rules of the Church" include the "keeping of Sundays and chief Holy Days by hearing Mass": these include the Assumption—doubtless one of those of which Bishop Weston tells us "in the English section of the College not all Bishops require observance." The Society also issues a sheet almanack, the literary portion of which contains little but the four antiphons of the Blessed Virgin. One or two of its larger publications are referred to elsewhere in this paper.

Not the least remarkable thing about the Society is that it describes itself as "Publishers to the Church of England"! We look in vain in its prospectuses for any indication of approval or recognition from any representative of that body, nor do we find any evidence of the existence of a committee or even of members. So far as we can judge, the Society is the outcome of the energy and good taste—the publications are beautifully printed—of a few individuals, and it is a wonderful example of what these qualities, backed by ample funds, can do.

If to the publications of these bodies are added Messrs Mowbray's *Churchman's Penny Library*, of which more than a million have been sold, and their *Mirfield Manuals* and *Manuals for the Million*, each with a large circulation, we may form some notion of the extent of the literary propaganda which is carried on in the interest of the advanced party in the Church of England.

This brief summary of a few of the features of the present Anglican position must not end without some reference to the growing movements in the Romeward direction. By this I do not refer to the steady influx of conversions from the advanced Anglican ranks, but to the growth of opinion which has been described at length and with intimate knowledge by Mr A. H. Nankivell, an ex-Anglican clergyman.* The movement

* *The Higher Anglicanism.* This with other papers bearing on the subject, notably one by another convert clergyman, the Rev. J. P. Valentine, entitled *The Latest Phase of the Oxford Movement*, will be found in *Some Aspects of the Anglican Position*, a shilling volume published by the Catholic Truth Society.

itself is no new one—it was represented by W. G. Ward in the early Oxford days—but in its present form it dates from 1902, its starting-point being the publication in that year of the Rev. Spencer Jones's book on *England and the Holy See*, of which a shilling reissue was published last year.* This is an amplification of a sermon preached at St Matthew's, Westminster, on St Peter's Day, 1900; it has a remarkable preface by Lord Halifax, who was present at the delivery of the sermon. The book should be placed in the hands of every one who would understand the relations, past and possible, between the two bodies named in its title: it must suffice here to say that in its pages the position of the Holy See is exhaustively discussed from every point of view, the Anglican objections being clearly stated and their untenableness demonstrated. The book begins with a series of propositions which include the following:

> That the See of Rome is the Apostolic See, and is destined to become the visible centre of Christendom.
>
> That Rome is, in fact, the mother of Christianity.
>
> That Reunion, for the English Church, signifies reunion with the Holy See.
>
> That England cannot formally remain as she is, except in so far as she is infallible.
>
> That Rome cannot formally cease to be what she is, since she claims to be infallible. (p. xxx.)

These and other propositions are discussed and restated in a later work†: "Rome cannot change her dogmatic position without self-destruction, but England can amend her formularies." In this volume the place in the Church of St Peter and his successors is further developed: it may be noted that Mr Jones's collaborator with the community of which he was the head have since been received into the Church.

* Hunter and Longhurst.

† *The Prince of the Apostles: A Study*. By the Rev. Paul James Francis and the Rev. Spencer Jones. Garrison. New York. 1907. Lamb Publishing Co.

Anglicanism Past and Present

The relation of the Anglican Church to Rome is set forth with much clearness in a noteworthy volume* by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe. Many other instances might be cited of the improved attitude towards the Holy See, although it must be admitted that the anti-Roman position is still largely maintained, notably by members of the Cowley and Mirfield communities.

Coupled with the growing recognition of the position of Rome comes the abandonment of that pride in "comprehensiveness," which not so long ago was urged as one of the chief glories of the Church of England, and led to the view that that body might in consequence ultimately become the centre of unity. Mr Cyril Bickersteth, indeed, seems still to cling to this notion, and suggests that the Anglican Church may "carry on the work of mediation between Rome on the one hand and the separated Protestants on the other."† It is interesting to compare with this the almost violent repudiation of such a claim by the Bishop of Zanzibar, who in his celebrated letter speaks of the "Ecclesia Anglicana" as "the one most evident hindrance to reunion that exists":

> Boasting herself to be the obvious centre round which reunion will be realized, puffed up with a sense of what she calls broad-mindedness, she stands to-day at the judgement-bar innocent alike of narrow-mindedness and broad-mindedness, but proven guilty of double-mindedness.

The practical outcome of comprehensiveness as manifested in the Church of England is fully set forth in a book‡ by "an Oxford Priest"—understood to be the Rev. Dr Langford James; and the theory is thus repudiated in the *English Church Review* for June:

> A comprehensiveness which includes mutually exclusive doctrines about the Eucharist is necessarily reduced to a vacillating

* *Catholicism and Life.* Longmans. 1913.
† *Unity and Holiness*, p. 43.
‡ *Glorious Comprehensiveness.* Cope and Fenwick, 1911.

state. It cannot teach with certainty because it is contradicted in the next parish. . . . The affirmation and denial of the same idea is not comprehensiveness but confusion.

With regard to the alleged "narrowness" of Rome viewed as a hindrance to conversions, the words of the late Father Maturin in the lecture delivered at the close of his visit to the States which ended so disastrously may be quoted:

In analysing the psychological processes marking the change from High Anglicanism to Catholicism, as he had observed them in himself and in others, he said that a man's natural conservatism, his extreme reluctance to change religious opinions that he had held since childhood, is what chiefly makes conversion difficult. Rome's imperious way of speaking and ruling does not hold back the Ritualist at all: indeed that is what he most loves and admires in her. For the troubles he has in the Church of England are largely due to the fact that her bishops really have so little power. The boasted "comprehensiveness" of the Establishment seems to be a cruel thorn in the High Churchman's side.*

But great as has been the advance in the Catholic direction, and indeed were it ten times as great, the difficulties in the way of the realization of the idea of reunion to which Anglicans pathetically cling are, except on one condition, as great as ever, even apart from the question of Orders. The High Church section of the Established Church has indeed developed until from being a small minority it has become if not the dominant at least a potent factor in its existence; content at first with toleration and equal rights, it now claims to be the only legitimate representative of Anglicanism: "no doctrine except the doctrine of the Catholic Church," says Lord Halifax, "has *de jure* any right within the Church of England." Yet surely the official representatives of that body must count for something: and would any appreciable number of the bench of bishops endorse

* *America*, May 8, 1915. A pathetic interest attaches to the remark which concludes this notice: "Father Maturin sailed for England on May 1, and does not expect to visit this country again."

the situation set forth by Lord Halifax in the passage quoted in the early part of this paper? Certainly his Grace of Canterbury could not give it his adhesion, for his name is appended to the Report of the Ritual Commission. Even now, it is impossible for a stranger in a parish to predicate with anything like certainty what teaching and practice he will find when he goes to church on Sunday: and it is equally uncertain whether these would remain the same, should he return in the course of two or three years.

It may be granted that the "Evangelical" or Low Church party has steadily diminished in influence, although it has at least three or four representatives on the episcopal bench. But the new "modernist" school, backed by one bishop and numerous highly-placed ecclesiastics, represents the old Broad Church party which in this new form has attained fresh and increasing strength; especially when allied with Ritualism, as is sometimes the case; it is not so long since, at a church in the north of London, the feast of Corpus Christi was observed with full ritual and a Eucharistic procession, while the sermon on the Sunday following was preached by the present Dean of Durham. The alliance between Low Churchmen and Modernists at the time of the Kikuyu controversy, however regrettable from an Anglican standpoint, presented a formidable front united by a common Protestantism. The gulf between Anglicanism and this combined Protestantism grows yearly wider as the former approximates more nearly to Rome and insists more loudly upon its claim to represent the Church of England; the differences in that body become more acute, as is shown by the recent excommunication of the Bishop of Hereford by the Bishop of Zanzibar, and the subsequent correspondence in the Church press.

Meanwhile the question of the last-named prelate—"Ecclesia Anglicana: for what does she stand?" seems as far as ever from being answered; nor is this wonderful, for no authoritative answer can be given. This in itself is sufficient to show that, even were

Rome able to enter into *pourparlers* on the subject of reunion, the scheme would be blocked *ab initio* from the impossibility of arriving at a statement of belief which should at once include all Anglican parties and be possible of acceptance by Rome. And if, by a stretch of the imagination, one could conceive the possibility of such a scheme being entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, it would, one supposes, be necessary for him to obtain the sanction of Parliament before undertaking to bring it before the Holy See.

How far, notwithstanding its advances, the Catholic party has succeeded in influencing the official representatives of the Church of England, may be gathered from the letters which have appeared in the *Church Times* with regard to the difficulty, apart from that which the circumstances necessarily present, which those at the front or even in camp at home experience in fulfilling what they have been taught to believe their religious duties. Apart from the unwillingness or refusal of many, if not most, of the Church of England clergymen to hear confessions, as to which strange stories have been told, the services ordinarily provided do not include the Communion. It is not to be wondered at, that, as has admittedly been the case, Anglicans have become Catholics on joining the forces or on going to the front, in order that they may secure what they regard as the privileges of religion. It is impossible not to sympathize with those thus placed, although one cannot fail to see in the situation a consequence of their anomalous position. It must also, one would think, afford material for serious thought that in the Pastoral Letter issued on May 27 by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, no reference is made to the Eucharist as an act of intercession.

The Catholic Church in England has advanced far since Keble urged his readers to "speak gently of our sister's fall": yet in the dark times which preceded the "second spring" it seemed almost daring in a Protestant writer to recognize a sister, even though a fallen

one, in the Church of Rome. As time went on, however, the fall was forgotten—it was even doubtful whether it had occurred; and the English Church claimed to stand beside Rome as the child of a common mother. It may be too much to hope that the old filial relationship will be renewed, but it is open to all to seek the maternal embrace which has already welcomed so many wanderers back to the home from which they have been so long estranged.

JAMES BRITTEN

THE EFFECT OF WATERLOO

AN historical event, especially when it stands out from the story of its time by some accident of sharp definition, provokes the student of history to consider its effects; and these he will discover to lie roughly in two categories. There are the effects which it produced necessarily, as it were, and which—given men to be what they are and States to be what we know them to be—it was bound to produce. Thus, we say the battle of Trafalgar saved England from invasion, the death of Julius Cæsar provoked civil wars which ended the Roman Republic, etc., etc.

But there is also another category, which may be called that of illusions. A great historical event, particularly when it is sharply defined, creates effects in the minds of contemporaries and of posterity which are rather those of legend than of historical truth, but which have none the less a powerful consequence upon human affairs.

Now the battle of Waterloo was in a degree quite exceptional a separate and sharply defined historical event; it therefore set up a process of effect in both the fields just mentioned, which process we are still feeling.

It behoves us, if we are to understand the history of the century that has succeeded Waterloo, to note what those effects were and to distinguish between such as were necessary to the event—part, as it were, of the nature of Europe; and those which were rather in the nature of legend or of illusion—none the less powerful over men's minds and, therefore, over men's actions.

The battle of Waterloo thus stood out sharply from even the greatest historical event of its own period from three causes.

In the first place, it had the dramatic quality of a prodigy worked out within narrow limits of time. The whole campaign was one of four days. Napoleon crossed the frontier on a Thursday. The twin battles of Quatre

The Effect of Waterloo

Bras and Ligny were fought and the capital error of Erlon, which lost the war, was committed upon the Friday. Wellington's retirement and the parallel retirement of the Prussians occupied the Saturday. On the Sunday upon the field of Waterloo the French army was totally defeated and the campaign was at an end.

Suddenness and completeness of this kind is very rare, especially in military history.

In the second place, the battle of Waterloo was a *final* or *terminal* thing. This character is very rare in history as a whole. Hastings was something of the same sort, but even Hastings was followed by more than one concluding campaign. The battle of the Milvian Bridge pretty sharply begins an epoch for those who regard European history as a Christian development. But it did not terminate one period and open another without a long penumbra of gradual change upon either side of the decisive moment. Waterloo did, and that immediately, put an end to the whole business of the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. To contemporaries it seemed even more decisive than it was, and many an observer of competence seems to have imagined upon the morrow of the action that the revolutionary effort was wholly undone and that the old regime had returned.

The third characteristic about the battle of Waterloo, which thus frames it and makes it distinct beyond the ordinary, is the thoroughness of its nature as a mere military action. It was a complete and overwhelming disaster for the one side, a complete and triumphant victory for the other. And here again such a total globular result, a " decision " so unmixed, is rare, as military events go. Even Sedan, with its capitulation of a whole army, left another army in being, though contained within the forts of Metz; and neither Austerlitz nor Jena were strokes from which no remnant of the defeated could conceivably have recovered. They were each of them battles after which the enemy could still treat, though from an inferior and beaten plane. But after Waterloo all the cause for which the defeated army stood was ruined.

It could no longer even treat, and its chief—the political chief of that for which the action had been challenged—was necessarily a fugitive.

The battle thus distinct and framed (to repeat the metaphor I have just used), having such a sharp unique character, could not but have its profound effects upon the mind and structure of its time. Let us examine it then, under the two heads I have chosen, and let us first set in their order those which may be called the true and natural effects, the effects divorced from any element of illusion.

The first of these, of course, was the termination of what had long appeared the military supremacy of the new revolutionary world.

This conclusion is one to which we are now so accustomed that it is a commonplace, and not only a commonplace, but apparently an inevitable commonplace.

The reader of history is inclined to say of the great revolutionary crusade that it was bound to come at last to some disaster. Its impetus was too violent, its success too dependent upon surprise, the conservative forces of Europe, and particularly those of nationality, were bound to be ultimately too strong for it.

But those who argue thus forget that many a great movement in history, the success of which should by all reasonable calculation have been ephemeral, did, as a fact, discover an age-long life after the short military success which founded its power. One supreme example will occur to every one in the case of the Mohammedan movement. Every conceivable calculation was against it. It won a series of brief, tremendous campaigns and established itself for more than a thousand years.

It is equally possible to imagine a democratic effort which, having taken strength from doctrines appealing in every country to so many sympathizers, being a religion in its essence and a crusade in its military quality, might have triumphantly established itself throughout Western Europe at least, and formed there the beginning of a new era. To some extent the revolutionary wars did achieve

that end. They at least destroyed everywhere, save in England and Russia, old customary forms of law; they profoundly transformed the very weights and measures of the greater part of European civilization and their effect is to be discovered in a thousand details which go to the roots of social life to-day, in the German Empire, in the Low Countries, in France, in Italy and, to some extent, in Spain.

But Waterloo, following upon the decline which the Russian campaign of 1812 had begun, forbade the revolutionary effort a complete success. In a general survey of the half dozen similar upheavals which have shaken the world, we must conclude that the French Revolution was but partly successful as compared with the rest. And the date which marks its limit is the date of Waterloo. That is the first, and most obvious, historical effect of the battle.

If a man were summing up the matter upon the very largest lines he would say: The campaigns of Alexander hellenized the East. Later that effort was modified. It was never a complete result—for Asia affected hellenism quite as much as Hellas affected Asia—but still, the East was hellenized and that because the campaigns of Alexander did not end in a final defeat but in a series of attenuated victories. The revolutionary attempt to transform our civilization more than two thousand years later, launched with similar unexpected military strength, bore no such fruit consonant to its own nature as did Alexander's campaigns in Asia. The whole stream was turned aside. The results of the effort were not only modified but in a hundred ways negatived and thrust back because the military effort ended in an acknowledged defeat.

To take but one instance out of many. The institution of hereditary monarchy, non-elective and symbolic of national unity, which, of all institutions one would have thought the revolution would most have shaken, not only revived after Waterloo, but acquired an added vigour. All through the nineteenth century every

expression of nationality is accompanied by an attempt to link the new nation with a new dynasty, and that attempt is nearly always successful. New groups which in the Middle Ages might well have appeared as republics appeared in the nineteenth century, nominally at least, as monarchies; and the action of these new dynasties has been very real and very strong. We are watching them to-day in the South-east. For it is as certain as anything can be, that if Greece and the Balkan States had acquired their independence in a republican rather than a monarchical form, their position during the great campaign still in progress would have been very different. And this is particularly true of the Roumanian polity, where what German sympathizers call " the oligarchy," would under modern republican forms have surely had its way before now.

The second immediate and necessary result of Waterloo was the long division established between the two great bodies of French political thought. This is a consequence of Napoleon's final defeat which has not perhaps been sufficiently emphasized.

Roughly speaking, those new political constitutions which can trace themselves back to a national victory achieve permanence and govern a homogeneous State. One sees that in a peculiar degree in the case of the United States, where not so much the imagined excellence of a somewhat artificial separation of " the three powers " as the tradition of national emancipation by force of arms, has lent the constitution its continued security.

We see it most emphatically in the case of the modern German Empire. So France, secure within her own boundaries though with her great European ambitions mortified, France established under a Napoleonic dynasty which, as a whole, could boast that it had preserved a tradition of victory, would perhaps in a generation have forgotten the profound political cleavage produced by the first phase of the revolution. It sounds paradoxical to say so, but I believe it to be historically true, that the

exaggerations of monarchical tradition, coupled with the violent reaction against that tradition which marked the first third and more of the nineteenth century in France, were largely the product of Waterloo and of the defeat of Napoleon. That which it was attempted to restore under the last two Bourbons was something which had never really existed. France of the old regime had, at the end of that regime, been pretty well universally, at least in its critical and instructed part, converted to new things. This was as true of the Court of Versailles under Louis XVI as of the professional middle classes in the towns. But after the years of exile ending so unexpectedly in a restoration, the old regime was seen in a light not so much of romance as of the stage. The attempt to reconstruct it when it was impossible to reconstruct its framework, and still more impossible to raise its spirit from the dead fell, on the one side, into futile uncreative enthusiasm which you will still see marking much of French political life, and which repeats the formula of the old French monarchy without critical examination of what that formula would mean under modern conditions. It has led upon the other side to a fixed, middle class republican counter-enthusiasm, mingled now with contempt for, now with anger against, its opponent; and always disruptive. In the quarrel there has suffered in an exceptional degree, and up to quite recent times, the cause of the Catholic religion. This institution, spread, as it is, throughout the commonwealth and necessarily omnipresent, would, in a nation whose political tradition had remained homogeneous, have become the most national of all. The quarrel between religion and the encyclopædists was (it is a bold thing to say, but I believe a true one) a thing destined to a comparatively short life. The reality of the Catholic organism, the firm hold of its roots in the body of the nation, made it almost certain that the French, proceeding normally and without humiliation, would maintain their most ancient institution and soon forget an intellectual fashion which opposed that institution: just as in England the unpopularity of the

throne proved ephemeral, though at one moment intense: just as in modern Germany the conflict between collectivism and national feeling proved ephemeral, though at one moment intense.

But the new conditions of France after 1815, reposing as they did upon what no one could deny to be a dividing of the national forces, intensified differences of political theory within the nation, and have left them violent to this day. Conversely, one might suggest that should the issue of the present great campaign be favourable to the French, whatever constitution proceeds from it will be both permanent and national, and that in particular the internal division between the religion of the people and their formula of government will cease.

It must not be forgotten that the very worst of this quarrel followed upon a most unpopular parliamentary constitution imposed forty years ago as the direct fruit of a defeat even more serious than that of Waterloo.

The third direct consequence of Waterloo which has been of necessary effect in Europe would be challenged by the intellectual enemies of Great Britain, and has been challenged by not a few foreign writers upon the history of Europe in general during the nineteenth century. I mean the position which the battle gave to the military power of Great Britain.

This position many critics, I repeat, would relegate to that second category of the illusions or legends produced by any great historical event.

These critics point out that the total forces added to the Continental Powers by the recruitment of Great Britain were insignificant: that even at the battle of Waterloo itself there were present in Wellington's command a minority only of British troops, and that in the total forces of Wellington's command and Blucher's added together, the proportion of British troops was very small indeed. They further remark that the presence of the Duke of Wellington in command at what happened to be the decisive and final battle was an accident, and they are supported, in what I believe to be a false contention, by the modern

school of writers in this country and elsewhere who—until this campaign at least—exaggerated the influence of sea power upon history.

From all this point of view the prestige which the military power of Great Britain did undoubtedly gather as the fruit of Waterloo, is thought unreal. I propose the conclusion that it should rather be placed among the real effects of the victory. By which I do not mean that the prestige or opinion was real—that is obvious—but that this opinion reposed upon a sound appreciation of facts.

It is true that nothing but geographical and political accident had put the Duke of Wellington in the vanguard which happened to meet Napoleon's last effort. It is easily conceivable that this last effort might have been directed against some other frontier, where neither British troops nor a British commander would have been present. All Europe was marching against the French. The shock might have come in Lombardy or on the Rhine. Still, Waterloo discovered to all observers what the Peninsula had already discovered to close contemporary criticism, namely, that in the Duke of Wellington Great Britain possessed a commander whose capacity for the defensive-offensive, for taking up a defensive position, for discovering the capacities of ground in aid of the defence, for waiting the moment—that most difficult task—wherein to pass from the defensive to the offensive, and for handling his troops tactically in consonance with that defensive, boasted talents or genius hitherto unknown.

Now military capacities of this sort, though present in a single individual, rightly reflect upon the whole national system to which that individual belongs. It cannot be an accident that such and such a commander proceeds from such and such a society. The height of his talents, the extent of his genius are particular; but the stuff out of which they are made is a general and a national stuff. Therefore, these great defensive actions which have given the Duke of Wellington his place in

military history were every one of them connected with the character of the infantry which he at once formed and commanded: which he commanded when it was of British and of Irish stock, that is which he found ready to hand when it was of British or of Irish stock: which he could also form, as we know, from the example of his Portuguese battalions in the latter part of the Peninsula War. But it is not upon the admitted genius of the Duke of Wellington alone that the effect of Waterloo upon the military prestige of Britain throughout the nineteenth century reposes. There was also the character and the discipline of the British section in his composite force. It was appreciable to all contemporary observers that the resistance of the allies upon the crest of the Mont S. Jean upon that famous Sunday, was a resistance the backbone of which was British. The perilous manœuvre whereby Coburn in his handling of the fifty-second largely helped to decide the battle, was British in its adventurous decision. And its success, though like all such tactical successes accidental, was justly to be ascribed to national character.

Further, it must be remembered that the prestige so acquired was maintained in the small expeditionary forces which Great Britain organized in the succeeding generations. Had any one of these small expeditionary forces, notably that of the Crimea, betrayed any great falling off from the standard of the Peninsula War and of its sequel in Flanders, Europe would have noted the change at once. Upon the contrary, though there was present no commanding figure upon the British side of that joint campaign, and though the higher command earned perhaps less than its due from contemporary observers, the prestige abroad of the comparatively small British force engaged stood higher after the Crimean war than before it. The repression of the Indian mutiny was something which foreign observers were less capable of judging, for the material upon either side was not of a sort in which they had experience, but it naturally enhanced the effect the

Crimea had produced. And in general, one may say that the test of proof in the field sufficed to maintain justly a notion which the action at Waterloo had justly formed.

If we turn from the major effects of the battle to the illusions based upon it, to the legends, we shall discover perhaps the most remarkable to be a *domestic* conception of British military power such as one might have expected in the populace of an island State, but which, in the case of this country, spread to every class, even to the small number of men occupied in writing detailed military history.

Waterloo, more than any other event, made men accept the total military power of Great Britain (I do not mean the material upon which it is founded but its total momentum or weight in any great war) as something quite out of scale with reality. Educated men in this country had absorbed at school an astonishing thesis, quite unhistorical, of which I think Waterloo was the root. Great Britain was thought in the Wars of Europe to have a rôle even upon land not equal but superior to that of the great military Powers, and a rôle invariably and, as it were, necessarily successful. The direct consequence in real life of this legend might have been disastrous. It was not shaken until the South African war. Among other results which we can now all note was (in the opinion of the present writer at least) the maintenance of a wholly insufficient military establishment. Another result, which is not susceptible of being discussed here, was the permanence of the voluntary system of enlistment, amply sufficient, indeed, for the small forces concerned, but continued at a time when generation after generation of the Continent was being trained in the idea of conscription—until that idea had become almost coterminous with citizenship.

Waterloo produced, in another society (very different from the British!) a second illusion or legend which has been of the utmost effect upon contemporary history.

We are accustomed in this country to think of Prussia as a military State, which vindicated its military traditions

by rising after the blow of Jena and leading Germany in the so-called War of Independence '13 and '14.

We are accustomed to make the second chapter of the Prussian expansion and hegemony fall in 1866-70.

Now those who are best acquainted with the military tradition of Prussia see that this conception of ours is erroneous, and that in the Prussian military mind 1866-70 is not the second but the third chapter of the story.

The second chapter is Waterloo; or, to use the Prussian terminology, " Belle Alliance." Such was the reputation of Napoleon, of such consequence did it seem to be to any ruler or nation to boast himself or themselves the conquerors of Napoleon, that it was inevitable Prussia should see herself in the final battle as the chief combatant.

Let it be remembered that of the total forces which achieved the final result much the largest single contingent was Prussian: that the finest exclusively military feat in that short campaign was the prodigious marching and final appearance upon the field of the fourth army corps under von Bülow. Let it further be grasped that the appearance of that army corps upon Napoleon's right in the late afternoon which, from the British point of view, was something so belated as to come only just in doubtful time at the best, was from the Prussian point of view the dramatic entry of the decisive factor in the victory.

Every one will remember with what astonishment even the best educated English opinion received the German Emperor's claim some years ago that the Prussian system had " saved " Wellington. To the Prussian this claim was simply a commonplace which all his history and all his conception of the campaign of '15 took for granted. And, again at the risk of paradox (an odious thing in history) I must suggest that this illusion in the Prussian mind produced by Waterloo—the illusion that Prussia more than any other power compassed the final defeat of Napoleon—has had a prodigious effect upon contemporary history.

The Effect of Waterloo

The concluding and third legend upon Waterloo, concerns no direct fact in European history, and is interesting only from the way in which it will probably tinge popular history, especially in the new countries, and possibly will tinge historical tradition as a whole. I mean the legend which puts Waterloo by itself, omits to regard it as the climax of things much larger than itself and of a tendency already secure when Napoleon turned back at Malo-Jaroslavetz and began the retreat from Russia in 1812. It is a pity, but it is inevitable, that too dramatic views of history should thus impose themselves upon that branch of study. It is probably inevitable when an event so outstanding as that of June 18, 1815, arrests the attention of posterity.

The exaggeration of Waterloo in the popular mind, the inflated value which the name will probably carry for centuries, is but upon a par with what we find attached to every other isolated and vivid conception, whether the character of a man or of a single action. These things are to be regretted because they distort history, but we must admit that without them history could not be grasped by the general, for its complexity and vastness would only confuse. Where a legend of this sort is really regrettable is when it creeps into sober and detailed military history and distorts scholarship. That is inexcusable. But the study of the Napoleonic campaigns had been undertaken upon so large a scale, and with such minute industry throughout Europe that perhaps we shall, in this department at least, be saved from the error here described.

HILAIRE BELLOC

THE NEUTRALITY OF THE HOLY SEE

AT the outbreak of the war, the Holy See took up a position of strict neutrality. Ever since, notwithstanding all that has occurred, the Holy See has not deviated one hair's breadth from the path of strict neutrality.

The fact is unquestionable. No official utterance, no official act of the Vatican can be alleged by either belligerent side as unfriendly or injurious to their interests. The Wiegand incident, which caused a momentary stir, and was exploited by the Pope's critics with suspicious assiduity, has turned out to be a " mare's nest," as all sensible people anticipated. It was antecedently incredible that Benedict XV, trained in the diplomatic service of the Holy See, would suffer a peregrinating journalist to ensnare him in his speech.

On the whole, the European Press has recognized the correctness of the Pope's attitude. But the Anticlerical and Antipapal party, especially in our own country and among our Allies, have not been able to sacrifice their favourite sport of Pope-baiting, though horse-racing and football have been abandoned. Certain " religious " journalists, also, have declared themselves gravely dissatisfied with the Pope, and are clamouring as loudly now for papal decisions in politics, as they were lately loudly denouncing papal decisions in theology. Even some of the faithful, overheated by patriotism, have caught the infection, and grumble about the Pope's " silence " as being " significant " or even " guilty."

They who are thus concerned about the behaviour of Benedict XV should inform themselves of the *provenance* of the uneasiness which is disturbing them. The originators and ringleaders of the agitation are familiar names, both here and on the Continent. In France, they are the Anticlericals *pur sang*. In England, they are the writers who carped at the " crafty diplomacy " of

The Neutrality of the Holy See

Leo XIII, who scorned and ridiculed the "peasant" outlook of Pius X, and who now profess to be shocked at the "criminal complicity" with Britain's enemies of Benedict XV. To their penetrating vision, the Pope's mind is an open book—and always open at the same page. "Political Aggrandizement" is now, as it has ever been, according to their version, the passion and the bane of the Papacy. Just now, the hopes of the Vatican are built on the success of Germany and Austria. In "Vatican circles," they say, in the clerical press, in every foregathering of "papal prelates" and "the papal aristocracy," the pro-German note is predominant. The Pope professes to be neutral. But he, too, is pro-German at heart. His neutrality is only a mask.

Those who go to school to such bitter partisans must thank their own folly for the consequences. Whatever they learn there, they will not learn sobriety of judgement. On examination, this pretentious indictment collapses at a touch.

Perhaps it represents the natural misgivings of a guilty conscience? It might well be so, for, all things considered, pro-German sympathies in the Pope's entourage would not furnish matter for surprise, nor solid ground for resentment. To say nothing of their political views, to which Catholic Italians have as much right as Catholic Englishmen, and which bound them until yesterday to the Triple Alliance, they might well have contrasted the ecclesiastical relations of the belligerents with the Roman See very much in our disfavour. In the Teutonic Empires, the Catholic Religion is maintained by the State; a fact that is already causing Alsace and Lorraine to ponder with mixed feelings the issue of the war. The Austrian ruler is the chief Catholic sovereign, and, with whatever limitations, is the professed defender of the Holy See. The Kaiser, too, although a Lutheran, has never failed to treat the Pope with marked consideration. Both countries have maintained embassies at the Vatican to the advantage of all concerned. Compare with this the studied aloofness of Protestant England, the sour and

surly temper of Orthodox Russia, and the infamous misconduct of Anticlerical France. Would it not have been natural on the part of the Roman Court to display some partiality towards those powers which have exerted themselves to be civil, and some coldness towards those which have chosen to assume an unsympathetic or hostile attitude? Yet the salient feature of the situation is this: *that nothing of the kind has happened.* The neutrality of the Vatican has been proof against every strain. The more the pro-German tone of the clerical press is exaggerated by the critics, the more singular is the steadfastness of the Pope in resisting all outside influences, and the more perverse the insinuation that he is but wearing a mask. For decency's sake, it would be becoming to acknowledge handsomely a neutrality so much more pronounced than we had any right to expect, instead of insinuating dark motives for withholding more than bare neutrality.

Last November, Cardinal Sevin, Archbishop of Lyons, allowed himself to voice, in a communication to the Holy See, the calumnious reports already current in France, now also circulated in England. Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, adverts in his reply to the "pain" and "unpleasant impression" experienced by the Sovereign Pontiff in hearing of such charges. Nor does he dissemble his own resentment.

"Your Eminence is not unaware that, from the beginning of the present war, the Holy See . . . set itself to observe and has constantly observed, the strictest and most absolute impartiality towards the different belligerent nations, and has peremptorily enjoined it on the Catholic Press, and especially that of Rome. I can assure you that this direction and this counsel of the Holy See have been scrupulously followed, both by the *Osservatore Romano*, which is immediately under its direction, and by the *Corriere d'Italia*, the principal organ of the Società Editrice. Meanwhile we are ready to communicate to Your Eminence all the documents you may desire proving this affirmation. Your Eminence will dispense me from citing the provincial papers which escape the immediate

superintendence of the Holy See, and the responsibility for which can in no way be attributed to it. But with regard to these, too, I can assure you that they have not failed to abide by the above-mentioned directions, especially after some few instances in which they have been reminded of their duty. As for the assertion that prelates at Rome have not paid due heed to the recommendations of the Holy See, this is not in harmony with the truth, and it would be very difficult for Your Eminence to give us the name of a single prelate who has published anything hostile to France. But we know the source of the calumnies which are diffused in France, and to which, it is painful to have to admit, too much faith is given even by Catholics themselves." In conclusion, Cardinal Gasparri requests that "the widest possible publicity" should be secured for his letter.

This repudiation in detail of charges recklessly made, and recklessly repeated in the *Fortnightly Review* for February and May, without a hint of any official *démenti*, loses nothing by the honest indignation of the writer. It ought to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The Pope's neutrality is certainly no "pose." The critics "pose" when, pretending to unmask underhand methods, they deliberately suppress the evidence of the most important witness.

The Holy Father himself, in his Allocution on the 22nd of last January, not only reaffirms his neutrality, but also reveals the true motives which, in his judgement, render his neutrality imperative. "It would be neither proper nor useful," he says, "to entangle the Pontifical Authority in the disputes between the belligerents"; and he expresses his confidence that "every thinking man" will readily grasp the reason. The reason before his own mind, so far from being some political advantage to be gained, is not political at all. The Roman Pontiff "must embrace all combatants in the same sentiment of charity" because he is the "Vicar of Jesus Christ who died for all," and "the Common Father of Catholics." His deep interest in the war, which causes him "to watch it

unceasingly with the closest attention," is no expectation of the pickings to be had when the war is over, but the heartrending sight of "innumerable sons on both belligerent sides for whose salvation he must have an equal solicitude." His parental character requires him to consider, "not the special interests which divide them, but the common bond of faith, which makes them brothers." In the cause of peace itself, and the internal concord of the Church, he cannot incline to either party in the struggle.

But such neutrality is poles asunder from cold indifference or inactivity. If the Pope may not commit himself to one-sided measures, however excellent in themselves, and whatever promise of "popularity" they offer, he has spared no pains, and has shrunk from no humiliations in his persistent endeavours to arrange mutual concessions on behalf of all the victims of war without distinction. "We occupy Ourselves equally on behalf of both." In that phrase, Benedict XV gives us the key to what he has attempted, and what he has deliberately abstained from attempting. Besides his exhortations to peace, which no contemptuous or angry disregard can silence, and his prayers for peace, which no hope deferred can weary, his hand has been outstretched to alleviate pain wherever he can reach the sufferer. He has stood by Cardinal Mercier when his liberty was imperilled. He has joined Cardinal Luçon in his protest against the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral. He has secured honourable treatment for French priests who have been captured by the Germans. He has sent sympathetic messages and generous alms to the Belgians and the Poles. Especially, he has worked unceasingly for the exchange or better treatment of prisoners of war. Perhaps these are not very great achievements. But no other Power has achieved or even attempted anything. The Pope's successes have been obtained in face of enormous difficulties; and, even where he has failed, he has retained the confidence of all parties. Hitherto, the Vatican has been the only audience chamber where negotiations

between the belligerents could be conducted fruitfully, just because the impartiality of the Vatican was above suspicion, and its motives conspicuously disinterested and sincere.

German atrocities, however, have undoubtedly raised a new and very difficult problem, both for the Holy Father, and for the Catholic world. If the Kaiser had fought a clean fight, attacks on the Pope's neutrality, if they had been made, might have been ignored. The naïve suggestion that the Pope's Infallibility imposes on him the duty of defining the rights and wrongs of every international quarrel is too silly for serious discussion. Historically, as well as theologically, it is pure nonsense. Even at the zenith of the temporal power, when Europe was one in faith and the sovereign Pontiff exercised an acknowledged superiority over princes, Hildebrand himself would have stood aghast at the idea. In these days, when European orthodoxy has been shattered into fragments and European governments have become radically "secularized," the rôle proposed for the Pope by e.g., the *Church Times* and its correspondents is the rôle of Don Quixote pure and simple.

Yet the Papacy, after all its vicissitudes, remains the supreme moral power in the world, with its dignity and obligations not lessened, perhaps even enhanced, by isolation from political entanglements. Is not the successor of St Leo bound to confront the modern Attila?

It is quite certain that the Pope has given the gravest consideration to this thorny subject. We think it equally certain that he has arrived at a definite judgement, so far as the deplorable facts of the case are concerned. Lord Bryce's report, adopting the findings of the French and Belgian Commissions, and corroborating them by sifted evidence, must have carried conviction to him, as to the whole world outside the Teutonic Empires. As far back as January, he expressed in guarded terms his fear that "sometimes the violence of the attack had exceeded all

measure"; and went on to make an appeal "to the humanity of those who have crossed the frontiers of enemy countries . . . not to devastate invaded regions more than is strictly required by the necessities of military occupation, and, what is of even greater importance, not to wound the inhabitants, without real necessity, in what they hold most dear—their sacred temples, the ministers of God, the rights of religion and of faith." Quite recently, in his official letter to Cardinal S. Vannutelli, he is very much more explicit: "War continues to bathe Europe in blood," he writes, "and both on land and sea, methods of offence have been employed that are contrary to the dictates of humanity and of international law." He just stops short of naming the culprit. But the indication is clear. There is only one Power that has behaved like a Hun on land and like a pirate on sea. Belgium, at least, has read into these expressions a vindication of her wrongs, and her message of gratitude has been officially acknowledged.

It is reasonable to suppose that the Pope has also availed himself of the diplomatic channels at his disposal. That is what diplomatic channels are for. The Pope is not at war with the two Kaisers, still less with the sixty millions of Catholics who are their subjects. It would be a poor sample of Apostolic liberty of speech, and a shrewd blow at the peace of the German and Austrian Churches, to publicly brand the conduct of their rulers, before all the resources of diplomatic remonstrance had been exhausted. It is not possible to produce evidence of transactions which are of their nature private.* But several indications can be noted. The Belgian Minister, M. van den Heuvel, assured the correspondent of the *Tribuna* that, in the opinion of his Government, the Pope's protest, in regard to the treatment of Belgium, "could go no further." Mgr. de Waechter, Auxiliary of Cardinal Mercier, has said that "later on, irresistible proof of the Sovereign Pontiff's profound and complete sympathy with Belgium and its courageous and Eminent Prelate

* A "White Book" is said to be in preparation.

will be made public." The Press Association also reported last January that protests had undoubtedly been lodged by the Holy See against German outrages. Where the United States has failed, it is questionable whether purely moral persuasion will succeed. But the attempt had to be made.

We have purposely restricted our review to the recorded action of the new Pope since he began his momentous reign. As was to be expected, the safe navigation of the barque of Peter has been his main preoccupation, and his sole concern. He is a wise man who knows his own business—and sticks to it. Neutrality was the policy he marked out for himself at the start. Neutrality has been his security up to the present. We do not think he will easily be persuaded to relinquish it.

Yet it cannot be denied that, setting aside those who habitually carp at the Holy See, there is a strong body of respectable opinion, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, in favour of further and more drastic action. It is argued, with a great deal of force, (1) that the outraged conscience of mankind ought to find expression, and that the Pope, by reason of his unique position, should voice it; (2) that other Popes, in other times, have recognized their duty in this respect, and have fulfilled it with happy results; (3) that such an opportunity for displaying the power of moral influence in general, and of the Catholic Church in particular, is never likely to recur if the Papacy now is guilty of the great refusal.

These are weighty arguments, and might well be irresistible except for the abnormal circumstances of this time. (1) If it were possible to place the policy of "frightfulness" in isolation, apart from the "Cause" it is devised to promote, apart from the plea of reprisals by which it sought to justify it, and apart from the alleged outrages of the Allies, which are considered, in any case, to balance the account, condemnation of the German atrocities might pass as the expression of the impartial verdict of mankind. But such isolation is just the one impossible achievement; and, so far from being accepted

as an impartial verdict, a public censure, necessarily unsupported by any formal judicial investigation, would be regarded by Germany and Germany's friends as a flagrant example of partizanship. (2) Again, the mediaeval Popes were strengthened in their heroic policy by a sense of established power. The " papal system " lapsed at the Reformation, and at this date has entirely disappeared. If ever a Sovereign deserved castigation at the hands of a Pope, Queen Elizabeth merited it at the hands of Saint Pius V. Yet the general consensus of historians condemns the holy Pope's disastrous Bull, " Regnans in excelsis," not so much as an aggression, but as an anachronism—i.e. precisely because he had misread the spirit of his times, and was hugging a political jurisdiction which had vanished. In taking the course suggested to him, Benedict XV could only hope to persuade the converted. He could rely upon the moral support of the Allies. But only of the Allies. He could not act as a mediaeval Pope, because he is not mediaeval. (3) Hence, the unique opportunity, which many think too good to be lost, of showing the power of moral influence, is no real opportunity at all. The power of moral influence is shown in its calm appeal to reason and conscience. It was manifested, for instance, in the superb Encyclicals of Leo XIII, who was able to choose his own time and subject. In this cataclysm, even those who would welcome and applaud a Papal utterance on the subject of the atrocities, would receive it, not as a vindication of God's Law, but as declaration on our side; not as an appeal to the reason and conscience of mankind, but as a triumph of our diplomacy in securing the Pope. Similarly, those who, in normal circumstances, have been accustomed to accept the Papal word with the reverence which is its due, in the madness of political passion would refuse a hearing to a rebuke offered to their nation or their ruler. For the time being, impartiality is hardly even professed by any of us: if for no other reason, because the limitation of our sources of information and the strict censorship of the fragments of news that are allowed to trickle through render impartiality an impossi-

bility. The atmosphere of war is *not* congenial to the exercise or growth of moral influence.

Such considerations must necessarily act as a heavy restraint on the Holy Father's natural impulse to utter directly and plainly the things that he has already spoken in unmistakable but general terms. But there are other reasons still more serious which can hardly fail to fix him resolutely in the neutral position which has hitherto enabled him to fulfil his duty so admirably as Pastor of the whole Church. For that is the issue. In the abstract, he might condemn the atrocities without taking sides. In the concrete, to put forth the kind of manifesto so ardently desired by some, he must definitely and finally sacrifice his neutrality.

"Then why not sacrifice it?" some one will say in his haste. "Do Justice, though the heavens fall." Do Justice. We admit that to do Justice is the Pope's primary duty. But Justice is due to all: even to the sixty millions of Catholics, wrongheaded as they may be, who are the subjects of the two Kaisers, and no negligible portion of the Church. In our judgement, the whole problem finally centres upon these sixty millions of German and Austrian Catholics. If the Pope keeps silence and thus maintains his neutrality, many of us may be disappointed, some of us may be, unnecessarily, scandalized, and the more aggressive elements in the Protestant world may stigmatize him as a poltroon and a trimmer. But if he were to cut his neutrality and pass public censure on the Kaiser, what would be the position of the German Church?

The immediate and very grave effect would be the total disorganization of the German Church. This vastly important point appears to have escaped those who have written most strongly on the subject. Observe, then, that in Austria the Catholic Church is the Established Church. In Germany, the Catholic Church, with all its appurtenances, schools, seminaries, etc., is subsidized and maintained by the State. The working of the arrangement in both countries is secured by the Prussian and

Austrian legations to the Vatican. It is conceivable that the extravagances of the Kaiser may reach such a pass that even the wrecking of the German Church, on its temporal side, must be accepted by the Pope rather than the appearance of being his fautor or accomplice. But that point has not yet been reached, we think; and until it has been overpassed we do not consider that the Pope could lawfully sacrifice so much for a gain which we have seen to be somewhat problematical.

Temporal disaster, however, grave as it would be, is of small account compared to the terrible spiritual peril to which our German brethren in religion would be exposed by any imprudence on the part of the Vatican at this critical moment. The Catholic Church is the only international system that has survived in the universal upheaval. It alone has survived in virtue of its supernatural unity, the fruit of its Divine Founder's prayer, and the *raison d'être* of the Papacy. Even for purely secular ends, especially the more speedy and more stable re-establishment of honourable peace, Catholic unity is too precious to be risked. Now, the loss of the German peoples was the outstanding calamity of the Reformation. We are convinced that any rashness on the part of the Pope, any suspicion of partiality, any departure from the line of strictest neutrality, might easily precipitate another schism more fatal still. The present temper of the German Catholics, as it is known to us, furnishes ample ground for this apprehension.

Cardinal von Hartmann's pathetic address to the children of his diocese was quoted in the *Freeman's Journal*. "My Children, you know it is war—grim, bloody war. Many enemies wanted to annihilate our dear German Fatherland. So our Emperor appealed to God, exhorted us all to prayer, and to trust in the Almighty, and then summoned Germany's men and youth to arms." We have read, too, of the spirit in which the Catholic Germans answered the Kaiser's summons—the crowded churches, the thronged confessionals, the innumerable communions, the abundance of works of charity and penance.

The Neutrality of the Holy See

As month after month has gone by, those early sentiments of piety have been further consecrated by the blood of thousands upon thousands of valiant dead, whose memory is a sacred object enshrined in the heart of hearts of their bereaved families. Meanwhile, like the rest of their countrymen, reports of overwhelming victories have made them dizzy with triumph, and with the assurance that God's blessing rests on their arms. At such an hour, if an angel from heaven told them that their beloved armies had murdered the innocent, burnt undefended cities, desecrated churches, and violated women and children, they would receive the message with derision, and reject the messenger as an emissary of Satan. Time will unveil the truth. But at this moment, neither they nor we are in any humour for anything that does not pander to our patriotic exaltation.

From the height of the Apostolic Chair, Benedict XV commands a wider view of the general situation, and sees it in more accurate perspective than is possible to us. He is assisted by the Holy Spirit, and has inherited the tradition of practical wisdom which has always distinguished his See. It is for him to solve the problem of the hour, because he alone knows all the factors that constitute the problem. If he decides to speak, we shall support him with all our power. If he decides to remain silent, we shall understand and shall not rebel.

✠ FREDERICK WILLIAM
BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON

ELEVEN MONTHS OF WAR

THE war has now been in progress for a period of eleven months. On the last occasion when I reviewed the general situation in these pages the great campaign was barely four months old. It is a striking fact that in the seven months which have intervened the main elements of this situation have undergone no decisive change. What, briefly, is the situation? we may be tempted again to ask ourselves. It may seem that the question is put rather late in the day, but if we are to place events in a just perspective then we will realize that some such inquiry was never more pertinent than it is now. The facts of the case cannot be open to dispute. They are not State secrets, but are plainly visible to all who essay an intelligent study of the war. Upon consideration of these facts we can adopt, as we like, either an optimistic or a pessimistic attitude, but if we have succeeded in thoroughly grasping the main elements of the situation, and if our standpoint is a judicial one, free from all traces of emotionalism, then our resultant mood is much more likely to be hopeful than otherwise. What is to be deprecated is unhealthy pessimism based upon side issues which, no matter how important, do not and cannot change fundamental characteristics.

The situation—to answer the question which I framed just now—resolved itself at the beginning of the war into an urgent problem with which Germany was deeply concerned and which was to dominate and determine the whole course of the war. That problem, in brief, was the imperious necessity which instantly faced her to bring about on land a decisive defeat of one or other of the Allies, in order to release troops wherewith to crush her remaining foes. Her resources were great, but she could at no time have present on both fronts a superiority of men and guns sufficient to enable her to conduct a general offensive simultaneously in the East and West. As Russia was slow in mobilizing, and was

therefore unlikely to present a danger for some time to come, Germany naturally concentrated her principal efforts against the Allies in the West. For four months she sought persistently to gain a crushing victory in this region. But the decision of the Battle of the Marne was confirmed at the Battle of Ypres in October and November last, when the enemy's offensive was, for the time being, arrested. Meanwhile the Russians, having inflicted a series of defeats upon the Austrians, threatened Hungary with invasion. No longer could the Germans hope to oppose the Allies in the West with numbers sufficiently superior to promise decisive victory. For seven months, with one unimportant exception, they have been content on this front to remain on the defensive. On their side, the Allies, though they retained and made good use of the initiative which fell to them, were not in a position to undertake a general offensive. To begin with, the climatic conditions of winter rendered inadvisable operations on anything like a large scale. Mists interfered with aerial observation and the ground was so deeply covered with mud as to prevent swift infantry advances. But the primary cause of the delay was the necessity to accumulate men, guns, and munitions. The French had seen how, in spite of their superior forces and careful preparations, the Germans had failed at Ypres, and they were firmly resolved that they should take ample time in which to mature their own plans, so that when the moment for the great effort came as little as possible would be left to chance.

At this stage the difficult situation in which the enemy found himself may be realized from the fact that he could look forward to mustering, by way of fresh reinforcements during 1915, no more than 2,000,000 men, a total wholly insufficient to fill up even the gaps that were being created in his ranks. For this figure the authority is the French General Staff, and its estimate is borne out by the conclusions of most authorities on the war. In the circumstances Germany clearly could not

hope to continue her offensive against the Allies, whose numbers by this time had become superior to the forces which she could muster for the Western front. Therefore she adopted the only other course that presented itself. Her methods were now reversed in so far as she tried, together with Austria, to force an immediate decision on the Eastern and not on the Western frontier, as she had hitherto done, but the problem which these methods sought to solve remained the same in all essential respects, and, if anything, had become more urgent with the passing of time. This problem was the critical need to defeat one enemy in order that forces might be released wherewith to crush the remaining foes. No longer could she hope for the victory which she set out to attain at the beginning of the war. World Power had been denied her. But though thwarted in her grand aim she was still far from accepting the idea of downfall. She was fighting now to force upon the Allies an inconclusive peace. Nevertheless her policy, as a whole, had manifestly become that of the "strategic defensive." In the attempt to achieve her latest purpose Germany has thrown into the scale all her new formations and has left unfilled the gaps in her ranks. If the calculations of the French and Russian General Staffs be accurate—and these are authorities that know their business well—all the enemy's reserves are now in the field. In other words, Germany and Austria are at present playing their last card. So far they have failed to secure a decisive victory in the East because Russia, realizing her weakness in artillery, has continued to pursue that cautious policy, the main outlines of which I fully described in the April number of THE DUBLIN REVIEW. Though she has again and again withdrawn before superior forces she has never allowed her armies to become demoralized. Always she has maintained an unbroken front and has, at the same time, kept up a fine fighting spirit. It is here we are able to see clearly all that is implied when it is said that this war is a war of exhaustion —the exhaustion of our enemies. Germany has been

compelled to waste her last reserves of men, and what is no less important to sacrifice a vast amount of the ammunition accumulated during winter, in a mighty effort against Russia, which, up to the present, has in no sense relieved her main strategical predicament. When we regard the immensity of the stake at issue we must realize that local reverses, great or small, are relatively of minor importance. The occupation of this piece of territory and of that town matter little. There is in reality only one battlefield—the battlefield of Europe, and, moreover, in a struggle, so gigantic, when the whole resources of nations are thrown into the scale, there can be but one victory—the final victory.

The question of immediate importance is whether Germany has so far thrust the Russians back in Galicia as to enable her to transfer large forces to the West. For her the hour is supremely critical. Soon the advance of the Italians will seriously distract her attention towards the South. There is just a brief interval in which she may indulge in a slender hope of resuming offensive methods in France and Belgium. But, as I have insisted, if Germany is to release for operations in the West sufficient troops to enable her to determine the course of the war in favour of her idea of an inconclusive peace she must not merely push back the Russian line, but she must decisively defeat the main Russian forces. For during the seven months that the initiative has rested with them the Allies have grown stronger and stronger. They have long anticipated that the Germans would initiate strong counter-attacks against their front. It is not an exaggeration to say that if such is the enemy's intention they hope that he will speedily translate it into action. The Germans, owing to their mass formations, lose heavily in attack; the more among them killed and wounded the better will be the prospects of the Allies when their turn ultimately comes to take up a general offensive.

Meanwhile it can be said that never was the situation better than it is to-day on the Western front, and this

front, we must not forget, is the principal front of the war. To appreciate the truth of such assertion, we must survey the whole line from Alsace to the North Sea—a distance altogether of 591 miles, and not merely focus our attention upon the thirty-mile section held by our own forces. A survey of this kind is set forth in some detail below.

After the Battle of Ypres last year the struggle in the West assumed the character of trench warfare and field sieges. In their retreat from the Marne, and while they still held the initiative in Flanders, the Germans naturally chose to occupy the most advantageous tactical positions. Their aim, generally speaking, was to defend with formidable works all the rising ground covering those lateral communications upon which they depended for reinforcement and supply. During the past seven months, whenever they have attempted the task, the French have succeeded, with only one exception, in reaching the crest of the hills and frequently have captured strong positions beyond. In many places they are now able to look down upon the enemy's line, to menace and in not a few instances bombard his communications, and thus to hinder the rapid reinforcement of any threatened point or points. In short, they are subjecting him to those very inconveniences from which they themselves have suffered so long.

Though from day to day fierce isolated struggles have raged for the possession of sections of trenches, at times actions have been fought which in any other war would have been regarded as great battles. These actions have usually had for their object the capture of certain strongly fortified areas which had they not been seized then, together with the tactical advantages which they conferred, might have seriously delayed operations and perhaps led to complete failure when a general offensive was initiated. The truth of this statement is evident from the fact that even after the most careful preparations had been made, as, for example, trebling of approach-trenches, the building of light railways, the

organization of ammunition and supply depots and the accumulation in the rear of hundreds of heavy guns, many engagements lasted several weeks before the object in view was firmly secured. The plan pursued on all such occasions was briefly as follows: For an attack the Allies selected a locality, where an advance would be most likely to menace the enemy's lateral communications; the German positions were carefully studied and the preparations alluded to above carried out. On the day chosen for the offensive movement the enemy's line was subjected to a terrific bombardment. Gaps were created in the wire entanglements, the parapets of the trenches were battered into confused mounds, and many buildings, in which parties of the enemy had found shelter, were reduced to ruins. It was the invariable experience that the Germans were so demoralized as a consequence of this hail of heavy explosives that their first line could be captured by the infantry with but little effort. Meanwhile the artillery threw a screen of fire in the rear of the position so as to render reinforcement of the front line impossible. The positions won were then not only consolidated but also were usually extended. Counter attacks by the Germans followed. For this purpose they brought up guns, reinforcements, and supplies from other parts of their front. As time went on these guns, reinforcements, and supplies were later and later in arriving. It was evident that by interfering with their communications the Allies were making it more and more difficult for them to transfer the necessary forces quickly to the threatened point. Delay in this respect merely gave the French opportunity to increase their gains. No sooner had the enemy made the threatened point tolerably secure than the French took advantage of his concentration of force in order to deliver numerous other attacks elsewhere up and down the line. Again the Germans had to begin all over again the process of moving guns, reinforcements and supplies, and all the while they were tormented with doubts as to where the heaviest blow was to fall. The effect of the losses, which

this harassing and exhausting form of warfare caused the enemy to sustain has become more and more apparent. The enemy's resistance remains still formidable, but compared with what it was some months ago, it is to-day beyond question considerably less resolute. According to official estimates the Allies, including the Russians, have inflicted monthly upon the Germans at least 350,000 casualties, a total far in excess of those which they themselves have suffered, and the equivalent each month of double the enemy's losses in the first Battle of Ypres. In other words, Germany is beating her wings against the bars of time and is rapidly, not slowly, as is generally thought, bleeding to death. The policy of the Allies may not be venturesome, but it is certainly profoundly shrewd, for it will achieve their avowed purpose of destroying the forces of Prussianism without exposing themselves to any great risk of reverse. Their strongest Ally is now, as it has always been, the silent agency of time. The advantage which they have already gained in foiling German plans and the issue that is before them yet are too great to warrant experimental strategy, such as might expose them to the caprice of fortune. We may deplore the circumstance that so far they have not been able to drive the enemy from the soil of France and Belgium, but let us not forget the undeniable fact that no time is being wasted. Hour by hour the process of annihilating the enemy's power continues, and meanwhile preparations are in progress, so that when the moment ultimately does come for a general offensive it ought to lack nothing necessary for complete success. Here it is not inopportune to say something on the much-discussed subject of munitions. Owing to the character which the conflict had assumed it was necessary to have not merely an abundance but a superabundance of shells for the heavy guns, while in the event of a general offensive it was plain that almost illimitable resources of ammunition of all kinds would be needed. The French succeeded in meeting the requirements of

the former case and have steadily prepared for the latter eventuality. As far as the British forces are concerned, though it cannot be said that they have been starved for want of shells, it is evident that on occasions they have not been able to dispose of that superabundance of supply such as the French have had at their command. Hence if we measure their progress in terms of yards advanced we find it has been slow compared with that of our Ally. So much for the general aspect of the situation.

Properly speaking, our detailed survey should begin with the period following the Battle of Ypres last year. During November and December the struggle for trenches went on incessantly, but no development of outstanding importance occurred. From now onwards, while arranging events as far as possible in chronological order, I will review the situation along the whole front from Alsace to the North Sea, endeavouring as I come to each section to set forth the plans of the Allies and the exact degree of progress attained.

The French began the year with a series of brilliant successes. In the early days of January heavy pressure was brought to bear upon the enemy in Alsace, more particularly in the south-eastern extremity of the front in Upper Alsace. Here certain conditions existed such as were to be found nowhere else. German territory was actually within sight of the French forces holding the crest and passes of the Vosges. An attempt to debouch upon the Alsatian plain was calculated to produce important results, both strategical and political in character. The great industrial centre of Mulhouse, which the French had occupied at the beginning of the war only to be driven out again, lay not more than eight miles away from one point and eleven miles from another. An advance to Mulhouse and beyond would menace the whole German position on the Upper Rhine. On that account it was hardly to be doubted that the enemy would summon large reinforcements from another part of his line in order to check the French here. To compel this transference was

all part of the general plan of the French, the plan to harass the enemy by causing him to maintain himself at one point at the expense of his strength at another, thus exposing the weakness of his whole position. In addition there was the local aim to be pursued, the capture of positions of tactical advantage. The advance towards Mulhouse was made from two sides, and at first met with considerable success. As was expected, however, the Germans were heavily reinforced, but although the French were driven out of Upper Burnhaupt they were able to hold Steinbach and the neighbouring hills. Thus the French offensive was checked, but not before it had achieved its main purpose of attracting to the remote region of Upper Alsace large bodies of German troops badly needed elsewhere. At the same time points of tactical advantage likely to be valuable in all future operations were seized.

The severe engagement fought about this time and alluded to as the Battle of Soissons resulted in more than a check for the French. A positive reverse was sustained. But though the issue was indisputably a defeat the whole circumstances attending the affair were such as to disclose many gratifying features. The front along which, on this occasion, fighting took place extended on the right bank of the Aisne from Cuffres to the neighbourhood of Vregny, a distance of no more than three miles. About midway between these two points the railway runs in a northerly direction to Laon. To the west of the line there is Hill 132, a wooded eminence which rises from the deep river valley. To the east side of the railway, almost at the foot of this height, on the road to Laon, lies the village of Cruoy. On this side descending close to the railway is the spur known as the plateau of Vregny. Here the Germans were strongly entrenched in quarries. The whole position from Cuffres to Vregny was remarkably well suited to an enemy acting on the defensive. The slopes of the plateau are covered with patches of wood which stretch backwards over the edge on to the top of the high ground, thus effectively obscuring the view of the German

entrenchments. It was this formidable position fronting the River Aisne which, after desperate fighting, stayed the British advance from the Marne. The aim of the French who took over the trenches vacated by the British forces had been to establish themselves on this high ground. We have it on the authority of the German official statement that at the time of the Battle of Soissons the French were already in occupation of the entire southern part of the plateau of Vregny.

The German position in the neighbourhood of Hill or Plateau 132 formed a salient, and it was upon this point that the French directed the attack which began on Friday, January 8. At the time there was nothing to distinguish the adventure from many similar undertakings launched at frequent intervals up and down the line. No special reinforcements were brought to the scene; altogether from first to last only three brigades were employed. The objects which it was sought to attain were no more ambitious than those which had prompted all the attacks organized against the German front. The fact that here the enemy's trenches approached nearer to Paris than at any point over the long line was of some interest, though not in any sense of particular importance. The capture of the spurs through which the railway to Laon passed would enable the French to make use of excellent gun positions and would confer obvious tactical advantages upon them. In any event it was certain the enemy would be compelled to disorganize his positions elsewhere in order to hasten men to the threatened point. After three days' impetuous fighting the French reached the summit of Hill 132. At the outset they only succeeded in gaining a footing on the slopes as a result of a magnificent bayonet charge by the Chasseurs, a hundred of whom, on being surrounded, refused to surrender and were wiped out to the last man. By the night of the 11th they were not only established on Hill 132 but had succeeded in extending their gains to the north-east and to the east in the neighbourhood of Cruoy, the village at the foot of Hill 132 on the other side of the railway. They had not

however, been able to clear the Germans out of the quarries forming the western spur of the plateau of Vregny. But altogether considerable progress had been made, and their general position on both sides of the railway was promising. Hill 132 was in their hands and so was the village of Cruoy. South from this latter point, on Hill 151, a French battery was posted. The Germans advancing to the attack in compact masses offered a target such as is rarely sighted by a gunner in this war, and terrible was the execution done in their ranks. On Monday, January 11, the French continued their successes. The day following, however, there occurred a calamity which no human foresight could have anticipated or averted. Throughout the battle heavy rain had been falling, and now it was seen that the Aisne, a river usually sluggish in character, was rising rapidly. Already its waters were swirling along in angry torrents, threatening to flood the whole valley. Here it should be explained that the French were dependent for supply upon three bridges. There was the bridge within the town of Soissons, and two pontoon bridges, one at Missy and the other at Venizel. At four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon it was seen that the bridge at Venizel was unapproachable because of the floods. This bridge, moreover, together with the road leading to it, was by this time under the enemy's fire. An hour later the bridge at Missy collapsed. By now the French on the right bank of the Aisne, who had been using up ammunition at a very rapid rate, were running dangerously short of supplies. Except across the bridge at Soissons, a somewhat circuitous route, there was no way of reaching them. The Germans now prepared to take advantage of the fortuitous situation which had arisen in their favour. They were far better placed than the French in regard to communications, and were in a position quickly to reinforce. Behind them were the railway and two high roads, one leading to Laon and the other to Terny. More and more troops were hurried up until eventually they had on the scene at least two

Army Corps. Some authorities even go so far as to assert that they threw twice that number into the scale. On the other hand, the French at no time had present more than three brigades. As already remarked, they attached no special importance to the operations and were disinclined to be drawn into an engagement on a great scale. Yet at this time—that is to say at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon when the bridges gave way—the idea of retreat had not entered the head of the French Commander. Engineers had been set to work to repair the bridge at Missy, and men and munitions were gathered on the bank opposite ready to cross as soon as the work was finished. But meanwhile the tide of battle began to turn. The enemy delivered a series of desperate attacks and the French were dislodged from the eastern slopes of Hill 132. At the same time the German guns rendered the village of Cruoy untenable. From this village the French at no time had been able to advance along the valley through which the railway ran.

Now, when their situation was desperate, the French infantry, who had only fifty cartridges left to each man, ran from the shelter of the houses and, in a forlorn effort to retake Hill 132, charged gallantly up the steep and muddy slopes. But their sacrifice was of no avail. Cruoy had to be abandoned. Hill 132 remained in the enemy's hands and on that account the position on the western side of the railway became precarious. Strong attacks delivered by the enemy in this quarter from the road leading to Terny produced devastating results. "The whole defensive organization," declared the French official report, was wrecked, and the Colonel in command of the section was killed. The French position was thus taken from both sides. Yet, despite their desperate situation they still clung to the saddle of the hill and maintained a footing on the edge of the Vregny plateau.

The Germans next developed a violent counter-offensive on the right from the direction of Vregny

towards Moncel and Sainte Marguerite. By this time they fully outnumbered the French in the proportion of three to one. To the west they were in possession of Hill 132, while to the east they were pressing on towards Missy, driving the French towards the river, which at this stretch, if we except Soissons, was now destitute of communications.

Working all night the engineers had succeeded by eight o'clock on Wednesday morning in repairing the bridge at Missy. But no sooner had two companies of reserve infantry and a hundred shells been rushed across, than the pontoons gave way again. Promptly the engineers set to work for the second time. Again the bridge was repaired and again it was carried away. Meanwhile only scanty supplies were reaching the forces on the right bank from across the river at Soissons. If strong reinforcements had been available it is conceivable that some of the lost ground might even have been recovered. As it was, the rising of the Aisne completely wrecked the French plan. Yet it would have been doubtful, even had this catastrophe not intervened, whether the whole of the substantial results achieved during the first three days could have been maintained in face of the overwhelming strength of the enemy. For, as we have seen, the French did not consider the object aimed at as sufficiently important to warrant their putting into the field a force equal in numbers to that of the enemy. In the circumstances no other course presented itself save that of retreat. For the third time the bridge at Missy was repaired. One battery was left on the northern bank to cover the retirement. It fired until all the ammunition was exhausted and only six men remained standing. Then the guns were rendered useless. The removal of the artillery posted on Hill 151 was a stirring episode. " The officers and men of this battery," related a correspondent who was subsequently privileged to visit the Soissons position, " spent perhaps the hardest week artillery has ever had during this war. While they were shelling the advancing German infantry they were themselves subjected to a heavy fire. They stuck to their

positions right up to the last, and when the Germans were, as I have said, only some 500 yards away, when the retiring French infantry was already in their lines, the men handled their guns down the hill, limbered up at the foot, and got them across the already very shaky pontoon bridge. The bridge was by this time submerged, and the water came up to the guns themselves." During the night of January 14 the whole retirement from Cuffres to Vregny was accomplished under orderly conditions. Indeed, the Germans were not even aware that it was taking place.

Unmolested the French were able to establish new positions covering Soissons. Next day the Germans violently attacked the village of St Paul's, situated on the right bank of the Aisne, just a little to the north-west of Soissons, but they were handsomely repulsed. Apart from that occasion the Germans attempted no further effort in the direction of Soissons. The only inference to be drawn from this circumstance is that they were so severely handled in the fighting of January as to be incapable of following up their success, and that since then they have not had the numbers at their disposal wherewith to challenge the French position in this neighbourhood, a position which it must be borne in mind, is far stronger than that which the three heroic brigades sought to hold against two German Army Corps north of the Aisne. Soissons is clearly a prize worth capturing. It is the junction of four railways and of all the bridge-heads in this district the best placed and the most secure.

I have dealt with the Battle of Soissons at some length because, though a reverse for the French, it illustrates in an effective manner the incapacity of the German forces in the west to achieve anything in the nature of substantial results. It is doubtful whether a set of circumstances so favourable to the enemy will ever occur again. The Germans were fully aware of the predicament in which the French were ultimately placed. They saw that the Aisne bridges were down, and they brought up more

and more reinforcements with a view to reaping full advantage from the situation. Finally, it happened that the Emperor was present in person to inspire his soldiers. Yet all that could be accomplished under these exceptionally favourable conditions was to compel the French to relinquish ground which had been gained as a consequence of a brilliantly conducted local offensive and which, in any event, they would have been compelled to give up owing to the collapse of the Aisne bridges. Altogether the French retired no more than 1,800 metres on a front of five kilometres. The Germans did not hesitate to make the most of their victory and even compared it with Gravelotte—a battle in which the French engaged numbered 140,000, and the German casualties sustained were at least four times in excess of those of the French. The Soissons engagement was begun by the French because they held the initiative, and when it ended the initiative remained as securely in their hands as it had ever been. The local objective—the seizure of Hill 132—was not attained. But the main purpose aimed at was well served. The Germans were compelled seriously to weaken their line elsewhere in order to meet the threat before Soissons; they suffered losses far heavier than those which were inflicted upon the French; and, generally speaking, they were harassed at every turn.

No more dramatic engagement has been fought during the whole war than that of Soissons. It saw, as the Japanese would say, heroism so sublime as " to penetrate the heavenly blue." The French on this occasion came splendidly through the severest of all ordeals—a retreat under extremely hazardous conditions following upon a brilliant triumph. Though a reverse Soissons was pregnant with all the significance of victory. It confirmed up to the hilt the soldierly superiority of the French over the Germans.

If we carry our survey more to the east—that is to say as far as the Champagne region which constitutes the centre of the long battle line—it will be found that here the French have achieved substantial results. The prin-

cipal local object of our ally has been to approach the railway which runs eastwards from Bazancourt, north of Rheims, and crossing the Argonne, terminates at Apremont. The railway is clearly an important link in the communications that supply and hold together the enemy's armies in this region. The Germans on their side aimed at the railway used by the French which runs from Rheims through St Hilaire-le-Temple, Suippes, Ste Menehould, and so on to Verdun. It is hardly necessary to explain that severance of the line at any point would have necessitated the evacuation of a large section of trenches. The fighting in this area has been as desperate as any which has taken place along the whole front. The principal German effort was made at the end of February and beginning of March in the neighbourhood of Rheims. This town was again submitted to a senseless bombardment; further damage was done to the Cathedral, and great havoc was wrought in the principal thoroughfares. At the same time large bodies of fresh troops, including a strong detachment of the Prussian Guards, attacked the French line at various points from St Leonard, a suburb of the town, to Sillery, a village on the railway some five miles to the south-west. All these attacks were repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy.

About this time some twenty-six miles to the east of Rheims, in the neighbourhood of Perthes and Mesnil, the French achieved one of the most striking successes of the winter campaign. It was a success, as will be shown, far reaching in its results. Early in the year the French had advanced in the vicinity of Perthes, first three hundred yards and then six hundred yards. They were now only about three miles from their objective—the railway. Until February 15 no determined effort was made to continue this progress. Then began the series of operations in regard to which it has been truly said that they will find an important place when the history of the war comes to be written. The front along which fighting took place was four and a half miles in extent. It stretched across country that was, strangely enough, the training ground

of the great military centre of Chalons, a vast undulating plain with hills no more than 200 feet high and gentle slopes everywhere. Hundreds of small pine woods were dotted over the surface, affording excellent concealment for troops acting on the defensive. The official eye-witness present could not help the reflection that French troops had doubtless been exercised over this ground in every branch of military operation except that in which they were then engaged. What commander training his men, he asked, could have imagined that the area would become two fortress lines, developed and improved for four months, or that he would have to carry out an attack modelled on the same system as that employed in the last great siege undertaken by French troops, that of Sevastopol? With a thoroughness that did them credit, the French temporarily rid their minds of all that they had ever learnt and went back to old methods. These old methods made altogether new demands upon their courage. Grim tenacity became now as important as those spirited tactics in which they had been assiduously trained and in which, because of their temperamental gifts, they peculiarly excelled. "Every day," wrote the eye-witness, "an attack is made on a trench, on the edge of one of the little woods, or to gain ground in one of them, every day the ground gained has to be transformed so as to give protection to its new occupants and means of access to their supports; every night and on many days the enemy's counter-attacks have to be repulsed. Each attack has to be prepared by a violent and accurate artillery fire; it may be said that a trench has to be morally captured by gun fire before it can be actually seized by infantry. Once in the new trench the men have to work with their entrenching tools, without exposing themselves, and wait for a counter-attack, doing what damage they can to the enemy with hand grenades and machine guns. Thus the amount of rifle fire is very small; it is a war of explosives and bayonets." Part of the time a severe snowstorm raged. Fighting continued for nearly three weeks. At the end of that time

the French had made themselves master of a line of heights which afforded them an excellent base for future attacks. Altogether, since the beginning of the year they had advanced in this quarter of the field over a four and a half mile front, a distance of from one and a quarter to two miles. In some places, therefore, they had approached to within a mile of the railway upon which the enemy depended for supply.

The great importance of the position which the French so successfully attacked may be gauged from the fact that it was defended by no fewer than four and a half German Army Corps. To this great force they were compelled during the battle to add yet another Army Corps brought up from other sections of the front. Moreover, the flower of their troops, including many battalions of the Prussian Guards, were engaged. Reliable estimates placed the German casualties at 40,000. The French found 10,000 German corpses on the battlefield. They captured, moreover, several thousand prisoners and also many guns. On the other hand, their own losses were small.

The operations in Champagne afforded an illuminating example of the sort of war which the Allies waged in the west during winter—war aimed at the confusion and exhaustion of the enemy in preparation for the larger events of the future. Also they illustrated in an effective manner the wide ramifications of the system of co-ordination under which they were working, and emphasized the need for taking a comprehensive view of their achievements. For the second time the Germans had driven the Russians from the region of the Masurian Lakes in East Prussia. They were anxious to withdraw troops from the West in order to consolidate this great success, but the vigorous action of the French in Champagne completely spoiled their plan, and enabled the Russians to turn defeat into victory. The effect of the French offensive was no less apparent in the west. Among the reinforcements which the Germans were compelled to rush to Champagne were six infantry

battalions and many guns withdrawn from the north. As a consequence the work of the British before Neuve Chapelle was materially assisted.

To the east of Champagne, on the border of the Argonne, the Germans responded with violent attacks the object of which was to create a much-needed diversion. From this section the French had taken an Army Corps at the end of the winter in order to strengthen their line in Champagne. The Germans, until disillusioned as the result of a semi-official explanation from Paris, were for a long while under the impression that they had annihilated this Corps during the terrible fighting which intermittently took place in the Argonne. Hence they were emboldened to assume the offensive on this front. Here also the French menaced the German railway which runs in a westerly direction, and towards which they advanced at one point during their offensive operations in the Champagne region. The aim of the Germans was to approach the French railway which runs east to Verdun and west to Rheims. But their prospect of success was remote. As a matter of fact in this neighbourhood they had not so far been able to reach the principal defensive line of the French. The fighting had been and was now concentrated upon three salients held by the latter, but at no point were the enemy able to make any impression. On the contrary, the French improved their line slightly, and on February 28 achieved a substantial success by capturing, under circumstances of gallantry, conspicuous even in these heroic times, the village of Vauquois. This village occupied a commanding position on the side of a hill, 300 metres high. Its occupation by the Germans enabled them effectually to mask all their operations to the north, and gave them the use of the highway, known as the Four de Paris road, which comes down through the Argonne from the banks of the Aisne, and provides an exceedingly valuable avenue of supply. The enemy were posted in cellars hollowed in the rock and connected together by subterranean passages. Against these natural fortifications field artillery was of no avail, but when pounded by heavy

projectiles the rocky vaults of the cellars collapsed into ruins, and the French then carried the village and the hill by storm. They can now interfere with the enemy's use of the Four de Paris road, and when the proper moment arrives will find their situation favourable for a thrust, calculated to endanger the unity of the German Armies in this region. Around Verdun on the roads leading to Metz the French have also progressed and they are now able to shell the outer works of this great German entrenched camp.

Let us now examine the progress recorded in the region south-east of Verdun. Here in the territory lying between the Moselle and the Meuse, in front of Metz, the German line as far back as the end of September was thrust forward in the shape of a great salient, the apex of which touched the latter river at St Mihel. What further use the Germans could make of this enormous wedge or bulge provided a fascinating topic for speculation among students of the war. On paper it appeared that they possessed an advantage which might be turned to considerable profit in future operations. This advantage was nothing more nor less than a narrow corridor through the formidable barrier of fortresses along the French eastern frontier. The Germans, as was only to be expected, lost no time in consolidating the position. At the captured fort of the Camp des Romains, a mile to the south of St Mihel, they proceeded to instal heavy guns. Also they extended the Metz-Thiaucourt Railway to St Mihel, thus establishing a valuable line of supply. All through winter artillery duels and infantry attacks on a small scale were in progress. Snowstorms and mists effectually prevented any large operations being undertaken. But it was quite evident from the stubborn resistance offered that the enemy realized to the full the valuable possibilities attaching to the favourable situation which he had won for himself. Gradually, however, his attacks weakened and it became manifest that the initiative rested definitely with the French, a circumstance which, having regard to the local situation, was of special

significance. This initiative was employed here, as elsewhere along the extended front, so as to gain tactical advantages, but primarily—and this point must be insisted upon—to further the general plan of the Allies by causing the enemy wastage, and compelling him to transfer men to the scene from other parts of the line. In this instance the immediate local objective was to seize high ground, and to threaten the railway within the wedge, more particularly in the direction of Thiaucourt. Wisely the French did not attempt to assail the strong positions at the apex. Instead they sought to apply pressure from both sides, or, as it were, to squeeze rather than to force back the salient of the enemy. Had they at any point reached the railway the German position at St Mihel would have been rendered untenable. They did not succeed in accomplishing as much as this, but they made an appreciable step forward, and what is of no less importance, they compelled the Germans to hasten to the scene great reinforcements. Their principal success was obtained on April 9. On that day they made themselves masters of two strongly fortified island positions on the ridge of Esparges. This ridge is situated on the heights of the Meuse which form the western part of the territory intersected by the French and German lines, and dominates the plain of the Wovre, stretching away to the east. The French, much to their relief, were now able to look down upon a section of the German front which had long been obscured from their vision, and could, if so disposed, organize observation posts on the summit, for the purpose of directing the fire of guns established on the western side which hitherto, dominated by the enemy, had been forbidden ground. At Lamarville, some seven miles from Les Esparges in a southerly direction, the French also made progress. Here there is a valley which forms a passage through the Hauts de Meuse, and the Fort of Spada beyond is the ultimate objective. On the opposite side of the great salient right up to Pont-à-Mousson, the French applied vigorous pressure. At a point near Regnieville they are less than

five miles from Thiaucourt and the railway. Their approach to the northern heights of the Forest of Apremont, which is a direct menace to the German position at St Mihel and the Camp des Romains, has been appreciable. In the Bois d'Ailly, situated at the north-western extremity of the forest and only a mile and a half from the Camp des Romains, some remarkable fighting took place at the end of April. Here the Germans held an exceptionally strong position on the angular spur of the wooded height which descends rapidly into a ravine. The French below, following the ravine, had succeeded in advancing their line to the border of the woods, half way up the slope. On the day appointed for the great attack—April 5—there was the customary artillery preparation. Next, a chain of mines were exploded under the enemy's fortified position, the parapets of which were shattered. Then the infantry went forward. Leading the way was a detachment of bomb-throwers, armed with hand grenades and with calendriers. These last novel weapons were described in official dispatches, relating to the occasion, as "small boxes of explosives, fixed on wooden handles which are thrown while holding by the handle, or which can be used in dealing a heavy blow on one's opponent if he is within reach." Accompanying the infantry were sappers dragging planks. The planks were used as gangways over which the infantry rushed across the wide trenches where the enemy's resistance had been practically annihilated by the preliminary bombardment of shells and grenades. The attack, which was followed up the next day by further advances, was a brilliant success. That the Germans attached great importance to the position was evident from the determined attempts they made later to recapture the spur. The whole of their artillery in the St Mihel region was concentrated upon the position. Within the brief period of an hour and a half 20,000 shells, mostly from heavy calibre guns, were hurled upon the lost ground. "It was," related the official despatch, "one continuous crash of thunder; the whole hill disappeared behind a

cloud of smoke and communications were cut until 7 p.m." The French " in this hell, under a hurricane of steel and iron," clung to the position which they had so gallantly carried. To-day the Bois d'Ailly, once a stately wood, is a field of desolation. Only shattered tree trunks are to be seen amid a ground where all the effects of an earthquake are visible. The face of Nature herself, torn and outraged, has been rendered unrecognizable.

The episode, one of the most thrilling in the annals of war, gives a glimpse of the obstacles which the French are overcoming in this quarter of the field. Further to the west they have succeeded in approaching to within three miles of Thiaucourt and the railway, while lately they have occupied the whole of the Bois le Prêtre, which lies in front of the hill situated to the south-east of Thiaucourt.

In the accounts of the fighting in Alsace, around Soissons, in the Champagne, and on both sides of the St Mihel wedge some idea will have been gained of the tremendous exertions of the French over that section of the line exclusively occupied by them. This section, it may be remarked, covers nearly six-sevenths of the whole front. On the remaining portion of the line, that running northwards from Arras to the coast, the French, Belgian and British forces act in close co-operation. But it must be emphasized that, since the beginning of the year, the objects which the Allies sought to attain here differed in no respect from those which prompted all operations, no matter where these may have been undertaken. If I deal with events in this region less extensively than was the case with the engagements on the front held exclusively by the French forces, it is not because I fail to realize their proper place in the record of the war. Much has already been written in explanation of the struggle here, whereas the French operations farther to the south and east have not been sufficiently described. As a consequence, public attention in this country has largely been concentrated on a single area. It is an area in which the fighting line is brought at its nearest point to our shores,

and one where the whole of the British forces at present in the field happen to be employed. Moreover, it is the scene of much historic fighting, and last year was the battleground where the Germans sought to impose a decisive defeat upon the Allies, and to clear the way for an occupation of the French coast opposite England. But, as a matter of fact, since the first battle of Ypres, the issue of which was that the Germans surrendered and the Allies took up the initiative, the operations between Arras and the sea have been no more important than those which have been undertaken between Arras and Alsace.

The action at Neuve Chapelle excited considerable attention in this country for the reason that it was the first occasion since the Battle of Ypres that British forces had attempted a serious offensive against the enemy facing their front. This offensive was rendered possible and desirable because of the state of the general situation. In describing the French advance in Champagne emphasis was laid upon the fact that it compelled the Germans to bring down reinforcements from the north, and, at the same time, prevented them from transferring troops to the eastern front, where the Russians after their second disastrous retreat from the Masurian Lakes, had succeeded in holding up the great forces accumulated by Marshal von Hindenberg. These considerations helped to persuade Sir John French that the moment had come to make some use of the initiative that now rested with him. Other reasons also influenced his decision. At this time the French were beginning to develop in the Arras area those activities which were ultimately to lead to results of a highly important nature, and it was necessary for the British, farther to the north, to keep the enemy in front of them fully occupied so that he might not be able to reinforce his line elsewhere. In judging, then, of the results of Neuve Chapelle the influence which the action exerted upon the general situation must be taken fully into account and rated at a high value. It meant that the Germans could not take any more troops from this region

to strengthen their sorely tried positions in Arras and in Champagne, nor could they at that time contemplate the transfer of further reinforcements to the eastern front, where these were urgently needed in order to force a decision. On the contrary, they were eventually bound to bring up troops from other parts of the line in order to save the threatened territory behind Neuve Chapelle. That they were taken wholly by surprise is abundantly evident. It is no less certain that, even after they had realized the seriousness of the offensive launched against them, they experienced great difficulty in collecting and transferring to the scene the necessary guns and reinforcements. The disadvantages to which they were thus subjected were among the first fruits of General Joffre's policy, the immediate outcome of the simultaneous French pressure in the Champagne and Arras region.

When at 7.30 on the morning of March 10 the British forces opened a terrific bombardment, which was continued for thirty-five minutes, the German batteries made no effective reply. They could not do so because they had not on the spot sufficient artillery. Three hours later the village of Neuve Chapelle was in our hands. The whole thing was done so quickly and so thoroughly in its initial stages that the enemy's resistance was paralysed. German reinforcements did not begin to arrive upon the scene until evening, and fully twenty-four hours elapsed before they came up in anything like large numbers. The attention of the enemy was fully concentrated upon accumulating men and munitions. So urgent was the crisis with which he was faced that he had not the time to supply these men with rations. A number of prisoners captured in the latter part of the operations were in an exhausted state, and declared that they had been without food for several days. Yet in view of the serious nature of the attack and the ill-preparedness of the enemy to meet it, the local results achieved were disappointing—the capture of a village and an advance of 1,200 yards on a front of 4,000 yards. There is no doubt that originally it was intended that the advance

should be continued beyond Neuve Chapelle, so that the ridge, which runs in a horseshoe shape, from Aubers to Illes could be occupied. This ridge from the north protects the strong salient which the Germans have established at La Bassée. Just behind this ridge, forming a curious double loop, resembling in shape an S on its side, and connecting up with the Lille-Lens system, is the last section of the Bethune-Fromelles Railway.

The operation would certainly have been crowned with complete success had it not been for the fact that after the capture of Neuve Chapelle there was an unfortunate delay of three and a half hours. In the advance on the village the 23rd Brigade had been held up by the enemy's wire entanglements on the north-eastern side. Here the artillery had failed to accomplish its work; the entanglements were not severed. Everywhere else the guns had wrought devastation. Let us hasten to add that no question was here involved of the shortage or otherwise of high explosives. For the purpose of destroying wire entanglements the employment of shrapnel is sufficient. But no matter how plentiful a use may be made of shrapnel it cannot be hoped to break down wire entanglements throughout their whole length. At most, gaps can be created through which the advancing infantry surge, while there is always the possibility that a stretch of entanglement, concealed and covered by sunken ground, will escape altogether the effects of shell fire.

In this last event heavy losses are bound to occur. Sir John French makes it clear that at Neuve Chapelle the delay was due to difficulties encountered because part of the wire entanglements had not been severed. These difficulties, he is however, careful to add, were only adjusted after the village was captured, whereas they might have been overcome earlier, if certain reserve brigades had been brought more speedily into action. As it was, the delay which followed upon the capture of the position gave the enemy time to recover from the first shock of the whirlwind attack. The flat ground farther on between Neuve Chapelle and the ridge of

Aubers, was seamed with trenches and dotted with isolated groups of houses converted into strongholds, from which small parties of Germans, armed with machine guns, were able to offer a violent resistance. Fighting continued on March 11 and 12, but no further progress was possible. It is an interesting and significant circumstance that practically all the ground gained on this occasion was the result of the operations which took place within the first few hours of the opening of the battle, when the enemy was demoralized as a consequence of the terrific bombardment to which he had been subjected. Considering the progress then achieved the casualties were light. On the following day the losses sustained were more than three times in excess of those reported on the first day, and the number of officers killed and wounded was exceptionally high. To account for this remarkable circumstance there is no other reason than that, in the later stages of the action, the infantry was unavoidably deprived of proper artillery support. The weather had become misty and, consequently, aerial observation was no longer possible. Moreover, all telephone wires between front and rear had been cut by the enemy's fire. Here and there the infantry succeeded in occupying some houses, but as no means existed for communicating these successes to the batteries posted in the rear they came under the fire of their own guns and had to be withdrawn. Owing to the persistent ill-luck which was met with after the first day Neuve Chapelle is, perhaps, the worst example we can cite to illustrate the successful character of the war in the west. The local results achieved fell far short of expectations and the casualties sustained were disproportionately high—some thirteen thousand killed and wounded. But as I have again and again insisted no action in this war must be judged by local results. Neuve Chapelle caused the enemy double the losses which he inflicted upon the English forces. It revealed and accentuated the weakening of his line. And finally it afforded further proof of what had already been discovered by the French in Champagne

and elsewhere, that with proper artillery preparation the German front can be pierced at almost any point decided upon by the Allied Commanders.

The action which has became known as the second Battle of Ypres began on April 22, and continued with intermittent fighting for three weeks. On this occasion the Allied forces underwent a bombardment as terrific as that to which the Germans had been subjected at Neuve Chapelle, and of far longer duration. In the initial stages of the fighting the Germans succeeded at three points in establishing themselves, for a time, upon the left bank of the Yser, and in compelling the Allied troops, farther to the west, to retire several miles. Thereupon, a section of the Press in this country became alarmed at the situation and, pointing to the German advance, declared that the enemy's offensive capacity was far from broken. Incidentally, it may be remarked that serious students of the war never entertained any doubts as to Germany's ability to put forward a great effort in the early summer. For that purpose all during winter she had been gathering in her last reserves of men and accumulating vast stores of munitions. But the new operations before Ypres in April did not represent the anticipated offensive on a great scale. The Germans, it is true, brought up some reinforcements for the occasion, but certainly not sufficient to justify them in believing that they could accomplish what they had failed to do at the end of the previous year, when they had overwhelming numbers at their disposal. It was, let us not forget, the first time that they had been able in the west to deliver an attack on any serious scale for six months. This attack, moreover, was only rendered possible at all because the enemy had prepared and was ready to use poisonous gases. He depended solely upon this nefarious agency to achieve his purpose.

Though the bravery of the German infantry was unquestionable, it was noted that they did not advance with the same furious enthusiasm which distinguished their assaults during the first Battle of Ypres. The

Germans relied, as I have said, upon the poisonous gases to break down the Allies' resistance; the rest was to be in the nature of a " walk over." There is little doubt that the results achieved fell far short of the enemy's expectations. Without desiring in any way to minimize what undeniably was a nasty reverse we are entitled to point out that whatever success on this occasion he gained was due solely to the surprise occasioned the Allies by the foul ruse of the poisoned gases, and as this ruse could be both countered and copied, it was manifest that this success could not be repeated.

At the time the German Press boasted that the wholesale poisoning at Ypres proved the superiority of German science and particularly of German chemistry in this war. Here we have a typical example of the inverted state of German mentality. It was not the first occasion upon which our enemy had mistaken the inhuman for the superhuman.

Because the Germans advanced somewhat under exceptional conditions it was not to be supposed that the French had lost the initiative. The German plan on this isolated occasion offered a striking contrast to the steady purpose of General Joffre's constantly aggressive policy in that it had no large strategical aim whatsoever in view. The objects which the enemy sought to attain were mainly political, and in so far as the military situation was served, merely restricted in character. Among other things it was hoped to relieve the pressure which the Allies were exerting elsewhere. To the south-east of Ypres the British had captured Hill 60, the first position which barred their approach to the larger eminence at Zanpoudre, on the Ypres-Menin road, from which the Germans directed a destructive fire from their heavy guns. Farther south, near the great cross-roads between Laventie and La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle had passed into the hands of the British and an attempt on the part of the Germans to restore the balance, by taking the village of St Eloi in the same locality, though at first successful was subsequently turned into a disastrous defeat, with a

loss to the enemy of 4,000 men killed and prisoners alone. And still farther to the south again, above Arras, the French had carried the whole spur of Notre Dame de Lorette and looked down upon the enemy's positions from the south-eastern slopes, as far as the outer woodland fringe of St Nazaire. To all these forward movements the German reply was an offensive before Ypres. But there were also other no less urgent reasons which prompted them to act with vigour. They wished to forestall an expected attack on the part of the British elsewhere, to occupy the last strip of Belgian territory, and, above all, to create an impression of Germany's might upon Italy, with whom diplomatic negotiations were then proceeding and had reached a most delicate stage. Nowhere along the whole line could it be said that conditions were more promising for a local offensive on the part of the enemy than before Ypres. Here the Allies suffered from many discomforts. To begin with, they were defending a pronounced salient which placed them at a great tactical disadvantage. Then, at the point upon which the Germans directed their main attack British and Allied troops joined hands, while farther to the west the ground was defended by a composite force of Belgians, French Marines and Territorials, and Zouaves. The plan of the enemy was to hold the British to the east of Ypres, while, at the same time, seizing the west bank of the Yser Canal, south of Bixschoote, and advancing beyond. Had he succeeded then he would have been well behind the British left, and Ypres would, in all probability, have fallen. Up to a point all went well with the Germans. They drove back the French, crossed the Yser Canal at three places, and opened up a considerable gap between the French and Canadian forces. But the latter, exhibiting conspicuous initiative and incomparable courage, saved the situation by quickly extending their line to nearly double its original length, at the same time throwing their left flanks southwards in order to protect their rear. Meanwhile the French rushed up reinforcements and vigorously attacked the Germans on the west bank of

the Canal, eventually compelling them to retreat precipitately to the opposite side.

As a consequence of the continued German pressure the area north and east of Zonnebeke ultimately represented the narrow arm of a salient which came under a raking fire from all sides. Consequently it was decided to re-establish the line farther to the west. The retirement to this line was carried out overnight in perfect order; not a man or a gun was lost.

To-day, before Ypres, the Allies' front bulges far less prominently than was the case in April when the Germans delivered their attack. But that circumstance is of no great consequence. The all-important fact to bear in mind is that the principal aim of the Germans has been totally thwarted. The Allies still retain Ypres, or to speak more faithfully, the ruins of what once was Ypres. Yet had they abandoned the whole salient and straightened out their line behind Ypres, surrendering the town to the Germans, the reverse would have been no more than local in military importance and effect. Indeed, strictly speaking, a short retirement of this kind would have actually improved their situation from the purely tactical point of view. Because, however, Ypres is the last Belgian town of any size in the hands of the Allies and because the Germans desire its capture so much, there are strong reasons why it should not be given up, both political and sentimental in character. Though they failed completely to attain the purpose for which they set out, the Germans hailed the result of the fighting before Ypres as a victory second only to Soissons. Soissons, it will be remembered, they compared to Gravelotte.

While directing their main operations against Ypres the Germans simultaneously made attempts, throughout the whole line, to regain the positions which they had been compelled to give up during the winter's operations. Furiously they attacked in Alsace, before Les Esparges on the St Mihel salient, in the Argonne, and before Beauséjour in Champagne. Everywhere they were repulsed and in some places they lost further ground. Alto-

gether their losses during the three weeks' offensive must have numbered no fewer than fifty thousand men. For this great sacrifice they achieved nothing.

Contrary to the enemy's expectations the attack upon Ypres did not lead to a suspension of the Allies' activity in other directions. Pressure was still kept up on both sides of La Bassée. I have mentioned briefly that, hereabouts, above La Bassée, the German line forms a strong salient, but some further details concerning the position are necessary if we are to understand its great significance in the operations now in progress. The salient above La Bassée covers a whole network of communications between Lille and Lens and Lille and Douai. Its maintenance, therefore, is essential to the ready supply of the German armies in this region. The mining and industrial character of the country is such as to offer many advantages to an army acting on the defensive, and those advantages the Germans have fully developed with all the scientific skill at their command. The whole region is intersected with canals and contains innumerable brickfields, slag heaps, and enclosures of various kinds, each of which has been converted into a formidable stronghold and furnished with numerous machine-guns. On all sides there are undulations, and the enemy having been the first to reach the scene in any strength naturally established his line on the high ground, and left the plain to his enemies. As a consequence he occupies to-day a position that is well protected by rising slopes. To the north of La Bassée is the spur, which, beginning at a point just west of Lille, runs to Aubers, and from thence to Illes. This last section—the section between Aubers and Illes—is alluded to in official dispatches as the Aubers ridge. Then behind this ridge, and running almost parallel with it, is another spur, which follows the main road from Lille, and, in its southward course, passes in front of La Bassée. The object of all British operations in this quarter of the field has been to capture first the Aubers ridge, and then the further ridge immediately beyond, so that strong forces might be placed astride the

main road and the rear of the German position at La Bassée threatened. At the end of October last when the British Army was transferred to the scene from the Aisne, it was found that the Germans were already in occupation of La Bassée and all the protecting hills in the vicinity. On that occasion we nearly succeeded in forcing them to relinquish the position. The Second Corps, after desperate fighting, actually got beyond the Aubers ridge, and almost reached Fournes on the main road, halfway between Lille and La Bassée. But just in the nick of time the Germans realized the necessity for saving the situation. Reinforcements were hastily brought up and before overwhelming numbers Smith-Dorrien fell back.

In the neighbourhood of La Bassée, it may be explained, the French left joins the British right. Last December our Allies, who operate to the south of the town, captured Vermelles, to the east of the Bethune-Lens road. At the same time the Indian troops who held the line on both sides of the La Bassée Canal were ordered to assist the French by attacking the enemy in front of them. At first they met with considerable success. But subsequently the enemy, strongly reinforced, brought a heavy enfilading fire to bear upon them, and they were not only forced to give up all the ground that they had won but to retire from the village of Givenchy. Later the line was restored to its original situation. Though the attack in this quarter failed it no doubt divided the enemy's attention, and therefore contributed materially to the French success farther to the south. At the same time the enormous strength of the enemy's positions in the immediate vicinity of La Bassée was disclosed, and in all probability the decision was come to that their capture would involve an unnecessarily large sacrifice of life, when other and less costly methods for attaining the same end were available. However that may be, the English operations henceforth were directed against a more northerly portion of the enemy's front, where the object was to secure the two ridges, the direction of which I have already described. There was

the attack in March which, however, did not advance the Allies' line far beyond Neuve Chapelle. Then there was the heavy fighting of May 9 when the British right and centre stormed the enemy's front along the Aubers ridge and south as far as Festubert, and the left advanced on Haubourdin, the south-western suburb of Lille. It was along the Aubers ridge that the attack was checked. The first line of the enemy's trenches had been pounded into debris and these were quickly taken. What happened subsequently may be described in the words of *The Times'* Military Correspondent who was able to ascertain the facts while on a visit to the front as a guest of Sir John French. " The enemy's infantry," says this writer, " was massed in great force on their second line and had suffered little from our shells. These trenches were deep and reinforced with concrete, with underground galleries, giving almost complete immunity from shell fire. When our bombardment ceased and our infantry began the advance the enemy issued from these subterranean shelters, manned their battered surface trenches, and turned upon our advancing troops the concentrated fire of massed machine guns. Our men fought like heroes in face of tremendous odds. On the left our troops were successful. They almost reached Haubourdin. Then the enemy's counter-attack was launched upon them. A fresh force in great numbers debouched from Lille and stayed their progress. Slowly, and fighting hard, we were driven back. But we retained a footing on the Aubers ridge, and hold it still."

Again, as at Neuve Chapelle, the local results were disappointing. It cannot, however, be too often insisted that no engagement in this war can be regarded in an isolated sense. It is perfectly true that the attempt to seize the Aubers ridge resulted in a check, but the effect of the exertion here was felt further away at Ypres, where the great German offensive movement was then in progress, and also to the north of Arras, where the French were achieving a series of remarkable successes. Also it must be borne in mind that one of the reasons that

induced the enemy to initiate this offensive movement was a desire to forestall and if possible prevent a British attack in the neighbourhood of La Bassée. That the Allies succeeded in stemming the German tide before Ypres and at the same time pursued our plans elsewhere, surely afforded substantial proof of superiority over the enemy. The English forces did not wait long before initiating a forward movement which more than compensated them for the unfortunate check on the Aubers ridge. Six days later, on the night of May 15, they stormed and captured the German trenches on a front of two miles between Richebourg L'Avoué and Festubert, a section of the enemy's front which hitherto had successfully resisted all attacks. The Germans were clearly taken by surprise in the section north of Festubert. Here the trenches were captured without difficulty, and the attacking infantry pressed on beyond the enemy's third line. The enemy's attention had been wholly taken up by events which meanwhile had been taking place near Richebourg. It was therefore evident that he had not at his disposal enough men to prevent a penetration of his front over even a restricted area, and the fact was one of undeniable significance. In the succeeding days the British made further progress from this direction until the German line assumed what Mr John Buchan termed the character of " a string of beads." " Each one of these beads," said the writer, who was then at the front, " is a fortress, which enfilades any further advance, so that it must be destroyed before a connected forward movement is possible. That is what we are busy at just now; that is what the French are doing in the Arras district; that is the chief characteristic of the present phase of the war in the West. All these thrusts of the Allies, small and great, endanger the enemy's lateral communications, so that he is less able to pass reserves quickly to a threatened part of his front."

It will be realized from all that has been written concerning the British operations on this section of the line that strong pressure is being maintained throughout

the length of the enemy's salient near La Bassée. Not only is this salient being gradually pushed back, but the whole German position is threatened with collapse if the British advance to the north proceeds much further. If the Aubers ridge and the spur beyond should be captured then the important junction of La Bassée would be taken and the road to Lille opened up.

While, as I have said, the British were unable immediately to attain their objective—the ridges that barred the advance upon the Lille-La Bassée road—they had at least the satisfaction of knowing that, by keeping the enemy fully employed in front of them, they were rendering valuable aid to the French, then battling with splendid fury in the area north of Arras. The victories won by our ally's forces in this region are certainly the most noteworthy of any triumphs so far achieved since the war in the west assumed its present character. Never have the superb offensive qualities of the French been seen to greater advantage than on this occasion. Following upon the free use of high explosives against the enemy's positions, their incomparable dash again and again proved unconquerable. After a battle lasting thirteen days they had carried six successive lines of deep trenches and had made themselves master of the the whole of the Lorette Heights dominating the plain whereon is situated the important junction of Lens. They then proceeded to extend their conquests throughout the valley, more particularly in a southerly direction. Here the enemy was opposing a French advance towards the hills beyond, which overlook Douai, and as in the case of the Lorette Heights which command Lens, they had strong reasons for offering a stout resistance. The whole area had been elaborately fortified. No other term than this will adequately describe the great strength of the enemy's defences in the region under review. The first obstacles that opposed the French were the entrenched ruins of Albain St Nazaire and Carency, which formed a position or angle protruding into the French front. These villages were connected with the general

system of defences by trenches dug along the road to Souchez. From Souchez the enemy's line then ran south, as far as the village of La Targette, where the four cross-roads meet. Here the Germans had established their principal points d'appui west of the Bethune-Arras road. The second centre of resistance was east of La Targette at the village of Neuville St Vaast, and the third and last defensive position established by the enemy took the direction of the road to the east of, and almost parallel with, the Arras-Bethune highway. This road connects Givenchy with Neuville St Vaast and runs along the ridge which dominates the plain as far as Douai, and which on that account is the ultimate objective of the French offensive in this area. Already, as we have seen, a little to the north, our Allies are in occupation of the heights of Notre Dame de Lorette, from whence they can, whenever they so desire, direct the fire of their heavy guns upon the enemy's lateral communications around Lens. To the south they have taken Albain St Nazaire, and to the south-east of this village, Carency and La Targette is in their hands. They are now pressing forward along the whole front from Aix Noulette to Neuville St Vaast and Ecurie. Neuville St Vaast and the greater part of the labyrinth of trenches to the south-east, are already in their hands, and around Souchez they are making uninterrupted progress. To sum up, they have accomplished more than half the task which they set themselves.

Although the struggle has been raging for longer than a month and at the time of writing still continues, the Germans have not been able to bring up men and guns in numbers sufficient to stay the French offensive. Whatever they have been able to do by way of reinforcing their line here has only led to a weakening of their positions south of Arras, in Alsace, on the Aisne, on the Yser, and near Ypres, of which the Allies have not been slow to take advantage. At all these points there has been an appreciable advance. The losses sustained by the Germans, north of Arras, were enormous. At least an

Army Corps has been destroyed; that is to say, so decimated as to cease to exist as a great unit. Moreover, reliable evidence has been gathered to show that under the tremendous strain the German system of supply broke down. At several critical periods of the battle the enemy lacked both food and munitions. In short, all the results achieved fully confirmed the lessons of Neuve Chapelle and elsewhere. It was quite evident that General Joffre's policy was now bearing excellent fruit, and that it was becoming more and more difficult for the enemy to collect and transport reinforcements to any threatened point.

Doubtless the German organization was hampered by reason of the fact that a certain number of men had been transferred to the Eastern front to take part in the great offensive then in progress against Russia. The activity of the Allies had not been able to prevent this reinforcement of the enemy's armies in Galicia, though probably it imposed limits upon the numbers so moved. It was, let it be clearly understood, not excess of confidence that led the Germans to strengthen one front at the expense of another. They were compelled to adopt this means by the imperative demands of the general situation. What were these imperative demands? In the first place there was the necessity to secure at all costs a decisive victory over Russia in order that great forces might be released wherewith to attempt to save the crumbling line in the West. That was the primary demand of the moment. But at the same time facing the enemy was the need to ward off the imminent danger of a Russian advance over the Carpathian Passes into Hungary, as well as the urgent political necessity to do all in his power to impress Italy, then believed to be wavering in policy. So far the German plan has failed completely to attain its purpose, and meanwhile, under the terrific pressure to which it is hourly subjected, the enemy's line on the western front, held with a clearly apparent insufficiency of men, is obviously becoming increasingly more difficult to hold.

LANCELOT LAWTON

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

THE DEAN OF ST PAUL'S has written three lectures on Christian saintliness (*Types of Christian Saintliness*. Longmans. Price 2s. net.) which will repay careful reading. He describes three types, viz., the Catholic, the Protestant, and the liberal type of Christian, maintaining, however, that the lives of the greatest saints are the common property of all Christians just as that of Christ Himself is. Nevertheless, he gives an interesting study of the distinction between the three types, which are no longer, he holds, co-extensive with the three denominations with which they were formerly almost exclusively identified. What he accounts the Protestant type is now, he maintains, often visible within the Catholic Church and *vice versa*. His treatment of the Catholic type is unexpectedly sympathetic. The two salient points he notes in it are the loyalty and *esprit de corps* which belong to a visible organized society, and a high proficiency in the art of sanctity, an art perfected by many generations of spiritual experience, each contributing its own empirical rules. The authority with which the master of the Catholic spiritual life speaks "rests," he writes, "on the proved usefulness and validity of certain methods." He notes as a distinctive feature "the consciousness of belonging to a great institution, to a mighty world power with a remarkable history."

To the actual devotedness of Catholics he bears ungrudging testimony in a remarkable passage.

> No institution has ever had such a magnificent body of devoted servants as the Catholic Church. It is impossible not to feel what a source of strength it is to be one of an army, obeying the principles of a militant organization. Catholicism has the advant-

age of the *esprit de corps*, the unquestioning obedience, the prompt self-surrender, which are demanded in brave soldiers. The testimony of impartial observers to the mission work of the Roman Catholics, whether priests or nuns, is very remarkable. There can be no doubt that that Church is still able to produce devoted servants worthy of its old traditions.

The bulk of this lecture is indeed sympathetic; but he criticizes the typical Catholic in his concluding pages as not looking the world of experience frankly in the face, as allowing imagination, wishes and emotion to run riot in the sphere which belongs to reason and science. He contrasts the Catholic with the Protestant in that the Catholic does not think out problems for himself, but rests on authority. This is too long a subject to deal with in a short notice, but our own criticism on his criticism would be that it confuses the attitude of the untheological Catholic who takes his belief from authority with that of the Catholic thinker. Dean Inge's criticism is not applicable to St Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century or to Cardinal Newman in the nineteenth.

But in the case of this second writer the Dean is obviously almost entirely unacquainted with his works. It is, indeed, surprising to find a writer of Dr Inge's eminence among those critics who dip into the pages of Newman's books and quote a sentence which strikes the eye, giving it an interpretation which even a moderate familiarity with those books would show to be false and even opposed to the truth. Dr Inge in his third lecture quotes Newman's well-known definition of liberalism. " By liberalism I mean false liberty of thought or the exercise of thought upon matters in which from the constitution of the human mind thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and is therefore out of place. Among such matters are first principles of whatever kind; and of these the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of revelation." The Dean ascribes these words to 1833, but they were really written in 1864. He then proceeds to say that no living theologian would dare to pen such a

sentence. But the astonishing passage is the final sentence of his comment, which runs as follows: "The uncompromising hostility to reason which these words display is very instructive. Reason is coolly warned off as a trespasser whenever it approaches the confines of revealed truth."

Now considering the prominent place occupied in Newman's treatment of this matter by the very subject of Dr Inge's remarks, viz., the supreme claims of human reason in the field of science, and considering that Newman's position is that the conquests of the human reason in science may prove that what has hitherto been regarded as a truth revealed in the Bible is not a truth at all, such an observation shows an ignorance which is really remarkable. The Dean would do well to read Newman's lecture printed in the second part of the *Idea of a University* on *Christianity and Scientific Investigation*. Surely the "confines of revealed truth" are just the critical point at which Newman finds in that lecture that human reason has a right to be active and may, in fact, displace hitherto accepted opinions as to the implications of revelation. W. W.

IT is an interesting question how far the artistic capacity and the artistic temperament do actually coincide. Browning was a great poet who seemed to have escaped the curse of the poetic temperament, and Monsignor Benson was an artist who certainly was not cursed with the trials that are usually associated with the artistic temperament. A certain natural strength enabled him to see clearly the way in which his gifts should be consecrated and to walk without hesitation in the straight path of his vocation. That vocation intellectually was the artistic presentment of many aspects of the Catholic church, of historic scenes in which the soul struggle is the principal theme and of the workings of grace and of character in present-day life. In all this he was the artist rather than the thinker. But with many the artistic temperament would have made it very difficult to keep

Hugh

within the line where his own powers could work the most strongly. For Monsignor Benson many problems which usually haunt the modern man of letters seem hardly to have existed. It was not his business nor his vocation to decide any general problems concerning social evils or modern criticism, neither had he with all his sympathies any touch of sentimentality. He hardly knew, it seems, what was meant by the pains and joys of memory. He was set with his face forward doing the work that he was convinced had been set for him with eagerness and enjoyment, despising the incidental suffering and strain of the weakness of the body. Alive to everything in the external world, missing no beauty of shadow on the grass, or movement of animal life, or the dignity and the language of old human habitations, his art dealt rather with the light of the morning, with the splash and lightness of water in the early sunshine than with the tender hues of evening. The "happy autumn fields" for him would not have been associated with "the days that are no more," but with the glory of the present harvest. Such is the impression given by the book named *Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother*. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.)

But then, be it said at once and without regret, this brother's story has many limitations. It is a study and a portrait, and not in any sense a biography. It will not in any way interfere with the larger work that is known to have been undertaken by Father Martindale. It is essentially English in its reserve and betrays the fact that that reserve was always characteristic of the relations of the two brothers throughout their lives. Besides this peculiarly national characteristic of the combination of affection without intimacy there were many years between the ages of the two brothers and the elder studies the younger as one who had known him as an interesting child rather than as a companion. There is pathos and dignity and truth in the portrait presented, but the lack of intimacy with the more secret parts of the personality he describes may give an impression of

hardness in its presentment of Monsignor Benson which might surprise many. This reticence is not, however, to be regretted, for if we are to learn more of the spiritual life of the author of *The Friendship of Christ* we should learn it best from his own letters.

Mr Arthur Benson appreciates to the full his brother's self-devotion, his tenderness for an increasing number of individual souls who, scattered up and down the country, made a spiritual parish needing all his care. He appreciates the earnest eloquence of Monsignor Benson's sermons and he rightly does not attempt to touch on the passion of his brother's life which gave meaning and purpose to all he did and wrote and said, the personal devotion to his Divine Master. That was too sacred to come into this living and very dignified portrait of "Hugh." It is too sacred to be dwelt upon here, but without it there is missing the explanation of the sense of a fire that devoured and lit up a very individual personality, and was the secret of his attraction. Supremely an artist and not supremely a thinker, attaching others but not himself given to intense human attachments, he passed among us, it would seem, a happy life, knowing what he had to do, and with an immense enjoyment of his tasks. Monsignor Benson only became weary as the body felt the strain of over-work; but while he grew more weary the strength of his personality was softened and mellowed. Still there were no shadows of old age on his growing maturity; the glory of youth never passed from his face, and we think of it lit up by eternal light without having to imagine anything but the deepening and intensifying of the look that some of us have seen on his face when he knelt in prayer.

SO much had been said about "Hugh" before the present writer had seen the *Spiritual Letters of Monsignor Benson*, a little book published by Longmans, Green and Co. (price 2s. 6d.), which supplements and helps out the bigger book in a remarkable way. Here is the spiritual teacher breaking through his natural reserve,

opening and revealing his own heart whenever by so doing he could be of real help to another. In this book we learn the secret of a certain reserved power and tenderness which were marked characteristics of his dealings with those who sought his help. It is the training of the will and the conquering of the imagination which seem to have been the special theme of his advice, and that advice had grown consciously or unconsciously out of his own experience. Speaking of the suffering of the separation from a friend he says, rather abruptly, " Let me tell you too, that pain of this kind gives one a tenderness that nothing else can possibly give." And the following on the treatment of the imagination could only have come from one who had so dealt with himself:

Diagnosis: a bad attack of " This-Worldliness." You have been, without the shadow of a doubt, indulging your imagination recklessly in plans for this world; dwelling on things that either are impossible or entirely unsuitable; and Almighty God, exactly as I should expect, has been leaving you to yourself in consequence to brood over what you very properly call " cinders." What these things are, you only know. . . . Whenever one does that, one suffers for it badly. One is only allowed to make one's ridiculous little plans in peace so long as one says every instant, " Nevertheless not my will." . . .

There is only one remedy, . . . but it is an unfailing remedy if one will apply it courageously; and that is to wrench oneself free, continuously and brutally, from all material points, whether persons, places or things, round which one's imagination has been circling. One must do this both interiorly and exteriorly—always and everywhere. One must deliberately exercise one's imagination upon the absence of those things—e.g. if you like writing, you must go on accepting in imagination the fact of not writing, until the acceptance is real and sincere. You must also deliberately not write sometimes when you might. And when you are prevented, you must embrace that prevention willingly.

Now, when this is done, the heavenly magnetism begins to act again; and while one is left, still, it may be, lonely and ineffective, one does not really mind. The heart begins again actually to apprehend heavenly things, and to touch them.

The psychology of all the letters rings very true, as, for

instance, when he tells his friend not to give way to the relief of resentment nor "to frame internal sentences to act as safety valves." How many of us know how brilliant and satisfying to ourselves these internal sentences may be in moments of anger!

The last three batches of letters in the book are distinctly more interesting than the first three. For simple beauty one of the letters in the last section is surely the most remarkable:

> I like to think of you too in that beautiful country, with the hills round you, as round Jerusalem. I wonder whether you ever have that sensation that the Altar is the centre, not only of grace but of nature—that a sort of radiation comes out from it, and sanctifies the hills and the sky; and then, to one's feeble spiritual sense, shrinks back again and is concentrated once more on the Altar, like a spot of light that alternately focusses and spreads from a centre. So that it is true that "all things are yours"—that you are not deprived, essentially, of the beauties of the world, because you have them all in the Altar. It is rather a comforting thought, I think, when one's love of nature is constrained for any reason; and also when spiritual things become dim, and one longs passionately for nature. In whichever mood one is, one has a kind of essential grasp on both.

Certainly this little volume gives reason to look forward to Father Martindale's Biography with the greatest interest, for it proves that Hugh Benson could express himself unreservedly in letters and that perhaps his correspondence may prove to be of more help to some people than even his sermons.

Yet another still smaller book with many charming illustrations is called the *Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson*, by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie and other friends (Burns and Oates). Of these a little sketch by Mrs Cornish is the most interesting, partly because she had known him from his boyhood at Eton and had had sympathy with him from the very first. More on the surface and very living are Mr Shane Leslie's reminiscences of Father Benson and "the Bensonians"

who gathered round him at Cambridge. Mrs Cornish has a few words about his published writings which are very happy, for instance when she says, " In *None Other Gods* we have the mature expression of Monsignor Benson's individual beliefs, we may sum them up thus. First, in the silent inward revelation; secondly, in supernatural influences veiled by, though latent in, Nature; finally, in the power of the forms of the Church to bring not æsthetes but sinners and sufferers to freedom, because they are divinely instituted."

These words may also be truly applied to *Loneliness*. (By Monsignor Benson. Burns and Oates. Price 6s.), the last of his long series of novels. Unlike *None Other Gods*, the soul struggle in *Loneliness* is that of a girl who, having known and for a time lived up to the aspirations of a very devout Catholic life, has the voice behind the veil deadened to her by the insistent force of worldliness and success. In the midst of an amazing and meteoric career as an opera singer Marion has put before her a choice between divine and human love and prefers the latter. Human love, and it is characteristic of the author, is presented to her in the form of an exceedingly ordinary young man, the heir to Lord Cheriton, a wealthy peer for whose son it would be practically impossible to give the necessary conditions for marriage with a Catholic. Although there is much charm and a certain industry as to technical matters in the descriptions of the labours and aspirations of an operatic singer in striving to fulfil her musical vocation, Marion does not really touch the imagination and the heart until she has completely lost her voice and her worldly position. Marion has been living with her great and most kind friend, Maggie Brent, a character that is very congenial to Mgr Benson, but who is apt to be as provoking as she would have been in real life to other people. Generous to a fault, careless, untidy, unpunctual, and, far worse, very much wanting in tact, Maggie is a sort of " fool of God " in whom Mgr Benson detects an intense spiritual life. In the brief

moment of her success Marion had become, though still devoted, a little patronizing in her attitude towards her benefactor—a touch of worldliness which Maggie would never have suspected and hardly resented. Marion, after leaving the stage, has a great shock in Maggie's death by an accident, and is left alone in the country cottage they shared; all desolate, but with the one joy of her affection for Max. At this stage of the story, when about 280 pages out of 348 are already used up, begins the beauty and the greatness of the book. Now we come to "the silent inward revelation" pressing upon her in her loneliness. The great soul struggle is described in a wonderful natural setting, especially when Marion, finding sleep impossible and her room intolerable, slips out in the "glimmering grey in the light that brings in the dawn." Here, to quote Mrs Cornish again, is the "supernatural influence veiled, though latent, in nature." Seldom has this artist, who is himself sensitive to the last degree to the influences of nature and of grace, written anything more beautiful. Only two brief passages that must suffer from being isolated from the rest can be quoted here.

Before her lay the garden, glimmering grey in the light that brings in the dawn. Far away, beyond the stream, were the low-backed Hertfordshire hills, with the two windmills, clear cut against the great gash of yellow that the dawn was beginning to make in the night sky. All tints above a certain point in the scale of colour were paler than by day: all below it darker. The grass was a quiet grey with green stealing through; the yews were black, as were also the shadows below the trees on either side. The last roses, some nearly black, some all but luminous, dotted themselves among their own grey foliage. The morning star shone high on her right, like a crumb of diamond.

Again the bird asked his question; but there was no one yet to answer, as she stepped out into that divine freshness and felt the silence rest on her like a caress. This was what she wanted—an absolute physical loneliness.

. . . . . .

Loneliness! That was the word she wanted; and as she dwelt on it, for the first time she understood that the word did not

imply desolation, since while it meant the absence of very much, it might mean—even if it practically did not already mean—the presence of something else. For, somehow, the utter loneliness became a positive thing; it was like the darkness and silence of the little church last night; so far from being mere emptiness, all else seemed empty beside it. It was like . . . it was like—(she hesitated for an illustration)—like the loneliness of that Morning Star set in blue enamel; like . . . like the loneliness of the glimmering light, seen through the lancet window.

In this book Mgr Benson has intended to contrast vividly the glory of this world and the counter attractions of the world of the spirit. It does not seem as if he could throw himself into the glamour of the "hot stage and the glow of the footlights" successfully enough to make the first part of his book a real success. But in the second half there is a note of spiritual triumph ringing high with the sweet orchestra of inspiring nature to help the subjection of the human heart. Is not this eminently characteristic of the man and his work as a whole? S.

THE study of place-names is a most fascinating by-path for historical, philological and topographical students and those who wander in it will feel very grateful to the Rev. James B. Johnston for his learned work *The Place-Names of England and Wales* (London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1915. Price 15s. net.), whether they agree, as no one will ever expect them to do, with all the conclusions at which he arrives. There is no study so fraught with pitfalls of all kinds, as all who have engaged in it will agree. The late Isaac Taylor, for example, fell into such a pitfall (and incidentally dragged the present writer after him) when he cited Ben Rhydding as a place indicative of Goidelic inhabitance, the fact being that the name in question is a purely fancy one given to the well-known hydro by its original promoter for reasons best known to himself. Sometimes, as here, the apparently obvious and simple explanation is quite incorrect, but surely sometimes it may be the correct one. For example, on the first page of the "Ex-

planatory List" in this book, Abbey Dore is said to be a corruption of Aber Dore, though it is admitted that in other places "Abbey" denotes a former Abbey. Why, one may ask, depart from the rule here, seeing that at Abbey Dore is the splendid relic of a Cistercian Abbey—the only one still used for Anglican worship, whereby there hangs a very interesting tale? Where we have such an object surely the obvious explanation is the correct one.

By the way, there is a curious tradition noted, we observe, in this book, about the so-called "Golden Vale" in which the Abbey stands. No one could guess why "Golden" since there is nothing in its appearance or prosperity to warrant that adjective. The river which runs through it is called the Dore, a corruption of the common Celtic word *dwr*, and it is believed that the Norman monks, misled by the pronunciation, called it Vallée d'Or, from the translation of which the existing name follows.

Dealing with Church matters we have been greatly interested to find that our old friend "*Bettws*," well-known in Bettws-y-Coed, Bettws Gwerful Goch and elsewhere, which we have always supposed to be a characteristically Welsh word, is really a corruption of bede-house, i.e., prayer house, and thus pure Saxon and falling into line with Llan-, Eglws-, Capel-, as a prefix indicating a religious edifice. The Welsh and Cornish names associated with churches are very interesting, and in many cases very puzzling and offer fine pasture for the inquiring hagiologist. There are, it appears, in Wales about one hundred and fifty churches dedicated to Our Lady (Llanfair), a striking evidence of pre-Reformation devotion in a country now singularly devoid of Catholic influences, and comparable with the legion of pre-Reformation crosses which stud the roads and moors of the very un-Catholic Cornwall of to-day.

We shall only further say of this most interesting book that the introductory chapters deserve careful study by all antiquarians and that the "Explanatory List" is not only a valuable work of reference but just the kind of

thing to dip into during an idle hour, renewing one's memories of days gone by and visits long ago and the associations connected with them. At least so we find it.

B. C. A. W.

IN his *Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men* (Princeton University Press and Humphrey Milford, London. 1915. Price 8s. 6d. net.) Professor Conklin has produced a very interesting book, admirably illustrated and beautifully produced, and of a very interesting type also, and, as one growing more common to-day, well worthy of study. As far as the purely scientific part of the book is concerned it is, as indeed might be expected from the reputation of the author, a very admirable description of facts and experiments known to scientific workers but here set out so as to be intelligible to those unacquainted or but little acquainted with the progress of biological work. Their comprehension will be facilitated by the very numerous and excellent illustrations and figures to which we have already alluded. What demands special attention from philosophers and above all from Catholic philosophers is that portion of the book —quite a considerable portion—which deals with matters outside the range of science proper, such, for example, as ethics. We do not intend to delay over a consideration of the discussions relating to vitalism, the origin of the soul, free-will and determinism which find a place in this book. They cannot be said to be wholly out of place and they are treated with a moderation which we should be glad to see imitated by other and less able writers. Further, we may add that, though in places wholly unacceptable to Catholic Theology they are nevertheless much less remote from it than many other views fashionable to-day, or perhaps we should say, yesterday.

It is, however, to the portions of the book which relate to eugenics that we specially desire to turn the attention of Catholic Theologians, for here they will find set out, with great moderation be it again said, a eugenistic programme which they may find themselves face to

face with when matters become more normal in this troubled world. Moreover, it is a question which requires very careful consideration and discussion, lest on the one hand we lose our freedom, without which we were better dead, or on the other hand set ourselves in opposition to reforms which may be lawful, desirable, even urgent.

Let us take a couple of examples. The writer laments, as all must lament, the fact that the birth-rate has been falling amongst the educated classes in civilized countries, the inevitable result to be expected in the future being an overwhelming majority of descendants of the less educated, in many cases it must be said less desirable, classes. And he notes, as all must have noted, that the celibacy of the clergy and of members of monastic orders does undoubtedly cut off from the race a number of prospective parents of a high order. Since monasteries are rapidly disappearing from the world, so he says, though we should not have thought it from American, not to say British, statistics, this difficulty would seem to be one which time would rectify. But he has a ready way out of this difficulty: "if monastic orders and institutions are to continue they should be open only to the eugenically unfit" (p. 431). Apart from the offensiveness of the suggestion, what the author does not seem to grasp is that he here cuts at the root of all liberty, since the logical conclusion of his suggestion, if it is not to be wholly worthless, is compulsory matrimony and we may add compulsory parentage. Apparently he would not stick at this, for we find a warm enough appreciation of regulated marriages of an ultra-French type, where the inclinations of those chiefly concerned are to be the last things consulted. We need not feel anxious about these theories as long as there is such a thing as human nature to be reckoned with, but we may well ask what good would it be to produce a race equalling the Greek gods in beauty or the Attic Greeks in talent, if it is at the same time to be a race of slaves? Or again, is it at all likely that a race of slaves could ever be the kind of race which eugenists think they would like to breed? Further, the

mutilation of the unfit seems to be one of the projects approved of by eugenists, a proceeding abhorrent to Christianity and, one would have thought, to common decency. There must be a seed of truth in doctrines of this kind in order that they should make as much headway as they have done, and this undoubtedly is true, that there is a certain kind of deficient and degenerate being which requires to be permanently protected from himself or herself and especially from herself. That this is so will be admitted by all who have studied the question, but to say this is a long way from saying that the surgical methods which seem to be in vogue in some of the States are defensible on any theory of ethics.

We submit the importance of this subject to those Catholic students of Social Reform whom we have amongst us, and we can refer them to this book as one in which they will find a moderate estimate of the kind of thing which they may be called upon to face before very long. B. C. A. W.

MR TOYNBEE'S *Nationality and The War* (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.) is inspired by very much the same ideals as that excellent volume of joint authorship, *The War and Democracy*, which we reviewed last quarter. It devotes, however, less attention to principles and more to details, endeavouring to sketch out an ideal reconstruction of the map of Europe on the hypothesis of an unqualified victory for the Allies and for the causes they represent. Attempts of this kind certainly have their value, even if they do no more than acquaint us with the multiplicity of the difficulties likely to confront those on whom the drafting of a settlement will actually fall. At the same time, the nicety of the arguments Mr Toynbee presents, the manifest inconclusiveness and inconsistency of many of the conclusions to which they lead, should do much to convince those who need convincing that popular control of diplomacy is something unthinkable; the ideal, in this branch of affairs, from the point of view of the true democrat, must rest with the

adoption of enlightened principles, to be entrusted for execution in detail to responsible ministers.

Theorists ought also to remember that no one can in the least foresee the situation under which the plenipotentiaries will eventually meet. It is of the essence of warfare that this should be so. The situation, whatever it is, will not be adequately describable as a victory or a defeat for either side. It will consist primarily of certain concrete achievements for which certain thousands of human beings will have fought and died and to which certain others, in millions, will cling in pride and loyalty. The question of the moment is what these are to be, and what part of them is to be England's. Even the spirit that will be desirable in the negotiations that are to be based on them cannot be foreseen. The events of the month or two which have elapsed between the writing and the issuing of Mr Toynbee's monograph have deeply changed the psychology of the combatants, and who can say what the future has further in store? Even when the war broke out, his statement that " it is probably in the German casualties that the intellectual world is suffering its most irreparable human losses " would have seemed questionable; at the present moment, it seems shocking. We have adequately recognized the " skill, nobility and genius " of our enemies; we have shown every disposition to allow that, little as the Germans considered the feelings of others in their attack, it might be desirable, in the interests of civilization, to consider theirs, their pride even, when the time came for settlement. Such an attitude is now irrelevant. Mr Toynbee argues that S.W. Africa must be returned to Germany, that she must be left in possession of the Kiel canal, that where she has obtained trading concessions or sunk capital, her interests must be respected. He sketches out quite a network of compensatory agreements: territory to be ceded here, there a harbour or railway or river to be opened to trade; and apparently the signature of the nation that violated the neutrality of Belgium and sank the " Lusitania " is to be taken as a guarantee. All this was excel-

American's Opinion of the War

lently meant; but it has become an anachronism. The humiliation which must be inflicted on an enemy is in some sort of proportion to the virulence of duplicity and cruelty to which he has resorted rather than accept defeat. The humiliation which Germany primarily merits and which it would be a crime before humanity to spare her is forfeiture of confidence. She has thought it expedient to forget during war that her actions will remain on record when war is over. Are we to suppose that the failure of her machinations will of itself transform the spirit that prompted her to them? It would, indeed, be comfortable to suppose so. But the fact remains that until means are found to bring home to Germany the full meaning of that outlawry from civilization which she has deliberately chosen as her part, she can be nothing but a cancer upon the politics of the world. B. S.

MR WHITRIDGE'S little book (*One American's Opinion of the European War*. New York: E. P. Dutton.) is of interest just because it is not what its title modestly conveys. It gives not *one* American's opinion of the European war, but the opinion of ninety per cent at least of the population. There is no question that the American people as a whole have gradually become fairly disgusted with German methods. The public attitude of their Government is far less hostile to Germany than the sentiment of the nation. An initial sympathy with us was not unnatural from considerations of kinship. On the other hand the relations between ourselves and America have not been such as to make its continuance absolutely certain in the face of strong opposing reasons. As the war went on sympathy gradually developed into keen and considered partisanship. For this development the conduct of the German Government and Army is wholly responsible. "When the Germans ask for sympathy in these United States," writes Mr Whitridge, "I venture to assert that they will get precious little of it, because we are essentially a business people, a civil and kindly people, and because we are not a cruel people."

Some Recent Books

The author bears testimony to one exceedingly interesting fact. Strong though the German element is in the population of the United States, the German-Americans have not that intense affection for their own land which is apparent in so many immigrants from other lands to America. Consequently their sympathies though largely are by no means universally on the German side. As to the fact that these Germans are not disposed to cling to their hereditary nationality let us read the words of Mr Whitridge himself, who naturally speaks with authority.

The Germans in America are among the best, sanest, and most valuable of our citizens, but the Germans are of all people the least tenacious of their nationality. In this country the English, Scotch, and even the Irish speak of "home" for generations. The Scandinavians charter ships to go "home" to spend their Christmas; numbers of them who prosper go back to pass their old age. The Slavs go back by thousands, and have carried the English language with them, so much so that in one case an election for the Reichsrath in Austria was conducted in that language. The Italians go back by tens of thousands, and you can hardly find a town in Italy in which some one is not living in a little vineyard or *villino* who made his money in America. But, as I have said, the Germans practically never go back. They become Americans, just as they become Australians in Australia, where they are now supporting their new country against the old, or they become Brazilians, Chilians, Central Americans, even Haitians, and their chocolate-coloured children are outside the German culture entirely. W. W.

THERE is no question as to the extraordinary interest of Sir Gilbert Parker's new book about the war (*The World in the Crucible*. John Murray. Price 6s.). It is extremely well written and is a really valuable contribution both to the history of the war and to the understanding of the German mentality. From this last point of view the reader would do well to compare with it Baron von Hügel's paper in the *Quest* for April on "The German Soul and the Great War." Incidentally Sir Gilbert calls attention to a remarkable article in the *Quarterly Review*

for January, 1871, in which the menace to civilization involved in the militarism of Prussia and in her cynical disregard for the binding force of treaties was set forth as clearly in the light of the events of the Franco-Prussian war as we all see it now.

Is it fair to indict a whole nation for the acts and principles of its rulers? Sir Gilbert Parker does not shirk this question. Individual Germans, he holds, may be absolved, but the nation cannot. Though very many would shrink from openly avowing the definite doctrines of their rulers, that temper which is the outcome of them has been adopted by the whole nation. The exceptions are insignificant, the disavowals negligible.

There are doubtless many Germans—it would be unpardonable to libel a whole nation—who do not subscribe in private to this theory of national politics; indeed, it is certain that if stated in set terms it would be abhorrent to a large section of German thought, and there are some German writers daring enough to deprecate it. Their opinions, however, do not count. Their dissent is, in fact, regarded as a phase of the innate and ruinous Separatist spirit of the German race, which it is the mission of Prussianism to suppress, even by the sword, as the Kaiser has said. The doctrines of the extremists in philosophy and the theories of the militarists have never, however, been baldly put to the German people. As was shown earlier in this chapter, the spirit of the doctrines and the theories were crystallized into catchwords and formulæ, and gave a definite temper of conquest, of national self-consciousness which became a thirst for more recognition, more power.

W.W.

THERE is no doubt that in literature the sense of horror and the sense of the beautiful are strangely stimulating to each other. It would be hard to cite a finer example of their interaction than is to be found in *The Turn of the Screw*. By Mr Henry James (Martin Secker. 2s. 6d. Definitive edition). The beauty of the story arises from the extraordinarily successful presentation of two exquisite children, a boy and a girl, exquisite in appearance, in mind, and in all their ways

They exercise the utmost fascination on the narrator of the story, a young governess, a clergyman's daughter, who has undertaken sole and complete charge of the two orphans. Fascinated by their uncle, who has evidently cultivated abysmal selfishness with success owing to his unusual personal charm, the governess has undertaken never to consult or apply to him in any difficulty with regard to the children. Arriving at a country place, which greatly impresses the girl's imagination, to undertake her new duties she cannot at first imagine that it will be supremely difficult to keep this undertaking. With subtle art the reader is made to feel that even in the external presentment of the children's beauty there is an undertone of a something sinister and threatening, and when at last the awful influence on their lives is betrayed in bodily shape by the apparition of Peter Quint, the monster of wickedness, the former valet of the fascinating uncle, there is an extraordinary sense of horror and disgust conveyed to the reader. The sense of the man's personal wickedness, of the trail of the serpent that he has left behind him, and the gradual revelation of the fact that he is still in possession of predominant influence over the two children, produce one of the most thrilling horrors to be found in literature. With consummate skill the second evil being, the former governess, who has been the victim of Peter Quint during his lifetime, is presented with a repulsiveness quite distinct from that of Peter Quint himself. She, the tempted and the fallen, we are made to feel is, if possible, more entirely bent on the destruction of the little girl than her own destroyer is on that of the boy. The beauty of the external world, the gradual changes of the seasons, the simplicity and homely goodness of the old housekeeper, and the intense self-devotion of the young governness to her desperate task of saving the children's souls from destruction all make up what is surely the greatest bit of work that Mr Henry James has ever achieved. The game of moral hide and seek that the wretched

children, with their terrible fascination, play with their devoted would-be saviour is subtle in the extreme, without becoming dim or entangled as the subtleties in others of the same author's works are apt to become. It wants close attention. *The Turn of the Screw* will be understood better at the third or fourth time of reading than at the first, and it has often been curiously misunderstood. There is no enjoyment of things evil in the little masterpiece, and there is a spiritual passion that is certainly infectious. Only, be it said with extreme hesitation and with no confident criticism, the final scene of the tragedy when the narrator of the story describes how she snatched the boy's soul from eternal evil only to find that the exquisite little body was lifeless in her arms, the scene which ought to be the supreme success of the book has never entirely satisfied the present writer. It is as if the outline of the scene were greater and more suggestive than the filling in. The salvation of the little girl through the homely, uncritical, sweet-minded, ignorant, old house-keeper is entirely exquisite. The *idea* of the great soul-struggle of the last pages is much grander, but it is less happily developed. This is not to say that there are not some of the most powerful passages Mr James has ever written in the last chapter of *The Turn of the Screw*, but that, take it all in all, it does not fascinate and subdue the imagination as much as the rest of the book.

TO confirmed lovers of the shorter works of Mr Henry James it is a real pleasure to have each separately in this charming series. Of the three others *The Aspern Papers*, *Daisy Miller* and *The Lesson of the Master* that have appeared at the same time as *The Turn of the Screw*, *Daisy Miller* is the best known, the study of the exceedingly pretty girl, who is never called beautiful, dainty in her person, thoroughly innocent and yet undoubtedly vulgar. Her admirer, who is the extreme opposite of all that is vulgar, champions her against a clique of society

in Rome who are very willing to be convinced that from such vulgarity actual badness cannot be far off. When she is under a cloud as large as the society she moves in, and her true friend has unwillingly in his secret mind joined in the general verdict, Daisy Miller gains a dignity she never had in life by dying. It is no wonder that Daisy Miller living, pathetic and mysterious in the contradictions she presents, is almost the best known of the author's girl heroines. *The Aspern Papers* are a terribly realistic study of the pursuit by a "publishing scoundrel," as he is called at the crisis of the story, of the papers of a great dead poet that are in possession of one of his lady loves. The old woman is living, she might have been left there by Byron, in awful isolation in a palace in a deserted waterway in Venice; her sole companion a faded middle-aged niece. She is alarming in her green shade hiding the eyes that her poet had made famous, and she conveys an impression of fierce vitality while doing absolutely nothing beyond indulging in the "passion of the past" except occasionally to show her temper. She dies defending her papers, and her niece's heart is broken by the publishing scoundrel—but at least the Aspern Papers have been destroyed by fire. It is not possible to set forth in a very few words the idea of *The Lesson of the Master*. Ironic in the extreme, it leaves the reader as he would certainly have been left in real life unable to decide whether the principal character is consciously or sub-consciously a most subtle villain. It is true and right to so leave us, but there is almost an excess of reserve on the author's part that dims the outlines of the personality.

Those who know these four masterpieces well may think it waste of space and time to give so inadequate an account of them. But these lines are written for the far larger number who know them not and who may come to know them in their new form and gain thereby a passing but real distraction from the thoughts of these dark days. S.

Life of Robert Cecil

MR ALGERNON CECIL has made a very charming book of his ancestor's biography (*Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury*. By Algernon Cecil. John Murray. 12s. 6d.). The son of the great Burleigh, Robert Cecil succeeded him as the perfect courtier, the level-headed and just statesman, the faithful servant of Elizabeth and James. The book is not only an able résumé of the kaleidoscopic history of the time as it revolves round the central figure, but the portrait of Robert Cecil himself is a very living one. Like a Holbein of a rather earlier date it has dignity and depth, justice and mercy are delineated in its lines, with love of beauty and the good things of this life (the inheritance of England that still remained till the Puritan stole it from her), tempered by a very true appreciation of the things of the next. That Mr Cecil does not insist on certain dark "areas" of the period he deals with certainly adds to the pleasantness of his book. The appalling episodes of Essex's rule in Ireland are skilfully sketched in to throw into relief Cecil's noble indictment of Essex as a traitor to his Queen. The martyrdom of Blessed John Campion is dealt with sympathetically, if not with that enthusiasm we should prefer, in a short space. Mr Cecil claims that it was Burghley and not Lord Robert Cecil who "put the question" thirteen times to our great English martyr:

> For Southwell suffered the extreme and frightful penalties of the Law three years before the Lord Treasurer died. But we may hope that Robert Cecil shared the ineffective sentiment and cursed an age when Justice (*sic*) was driven to strike so blindly and mercy seldom showed her face.

The "ineffective sentiment" uttered by Burghley on the execution of Southwell runs thus:

> Antiquity may boast its Roman heroes, and the patience of prisoners when tortured; our age is in no way inferior, nor does English courage yield to Roman. We have now in our hands a certain Southwell, who though put to the question thirteen times

cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the colour of the horse he rode on a particular day, for fear his enemies should conjecture from that indication where he had lodged or with what Catholics he had been consorting on this occasion. C. B.

GRATITUDE was at one time the general human virtue. The world was, if anything, a rather more unhappy place than it is now, say, towards the end of the eighteenth century. But "how thankful we ought to be" was the burden of the philosopher's thought and of the good woman's platitude. Men and laws were cruel then, and besides there were tetanus and hydrophobia then as there are now; nevertheless gratitude was both an impulse and a principle. It is very suddenly gone from the world. Some will not, and some will hardly, pardon their Maker, and some give thanks but by a great effort, with tears, and without delight. But one poet there is, exquisitely equipped with simplicity and sweetness, whose heart seems to be the chief sanctuary of the fugitive grace of gratitude in this new century. This is the principal thought—and it is a moving one—of the reader of Katharine Tynan's most beautiful new volume, *The Flower of Peace* (Burns & Oates). The little book is a collection of the poet's religious verse; it is the voice of one divinely thankful soul. Out of the stress of contemporary thoughts, out of the tangle of example, out of difficult public and private days, but confessing no struggle, unhampered, like a happy winged creature open from the close cocoon, she looses her easy song. Nor is her case a foolish case, or ignorant. She finds the justification of her lovely gratitude deep within her own sincere experience, and she thus suggests a searching question to those of her own time: Have the world's poets had the courage to look their own joys in the face and acknowledge them? Their griefs they have faced—true griefs—and their terrors—true terrors; but have they closed with the inner and the humbler truth, and confessed the kindness of their secret fortunes?

Here at any rate is the true poet who gives thanks for

all things—for sleep, for " the struck hours I have not heard."

> Nights when the darkness covered me
> In a great peace like a great sea
> With waves of sweetness, who should lie
> Awake for mine iniquity.

And for the service of her senses and her members she gives thanks:

> And on that day of the Great Assize
> I pray my hands, my feet, my eyes
> Accuse me not. Ah! why should I fear
> These fellow-travellers, kind and dear?

And again, for the adorning of the world she gives thanks:

> Pilgrim am I and wayfarer,
> Sojourner one night at an inn;
> What matter if the room be bare,
> So that the bed and sheets be clean?
>
> But, ah, dear Lord, this would not suit
> Thy love for me impure, unkind;
> Thou settest daisies at my feet,
> Mak'st me the sky, mak'st me the wind.
> . . . . . .
> Yea, in Thine Image I am given
> The eyes to look beyond our night,
> The love that makes of earth a heaven;
> Yea, I am loved in my despite.

And as these songs are offered to Heaven neither in ignorance of the problem of the earth, so neither are they offered in ignorance of experienced grief. Katharine Tynan is not ignorant, nor does she, in the English sense of our use of the word, " ignore." She has a bared and a wounded heart. The several poems on the death of a child are irresistibly poignant:

> The child is in the night and rain
> On whom no tenderest wind might blow,

And out alone in a hurricane.
Ah, no,
The child is safe in Paradise.

. . . . . .

What wandering lamb cries sore distressed
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?
O, let me warm him in my breast!
Ah, no,
'Tis warm in God's lit nurseries.

But the final note, as the first, is that of the underlying and high-flying love of God. Beyond her thanksgiving for her gifts, for her friends, for the joy of their praises, for the lovely landscape, for love, for children, for labour, for food, for rest, is the thanksgiving, direct and immediate, to the proved Fatherhood of God.

Thou knowest, though still I fail and fall,
Thy love is yet mine all in all—
My health, my wealth, my joy, my law,
Yea, and the very breath I draw.

. . . . . .

No true and faithful lover I,
Yet Thy poor lover till I die—
And past the gates of death and birth,
And the lost memory of the earth.

Katharine Tynan's quality of ease—a quality somewhat over-prized in the eighteenth century, somewhat under-prized in the nineteenth and in the present—may at times be thought her danger, and so in her weaker work it is; but in her best it is a perfection. Who, since the seventeenth century, who, since George Herbert, has sung a plain song like hers? Not, surely, Christina Rossetti, nor another. X.

PRUSSIANISM, PACIFICISM AND CHIVALRY

The Prussian hath said in his Heart ——. By Cecil Chesterton. London: Chapman and Hall. 1914.
The World in the Crucible. By Gilbert Parker. London: John Murray. 1915.

THE mediaeval conception of the Christian warrior, embodied most completely in the sacred character of the knight, has been assailed in modern times by two opposite rivals, the Prussian militarist who substitutes the pagan warrior ideal for that of the Christian knight, and the Pacificist who declines to idealize the warrior in any form because he regards all war as wrong. These three ideals have a bearing, not only on our conception of warfare, but on the question of international relations. Nationalism and selfish ambition are the keynote of Prussian militarism. Internationalism is the keynote of Pacificism. And here again the mediaeval ideal holds a middle position. Knighthood had an international character, and the great motive for war which brought the complete knight into being was not national rivalry but a holy cause in which all Christian nations combined. Moreover the knightly code, however imperfectly it was observed, did in theory enforce the vindication of right against might.

I propose in the present article to say a few words on these three ideals and on some of their practical effects. But I shall first endeavour under the guidance of those who have given close attention to the subject to outline roughly the causes and nature of "Prussianism" or "Prussian militarism" which has got so strong a hold on those who are responsible for the conduct of the present German Empire.

This is not a moment when a dispassionate study of the Prussian or even the German character is possible to us, and we see it at its very worst. We have received a shock

which will unfit us for a time from forming an impartial estimate. Yet it is very interesting at this moment to recall the observations of acute minds which recognized many years ago certain qualities in the German mentality and certain political principles acknowledged by the Prussian Government which ought to have prepared us for what we are now witnessing. Prussian Militarism has long been a political and ethical code fraught with most dangerous possibilities—though the man in the streets of London was little aware of the fact. The writings in which it was analysed were at the time of their appearance regarded by the general reader as not much more than interesting speculations. Quite a different view from that which they set forth would have been perhaps equally interesting to the world. Strong phrases were probably discounted; they were regarded as rhetorical exaggerations meant to enhance the literary effect of what was written. But now that we are witnessing the transformation of the possibilities which these writers indicated into actual realized facts their strong language is seen to have been the plain speaking of those who knew; to have represented not the rhetorician's striving for effect, but a keen insight into an attitude so strange and alien to modern civilization that we could hardly regard it as credible until it was unmistakably proved to exist. The prophets often have no honour in their own time. Nothing appeared less credible a year ago to the average Englishman than the present European war. Yet this, too, was foretold by the prophets, though few of us took their warnings very seriously. Henceforth, let us hope, we shall be wiser and give more attention to the forecasts of experts however improbable they may seem to us at the time.

The two main outstanding facts which have startled us in what I will call "Prussianism" are the unscrupulous ambition manifested in its political action, and the treachery and cruelty exhibited on an unimagined scale in the German conduct of the war. Sir Gilbert Parker in his interesting book, *The World in the Crucible*, has just

reminded us that on both these points acute observers had long ago prepared us for what we are actually witnessing. He quotes an able writer in the *Quarterly Review* who noted at the time of the Franco-Prussian war the standing menace to peaceful civilization involved in the Prussian ideals. He saw already in Germany the dominance of the principle that "might is right," her arrogant militarism and unscrupulous ambition. The article was written in January, 1871, and the following extract will bring home to my readers the accuracy of its writer's diagnosis:

According to the political principles which have governed Prussia since the time of Frederick II, treaties seem to be only *memoranda* of the terms of armistice, which need be no longer observed when one of the contracting parties deems it advantageous to disregard them. . . .

So long as there are countries, great and strong, where political power is held by a sovereign who may wield all the national resources for the gratification of his ambition or personal ideas—be they avowedly selfish or gilded over with the pretext of a noble aim—wars will not cease. Much less can there be any hope of lasting peace so long as there is in the very heart of Europe a nation whose jurists and statesmen, professors and political writers, join with one voice in proclaiming, as a fundamental principle of public law, that a right, however well assured, ceases to be a right so soon as its possessor is unable to enforce its observance; a nation which, having persuaded itself that it is the most advanced in civilization, is ready for any sacrifice to obtain the supremacy which it deems its due. What hope of peace is left when such views are cherished by a people at once the most numerous and the most homogeneous in Europe? By a course of preparation, skilfully contrived and carried out through a long series of years, this nation is ready, at the shortest notice, to rise up in a compact mass, with arms and equipments all complete. Such a nation is nothing less than an enormous standing army on furlough, waiting to give practical effect to its lofty claims, and to reap the greatest possible advantage from every opportunity. The people which combines such political principles and aspirations with such an organization is not likely to shrink from war, but to seek it; *nor, when successful, will it accept the arbitration of*

neutrals, save in the way in which the Germans accepted it at the London Conference in 1864, namely, on the express condition of not being bound by the award.

Had this estimate of the dangers of German ambition, German militarism and German diplomatic methods been written now instead of forty-four years ago it could hardly have been more accurate. Yet if we recall the strong pro-German language common in our press within the last five years we shall realize how little alive we were to the danger which this writer so clearly saw. To nine Englishmen out of ten—to say the least—the realization we have witnessed of the above estimate of the principles governing the German Empire came as an absolute revelation for which they were wholly unprepared.

The Prussian proper is, of course, a Lithuanian; but the spirit infused into his Kingdom by Frederick the Great found congenial soil among the Teutons. To a certain ineradicable Pagan savagery in the German character I cited in this REVIEW six months ago the testimony of Heine, and to the horror inspired by the cruelty of German soldiers to civilians, as early as 1807, I quoted the testimony of the Duke of Wellington and his brother officers. Sir Gilbert Parker has an interesting page on this side of the Teuton mentality and quotes a graphic sentence from Nietzsche:

> Soil, climate, some stout and hidden germ of vigour, have given to him, as to a few other races like the Jews, a persistency of type which has survived the vicissitudes of twenty centuries. Physically and—for the world more important—morally, the German of to-day is the same as the German who strove and conquered in the Teutoberger forest in the dawn of our era. He is still in most essentials a primitive man. It cannot be doubted that Nietzsche had this in mind when he described the ruling influence of the inbred overlords in Germany to-day:
>
> "These men are, in reference to what is outside their circle (where the foreign element, a foreign country, begins), not much better than beasts of prey. . . . They feel that in the wilderness they can revert to the beast of prey conscience; like jubilant

monsters who perhaps come with bravado from a ghastly bout of murder, arson, rape and torture. . . . It is impossible not to recognize at the core of all these races the magnificent blonde brute avidly rampant for spoil and victory."

All these estimates of the German mental and moral temperament and of the principles which have been engrafted on that temperament are long antecedent to the present crisis. They recognized potentialities which we were slow to credit because they remained long not unmistakably realized. The opportunity for their conspicuous realization was long wanting. But they were a standing menace, little though we knew it. A terrible explosive may remain harmless for years or even generations if carefully kept at a distance from fire, but it is not really a safe piece of furniture in one's house. The actual explosion which we are witnessing may perhaps be regarded as a kind of madness by which the German mentality ought not in fairness to be judged. That is at least the most charitable view. Nevertheless, Sir Gilbert Parker points out, as other writers had already noted, that it is no case of a frenzy which suspends the reason, no case of a soldiery which has got out of hand and beyond the control of its officers. On the contrary, the officers who ought to represent the calculating and reasoning force in the army have been on the whole worse than the men. It is a madness with much method in it.

It will take a very searching analysis to make at all intelligible to Englishmen this strange combination of the worst savagery with the most systematic and calculating reason. One has first to realize the immense self-confidence of the modern German and the doggedness and unscrupulousness of his determination to carry through at all costs designs which he has been so long preparing. Then we have to understand the capacity of his temperament to be exclusively dominated by the explicit theory that he has formed as to the means necessary for achieving his aim. On this subject I may quote some remarks by a man singularly competent to speak with

knowledge and authority, Baron Friedrich von Hügel. He is himself an Austrian subject, by blood half German and half Scotch; and his gifted mind is peculiarly successful in psychological analysis. In an article published some months ago in the *Quest* he institutes an examination of the German mentality in relation to the present war. In that essay he begins at the beginning and does not reach the most critical point, for he hardly touches on the excesses whose remoter causes he is presenting. And his work has since through accidental circumstances been suspended. But his picture of the German is throughout highly interesting and instructive. He finds him wanting in individual judgement and initiative, in ready understanding of the mentality of an antagonist, in capacity for rapid modification of his plans. But on the other hand he finds him capable of extraordinary intensity and thoroughness and perseverance in organization and concomitantly ever in need of a theory and a system on which he plans and organizes with ruthless logic. Thus, in the more delicate and instinctive intellectual gifts he is seriously wanting. Sub-conscious instincts as to what works practically, which often lead an Englishman to refrain from acting out a theory, are wanting in the German. But his powers of systematic reasoning, and of action on that reasoning, reinforced by immense courage and strength of character, necessarily produce great results in practical life. Such a mentality is responsible for his strength and his weakness alike. It renders him "steady, but also obstinate; virile and brutal; profound and pedantic; comprehensive and rich in outlook, and rationalist and *doctrinaire*."

In two departments his gifts have made him supremely successful, the military and the mercantile. Hence his supreme confidence in himself and in his future. His successes in these departments have convinced him that he is not a mere poet and dreamer as some have thought, but essentially a man of action. Supreme, therefore (in his own judgement), in action and thought alike; supreme in literature, in science, in commerce and in war, he

believes that he is made to rule the world and to benefit the world in ruling it. He looks for the spread of his empire and for colonial expansion as the natural and suitable consequence of his great gifts.

He sees and feels how triumphantly successful he has been as a soldier under Frederick the Great; in the War of Liberation; and finally in 1870, 1871. And again, he sees how uncommonly prosperous he is in manufactures, trade, commerce, mercantile marine. Thus he is not an unpractical dreamer, but a hard-headed organizer; and hence he possesses the strict right, because the full might, to rule a large part of the world, to hold a considerable "place in the sun." And, indeed, are not those military and these manufacturing and mercantile capacities and successes intrinsically cognate, the first to gifts for home government; the second to the genius for colonial expansion?

And yet though the German's gifts practical and intellectual are so great he really lacks, as Baron von Hügel points out, just those qualities which are needed for successfully conducting a large colonial empire.

Manufacturing and mercantile powers do not necessarily imply colonizing gifts, if only because the manufacturer and merchant are not, as such, supreme except within the small world (and even there only over a part of the activity) of their employés and customers, whereas colonial founders are, or must attempt to be, supreme rulers throughout that entire colonial world. And it is precisely where the Prussianized German attains to supreme power, that his defects show and tell. "Live and let live,"—patience, tolerance, geniality, comradeship, trust, generosity; the willingness, the desire, to see races, social organizations, religions, subtly different from our own, developing each at its best, in an atmosphere of large tolerance, with the benefit of the doubt (where the State appears to be endangered by such tolerance) always given in favour of the liberty and responsibility of these various individuals and complexes—all this is fundamentally necessary for successful colonial rule, and this is not necessarily contained in manufacturing and mercantile gifts.

And let it be noted, if a very pronounced militarist spirit and organization are hardly compatible even with a full and vigorous development of a free home-government, they are in keen conflict

with the capacities and methods essential to any permanently successful rule over alien races, where these are of any considerable civilization, and in our own difficult times. It is no accident that England, a great colonial power, is not a great military power, and that it holds India with, comparatively, a handful of European troops. You are hardly likely to possess both gifts and tastes to a high degree; and you will, in any case, find that an intense militarism profoundly hinders, and does not help, a wholesome colonial rule. Recent Germany, unfortunately for us all, thinks that not only are these things, at their intensest, thoroughly compatible, but that the one necessarily furnishes the might, and hence the right, to the other.

It is here that the Englishman stands out in singular contrast to the German. He seems at first sight to be a mere amateur where the German is a professional. As Cardinal Newman pointed out so graphically in his *Who's to Blame?* it is not any elaborate State system but the individual Englishman who founds our great colonies by his spontaneous enterprise. He beats the German out and out. His informal, untrained, instinctive commonsense and energy succeed where German theory and persistence fail. It is almost like David with the scrip and stone conquering the great Philistine with his sword and armour. This not only disappoints the German but angers him intensely.

The bitterness felt by so many home Germans against the English successes amongst foreign and native races, is doubtless greatly intensified by the English appearing to the German to succeed thus, as it were in playing—as cricketers and golfers, as "good fellows" who, with a school and university education of little concentration, and with, say, some six hours of office work, comparatively simple administrative machinery, and small bodies of military, succeed where he fails. These Britishers are mostly not theoretical at all, they possess loosely knit minds and moderate passions. And the German works intensely systematically, he prepares everything; and yet his complex bureaucracy, his militarist self-repression, his huge plans lead to little or nothing. Thus the "flannelled fool" utterly out-distances the iron will and fierce labour of highly trained specialists. Hogarth's Idle

Apprentice, unjustly yet quite understandably, envied the solid successes of the Industrious Apprentice. But would not the Industrious Apprentice grow wildly bitter if the Apprentice who seemed to him Idle, at least as compared with himself, somehow carried off one great solid success after the other from under his very eyes?

Here we have the key to one *phenomenon* in the German's attitude which has taken us aback in the present war. If already before the war jealousy had bred bitterness, what wonder that this should have developed into positive hate when we thwarted his long laid plans in August, 1914? His orderly unpliant mentality had wholly failed to grasp our standpoint, and he had persuaded himself that the commercial ease-loving Anglo-Saxon would stand outside the struggle. Sir Edward Grey's initial attitude, his refusal to pledge himself to support France, confirmed this supposition. England's final determination to fight turned the balance against Germany, and the fruits of forty years of preparation were imperilled. What wonder that the smouldering hate burst into flame?

Far less subtle and dispassionate than Baron von Hügel's study of the Prussianized German character is Mr Cecil Chesterton's volume entitled *The Prussian hath said in his Heart*——. Mr Chesterton's picture of the Prussian mentality is painted in startling colours. He concentrates on its ugly features and allows himself something of the exaggeration of a caricaturist. His account of Frederick the Great as the devil incarnate is overcharged. Yet his book contains a core of indisputable truth. While Baron von Hügel shrinks from facing the most painful facts in German diplomacy and warfare, though he gives us in his study much that explains them, Mr Chesterton deals with them fully. He concentrates mainly on two points; the system of Frederick the Great and the atrocities in the present war, which he regards as its outcome. Baron von Hügel sets before us as motive forces for good and evil alike the German's thoroughness, his concentration on one

single object, his need for an explicit theory, his disregard for sub-conscious considerations which do not come into that theory, his tendency to carry out his theory with relentless determination. Mr Chesterton shows us how these forces can act and have acted for evil. They are just the elements of the German character which have made it respond readily to Frederick's thorough but unscrupulous military code.

The recent spread in Berlin especially of anti-Christian philosophical principles has helped in the work. For it has dissolved many awkward Christian scruples—which, so long as they rested on an acknowledged creed prevented Prussianism from developing to its logical conclusions. Here again we see the German mentality. In an Englishman such anti-Christian principles might simmer for a long time without practical effect. The Englishman does not believe in or act out his theories as the German does.

When in addition to such pre-disposing causes we recall Heine's estimate of the potent pagan warrior germ which has ever remained in the Teuton breast, and Ruskin's saying that the German understands neither "meekness" nor "mercy," we can understand a little better what at first amazed and shocked us. Mr Chesterton's account of the genesis of the atrocities in the deliberate theory of "frightfulness" is suggestive and convincing when read in this context. The policy was ill-judged. As von Hügel says, the German judgement is often at fault in respect of his neighbour's mentality. But it has been a deliberate theory remorselessly carried through.

> The atrocities were not wisely calculated [writes Mr Chesterton], but they were calculated. They were part of a deliberate policy pursued for a definite reason. . . .
>
> Why, it may be asked, select for military execution or worse the most obviously helpless and harmless non-combatants, the very people whose presence and activities could not possibly constitute a military danger? Why make such a speciality of shooting priests? Why murder and outrage women? Why massacre or mutilate young children? How can the village *curé* be an obstacle to your 17-inch howitzers? How can old women and young

girls resist the Prussian Guard? How can the cutting off of a baby's fingers or the gouging of one of its eyes help your plan of campaign? Do you expect the war to last till it grows up?

To all this the real Prussian answer is simple: "These things horrify you. That is why we do them. The congregation regard the priest as a holy man; therefore his death (the more if he is innocent of any offence) will impress their memories. Women in civilized war are held sacred; therefore we murder and outrage them to show that we are not waging civilized war. The helplessness of a child appeals irresistibly to the human heart; therefore we cut off its fingers to show that we are not human. Call us Supermen, call us Devils; it does not matter so long as you are afraid of us. The more you think we are Devils, the less likely you are to come within a mile of us, and your fear of our devilry will be a better protection of our lines of communication than three or four army corps could afford. . . ."

What I have said of the murder and mutilation of non-combatants applies also to the destruction of public and ancient buildings, the bombardment of undefended towns and the like. These also were in most instances not spontaneous, but calculated.

All this is what distinguishes Prussian atrocities from those excesses which occur from time to time in all wars when troops get out of hand. The Prussian troops, in most cases, did not do these things because they were out of hand, but because they were only too well in hand. The German commanders had received orders to create "a certain frightfulness" in Belgium. These officers, who had studied the military text-books of their country and knew exactly what was meant, passed on the order in more concrete form and in greater detail to their soldiers. The soldiers in their turn obeyed. I have no doubt that in many cases both officers and soldiers obeyed unwillingly. They obeyed because they were in the frame of mind which all Prussian discipline works to produce: because they were afraid to disobey.

We have in the picture presented by all these writers a painful instance of the effects of evil theories on a nation which acts out its explicit theories ruthlessly. Theories do not realize themselves so quickly in other countries. The Englishman only half believes many of the theories he eagerly advocates in public speeches. He adopts them more slowly into his practical life and he relinquishes older theories which have worked well in practice

more slowly. His mental habits are more persistent. His instinctive trust in the lessons of experience is stronger. He is not goaded on by the keen sense that he ought at once to adjust theory to practice or practice to theory, for half unconsciously he mistrusts theory as often falling short of the full complexity of the facts of life. He acts on new theories more slowly; he discards habits which rest on old theories more slowly. Much more of the older principles of chivalry, so directly Christian in their nature, survives in the practice of the English soldier than in his avowed beliefs. But nevertheless in the long run, even in a nation like the English, received maxims and theories are bound to affect practice, hence the importance of effectually discrediting a false theory.

It is for this reason that I propose in conclusion to say a few words on another theory which appears to me to promise if it is unchecked to combine with Prussianism in making war far more cruel for the world at large than it has been in former ages. Prussian militarism, paradoxical though it may seem at first sight, is reinforced by pacificism. These two theories appear to be opposite, but in reality they play into each others hands. The pacificist holds war to be simply unchristian; the Prussian concurs in this, yet he holds it to be a necessity not only for the world dominion he covets, but also for the full realization of the possibilities of human nature. He finds in war a transcendental and ideal element. Having, however, concurred with the pacificist in regarding it as unchristian he is driven back in his analysis of the transcendental element on the pagan warrior theory which makes war essentially brutal and cruel, finding its chief inspiration in the lust for conquest. On the German sense of the ideal and transcendental element in human nature to which war appeals let us cite a passage from Mr Cramb's *Germany and England*:

> The explanation of the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war, after all, that is analogous to the British heroism in the Antarctic zone, something

that transcends reason; that in war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought, art and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason.

Over against these two theories—the Pacificist theory which sees nothing noble or ideal in war and the Pagan warrior theory which idealizes war—stands the Christian attitude towards war which is embodied in the mediaeval theory of chivalry. This attitude is not one whit behind that of the pacificist in its horror of war. The litany of the Middle Ages prays God to deliver us from the three great objects of horror, the plague, famine and war. The Christian ideal is a kingdom of peace. But it holds that peace can only be permanent where justice reigns. Terrible though war is Christianity holds that a world in which oppression is triumphant would be more terrible. The Christian's ideal of what is basest is found in undisputed rule of the strong oppressor, almost the *beau ideal* of the Pagan warrior theory in its most naked form. His ideal of what is noblest is in the Christian soldier who defends the weak and rights the wrongs of this world. Martial courage and relentless warfare are enlisted on the side of an ideal of peace and justice. The Christian warrior fights not because he idealizes war, but because he idealizes the reign of righteousness. The really nobler elements in war are found in the Christian ideal. The devotion to something beyond the individual life, to a great cause, the power to rise above social comforts, which the Prussian militarist rightly idealizes, is found by chivalry in the battle for right and justice with an ultimate ideal of the triumph of a righteous peace. The pacificist overlooks these nobler elements which may prompt a war and which distinguish the warrior of chivalry in the battle-

field itself, and regards all war as simply unchristian. The Prussian militarist accepts the conclusion that it is unchristian and takes this as a confession that Christians are slaves. But he sees that there is something noble in the courage and endurance which war evokes; and having banished the scope for these qualities which chivalry affords, falls back on the Pagan warrior ideal. Mediaeval chivalry gave a rational and Christian satisfaction to the instinct which detects something noble in the heroism of the soldier. It stamped on the civilization of the eleventh and twelfth centuries the ideal of Christian knighthood, which included the idealization of courage and endurance in the battle field, but as part not of a war ideal of human life as a whole, but of a peace ideal. It destroyed the absolute divorce between the nobility manifest in war and the instinct for peace and justice. In place of the pitiless soul of Achilles it held up pity as the very motive force of military courage. Cruelty and treachery which necessarily followed from the pagan warrior's inspiring aim—which was victory at all costs—were the antithesis to the Christian warrior's ideal. His word was his bond: his first duty to defend the weak, to free the oppressed. The pacificist's view and the militarist's view alike were rejected by him. Chivalry did not idealize peace less than the pacificist but it refused to cry peace where there is no true peace. It saw that human passion often made acquiescence in peace synonymous with cowardice, that peace might mean the triumph of injustice. The wrongs of an evil world can often only be righted by force of arms. In a ruder society, like that of the Middle Ages, this was more obvious than it is at present, but nevertheless it is equally true now. It is the presence of force in the background that gives power to the law. In the last resort to keep order the soldiers are called out.

But while this view of the case was the commonsense recognition of the facts of life, it also involved the constant presence before the mediaeval mind of a very moving ideal of Christian courage. However cruel the

crusaders occasionally were the Christian ideal which the crusades perfected was never dimmed. In literature the knight was pictured as chivalrous and Christian. This picture represented what men reverenced, though passion might make them untrue to it. The combination of strength and gentleness which the knight presented was a new idea. The jargon about "master morality" and "slave morality" by which German philosophers try to explain and refute the Christian ideal is old enough; but it misses the essence of the Christian military spirit. This is an instance of the absence of insight which often marks German pedantry. The Christian ideal was not at all the slave ideal. Its truest expression in actual life was as alien from the mere spiritless slave as from the tyrannous bully whom the Teuton idealized. The Black Prince, as we have often read, fought like a lion, and after the battle he waited at table on his prisoner the King of France, whom he honoured for his valour. This alternation between strength and gentleness was of the essence of the knightly ideal. And it was, we cannot doubt, an ideal as often realized as our present ideal of a gentleman. In both cases the ideal is frequently disregarded, but it is also often attained and still generally reverenced. Chaucer described the men and women he actually knew. His account of the knight has often been quoted, but it cannot be omitted from any discussion of mediaeval chivalry:

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first began
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye—
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.

* * * * *

And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde,
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

Prussianism, Pacificism

The Christian knight then whom Chaucer knew never bullied those weaker than himself; never broke his word; never was discourteous and was always the defender of freedom against oppression. He was true to the spirit embodied in the ceremony of his investiture, which was a religious ceremony in the eleventh century. It was, as we all know, preceded by a fast, a solemn confession and a midnight vigil followed by the reception of Holy Communion. The new knight offered his sword on the altar, to signify his devotion to the church, and determination to lead a holy life. The sword was redeemed in a sum of money, had a benediction pronounced over it, and was girded on by the highest ecclesiastic present. The title was conferred by binding the sword and spurs on the candidate, after which a blow was dealt him on the cheek or shoulder, as the last affront which he was to receive unrequited. He then took an oath to protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a knight or a Christian. A knight might be degraded for the infringement of any part of his oath (an event of very rare occurrence), in which case his spurs were chopped off with a hatchet, his sword broken, his escutcheon reversed, and some religious observances were added, during which each piece of armour was taken off in succession, and cast from the recreant knight.

The chivalrous knight was alas! an ideal often not realized. The Prussian militarist's "pitiless warrior" ideal, thank God, is also often not realized. Passion constantly proved too strong for the first, surviving relics of Christian humanity still prove too strong for the second. There were plenty of robber knights and cruel knights in the Middle Ages. There are kindly Christian German soldiers now. Still in both cases the ideal has often been realized. Chaucer's knight lived as certainly as the officers live who carried out the policy of "frightfulness." The Pacificist stands in a curious position. He professes strongly to hold to those Christian ideals which are the inspiration of chivalry. Yet his wrong

headedness and Utopian dreams by effecting a definite divorce between Christianity and war constitute a real support to Prussianism which frankly idealizes the robber knight and not the knight of chivalry. If no true Christian can be a warrior the warrior is driven to be a pagan. And there is enough latent paganism in the Prussian and the Teuton to make him readily acquiesce in this conclusion. If Prussianism prevails many elements must be developed which make war relentless and cruel. Pity and mercy are despised. Treachery is no longer opposed to the code of honour which respects only animal courage. The international brotherhood among knights, again—which Prussianism completely banishes—lessened the ruthlessness of war. And it diminished the almost exclusive prevalence of national ambition as the motive for war. This again tells for relentless cruelty. For the extermination of the foe as the object aimed at is no longer tempered by ideals which formerly imparted a certain respect for him. Fame in the eyes of all Christendom as a loyal and knightly warrior was a strong incentive in the battles of the thirteenth century. This was forfeited by flagrantly base or treacherous conduct. Prussianism has proved itself wholly indifferent to the verdict of any such international tribunal. It holds up no ideal which may temper the hate which a war of rivalry between two nations naturally arouses. The standards of chivalry meant the presence of a certain conscience in war which, however often it was set at nought by passion, did occasionally assert itself. Its remains are visible still in Tommy Atkins. The Prussian theorist is busily employed in rooting it out. And he has succeeded remarkably well.

WILFRID WARD

THE EARLY ROMANCE OF ENGLISH TRADE *with* RUSSIA

THE present close relations between this country and Russia are calculated to give special interest to certain little-known, romantic, and highly curious incidents out of which, mainly, though not entirely, the first systematic connexion of the two countries arose. An account of these was compiled, not only from printed records but also from other sources, by one of the greatest of English authors, in a small work the very name of which is to most of his readers unfamiliar. The author in question is Milton. The work is an " Essay " dealing with what he calls " The Kingdom of Moscovia."

So late, he says, as the middle of the sixteenth century, when Shakespeare's parents were still living at Stratford, Russia north of Moscow (where an English agent was established) was a country of whose character, of whose extent, and of the whereabouts of whose northern boundaries, no nation but the Russians themselves knew anything, and—so Milton observes—the discovery of these secrets " made first, of any nation that we know, by the English, might have seemed an enterprise almost heroic, if any end higher than the excessive love of gain had animated the design." Instead of quarrelling with the severity of the poet's judgment, we may see in it a witness to the fact that private enterprise of some sort has been the initiator of most of the great events of the world. Summarized in a style somewhat simpler than that of the poet himself, his story of this particular private enterprise is as follows.

By the middle of the sixteenth century the principal merchants of England had begun to regard with apprehension and envy the success of the Spaniards, and other foreign rivals, in capturing what would now be called the markets of the New World. England was, in their opinion, being left behind in the race; and one of the main problems discussed by them was that of discovering fresh

markets for themselves. Now it happened that about the year 1550 there arrived in London the explorer, second only to Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, or (as Milton calls him, Chabota), and by him it was suggested that England might discover a new Peru, not in the mysterious West, but in a still more mysterious North-East. Amongst the English merchant venturers were some who had the courage to listen to him. It was finally decided to lade four vessels with merchandise and dispatch them under orders to reach the most northerly parts of Finland, and then to follow the coast so far as might be possible eastwards. Early in the year 1553 every preparation was completed. The four vessels were ready—vessels as perfect as the shipbuilder's art could make them. The crews were carefully chosen: and the command of the expedition was entrusted to two men of high distinction—Sir John Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, the former as Admiral, the latter as Chief Pilot. The flotilla set sail from Greenwich about the end of May, to the admiration of a vast crowd of spectators. Colours streamed from the masts, and all the seamen were habited in sky-blue.

Except for a long and unexplained delay at Harwich, nothing unusual was encountered until the adventurers, having left the Shetlands behind them, were proceeding along the coasts of Norway. Then wonders began. Whales sixty feet long floundered and bellowed round them. They heard from the natives rumours of a terrible whirlpool which sucked whales down like minnows, which tore tree-trunks to shreds, and whose roaring shook the door-handles of houses lying ten miles inland, and they finally found themselves in a region of perpetual day. It had been arranged that, in the event of the ships being separated by a storm, they should re-unite at a certain port in Finland. The storm came, but the Admiral's plan proved futile. One of the ships foundered. Sir John Willoughby was driven along the coast of Lapland, and found refuge in a desolate harbour from which he never was able to escape. The neighbouring country exhibited no traces of human life. The season

was autumn, but the temperature was that of winter; and a search-party subsequently discovered that, after three months of struggle, the Admiral and all his men had succumbed to the intense cold. Two ships only—Chancellor's ship and another—were left to pursue their way. These, though their exact course is not easy to follow, appear to have hugged the coast in a direction generally eastwards, and ended by sighting a port and human creatures in fishing boats, who were very soon surrounding the strange vessels, and wondering at their vast dimensions.

It would seem that amongst Chancellor's men there must have been some interpreters; for the English and the natives were at once on a footing of extreme friendliness. The English informed the natives as to the country from which they came, and learned in return that the country which they had now reached was Russia, the town which faced them being Archangel. They then promptly explained that their main object was trade, their ships being full of merchandise, and indicated a wish to get to business at once. This news was received by the people of Archangel with enthusiasm; but no Russian, they said, was permitted to trade with a foreigner without having first secured the express permission of the Emperor. They therefore proposed to dispatch a messenger at once to Moscow, and besought the English to remain until he brought the permission back with him. The Emperor not only granted the request of his northern subjects, but invited the English merchants to visit him at his own court, undertaking to pay the entire cost of their journey. The messenger, however, on his way back was delayed, and the people of Archangel, fearing that their visitors might lose patience themselves offered to send them forwards to meet him.

This was done. The Englishmen were dispatched on sledges; and, after seven hundred miles of not very rapid travelling, the returning messenger was met, and the imperial message delivered. As soon as it was known that the strangers were under royal protection, everybody

began to overwhelm them with profuse offers of assistance and compete for the honour of providing them the strongest and swiftest horses. Thus the latter half of their journey was much more expeditious than the first. Until they had come within some two hundred miles of Moscow the country through which they had passed was very sparsely populated, and the traffic on the road small. But from that point onwards the aspect of things changed. Towns and villages became frequent; the road gradually began to exhibit as much life as a street; and the travellers often in the course of a single morning met or overtook as many as eight hundred sledges, carrying wheat in one direction, or carrying back fish in another.

Apart from the castle—i.e., the Kremlin, which was almost a town in itself—the City of Moscow compared very ill with London. The Kremlin, with its huge walls, eighteen feet in thickness, and its nine church towers flashing with burnished gold, was indeed an imposing spectacle; but the streets outside were paved with nothing better than mud, and the private houses, even the best, were of timber. In one of these houses the Englishmen found lodgings prepared for them; and after an interval of very nearly a fortnight, they were summoned to the sovereign's presence, and invited to have the honour of dining with him.

Though the churches within the walls of the Kremlin, together with the great market-places, impressed the Englishmen by their barbaric splendour and their extent, the palace of the sovereign struck them as curiously rude and mean, and not fit to be compared with any one of the royal dwellings of England. The windows were small, and though rows upon rows of them were glazed, many were mere apertures latticed by iron bars. Except for the size of some of the halls or reception-rooms, the interior of the building corresponded to the rudeness of the exterior; but the spectacle which confronted the Englishmen's eyes when they entered, was a surprise to them in another way. The great " outer chamber " into which they were first conducted may have been itself sufficiently

bare and barn-like, but its gloom was illuminated by a vision of moving gold. It contained two hundred persons waiting to approach the Emperor, and all of them habited similarly in robes of golden tissue, falling down to the ankles. Presently an official bade the Englishman follow him; and, doors being thrown open, they found themselves in a room beyond. There, before them was the Emperor seated on a high throne. He, too, was in cloth of gold. His crown glittered on his head, and he was holding a crystal sceptre. On one side of him stood the Secretary; on the other side stood "The Great Commander of Silence." In the background, to right and left of them, in cloth of gold also, were ranged the Councillors of the Realm, a hundred and fifty in number. Chancellor, a man quite familiar with the air of courts, made his obeisance in the dignified English manner, and presented to the Emperor his credentials from the King of England. The Emperor then dismissed him with the graciously uttered words, "I shall see you soon again, and your companions also, at dinner." The dinner, or rather the state banquet, was to begin in two hours' time, and the Englishmen meanwhile were made over to the care of the Secretary, who took them away and entertained them in his own apartment.

The guests at the banquet were two hundred in number. The Emperor's table was on a dais at one end of the hall, the others being close to the walls on either side. The hall itself was an ordinary room enough; but on this occasion it was dazzling. There was gold everywhere, not in the form of garments, but of gold plate—plate in incredible quantities. All the dishes were gold, and there rose from the middle of the floor a trophy of golden vessels, amongst which were four huge flagons six feet high, which might have been made for giants, and which sprouted at the top into towers and the heads of dragons. As for the company, the Emperor was now clothed in silver; everybody else in dead white trimmed with fur. The two hundred guests were waited on by a hundred and forty servants. The Emperor's table was shared with

him by a few notables, but they sat as far away from their august master as possible, leaving him with his crown on his head in solemn and conspicuous isolation. The proceedings opened with the following curious ceremony. An official, amidst a general silence, lifted from the royal table a dish containing two hundred slices of bread, and presented one to each of the guests in order, saying as he did so, "With this piece of bread doth John Vasilivich, Emperor of Russia, reward thee," at which words all of the guests stood up.

The repast which followed consisted of countless dishes, which the servants, as fast as they could, offered to the guests at random, and which seemed to the Englishmen badly cooked and disgusting. The wines, however, and a variety of other alcoholic beverages, they declared to be finer than anything they had ever before tasted. The Emperor's own dinner appeared to be less like a dinner than a sort of religious rite, proceeding by ceremonial stages, at one of which his crown was lifted from his head, and solemnly replaced by another, his servants changing their vestments three times in the course of their ministrations. The banquet began in daylight. When the daylight began to fail, the dusk of the hall became starry with shining candles; and as soon as the narrow windows were dark with approaching night, the white-robed assembly was dismissed.

It appears that Chancellor must have remained many months in Moscow, and that the results of his expedition were satisfactory; for, after his return to England, the young King Edward having died, Queen Mary sent him back about a year and a half later, formally investing him with all the dignity of an ambassador. He travelled by the same route, and experienced no difficulties, though stories of the Maelstrom, and the whales which beset his ships, were not without their terrors. He found, when he reached Moscow, that a large house was prepared for him; and he was as soon as possible summoned to the Emperor's presence. The Emperor received him in a room strewn with marvellous carpets. The Emperor was seated,

everybody else stood. But whenever, during the reading of the Queen of England's dispatches, her Majesty's name was mentioned, the Emperor stood up also. The Ambassador and his suite were again invited to dinner; but the function was less formal than that at which they had first assisted. The Emperor, indeed, had not forgotten his crown; but, instead of wearing it, he hung it on a little spike—or as Milton calls it, "a little pinnacle"—which stood beside the royal plate.

This second visit, like the first, must have satisfied both parties; for, when Chancellor returned to England, the Emperor sent an Ambassador of his own along with him. Their vessel, however, was wrecked on the coast of Scotland. It was full of Russian merchandise, the whole of which was lost, and Chancellor, in saving the life of his distinguished fellow passenger, was drowned. The Russian ended by reaching the English court in safety; and when two years later he went back to his sovereign, he was escorted by Anthony Jenkinson, a new English Ambassador, in command of "four tall ships."

The consideration in which the English were held by the Russian Emperor seems meanwhile to have increased; for, at a banquet exceeding in magnificence anything which had been witnessed previously, Jenkinson and his suite were conducted to places of special honour. A separate table was assigned to them immediately below the Emperor's; and the Emperor constantly sent them choice wines and dishes, accompanied by messages from himself. On this splendid occasion the guests numbered six hundred—Christians and outlandish heathens, in all kinds of gorgeous garments: whilst two thousand Tartar soldiers were feasted in a hall close by. The intercourse of the Emperor with the Englishmen was from that time onwards constant. He would spend whole mornings discussing with them the affairs of their respective countries and then invite them to dinner familiarly by word of mouth. The most memorable of these entertainments was a dinner on Christmas Day, on which occasion the party were provided with twelve barrels,

silver hooped with gold, each barrel containing twelve gallons of wine.

It appears that by this time the mercantile object of the English expeditions was secured, and that " by special privileges foreign trade with Muscovy was granted solely to the English." English merchandise found its way in all directions; and ten or twelve years later, Queen Elizabeth being by that time on the throne, everything to all appearance was still progressing smoothly. Confident that such was the case, Elizabeth despatched a new Ambassador to Moscow; and the Ambassador, Thomas Randolf, when he found, on entering Russia, that a court official had been sent far north to meet him, and when he found on reaching Moscow that the English Embassy was by this time a fine new palace, was inclined to be of the same opinion. But his welcome ended with the splendour of these new quarters. For more than four months he was left to his own devices: and when at last a summons to the Imperial palace came, he had to hire a raw-boned horse to carry him, whilst his suite had to go on foot. He felt himself to be under suspicion, but he could not conjecture why; and, as soon as he entered the ante-chamber, this impression was confirmed. There were in the place about two hundred persons, gorgeous in all colours. The Ambassador gravely saluted them. His salute was ignored by everybody. He examined these people more closely, and detected that they were a mere rabble dressed up for the occasion in the Emperor's cast-off clothes, apparently for the purpose of insulting him. In the presence-chamber he was ordered to station himself at a certain distance from the throne, and recite his message from the queen. He obeyed, and whenever Elizabeth's name was mentioned, the Emperor for a moment rose, and at the end made enquires as to her health. He then gave the Ambassador his imperial hand to kiss; and so far thawed as to ask him a great variety of questions. Finally, on a gift from the English queen being presented to him—a curiously-graven silver bowl—his manner thawed still further. " To-night," he said, " I am not

dining in public, but I will send a dinner to you from my own table, and will augment your allowance." The Emperor was as good as his word. That evening there arrived at the English embassy a magnificent noble accompanied by fifty servants, these bearing a dinner which (the season being Lent, and mortification being a universal duty) consisted of three hundred dishes of variously cooked fish. There were wines corresponding to the food.

The previous behaviour of the Emperor appears to have been due to the fact that the English merchants were becoming only too successful, and had aroused the animosity of the Dutch, who had already been trading overland with certain of the Russian provinces, who were now threatened with ruin by the new English monopoly, and had to some extent gained the ear of the Emperor. The difficulty, however, was patched up for the time; and when Randolf returned to England he was sent on his way with honour, taking with him a new Russian Ambassador, whose mission was to discuss the commercial situation with Queen Elizabeth. During the next ten or twelve years Russia experienced troubles which may well have thrown into the background the quarrels of rival aliens over free trade and monopolies. But the rancour of the Dutch against the English was far from being allayed. As time went on it continued to increase in bitterness. This was shown by the event.

In the year 1582 a special envoy was sent from Moscow to London for the purpose of discussing afresh, on the friendliest possible terms, the commercial relations of Russia with this country; and Elizabeth, in the following year, dispatched to Moscow Sir Jerome Bowes as her representative. His reception exceeded anything that had been accorded to any of his predecessors. No honour, it seemed, could be too great for His Excellency. His journey from the coast to Moscow was performed in a great gilt coach—a present from the Emperor, together with ten horses. At a distance of two miles from the city he was met by two hundred horsemen, headed by four

nobles, who rode up to the coach, and invited the Ambassador to alight. The Ambassador replied that he would be very willing to do so, if it were not impossible for the representative of the Queen of England to get out of his coach unless the Russian Emperor's gentlemen also got down from their horses. The Russian gentlemen admitted that this was reasonable; but thereupon another nice question presented itself—namely, which of the two parties should make the descent first. This was settled by an arrangement that both should set their feet on the ground at precisely the same moment. The manœuvre was accomplished with an accuracy sufficient for the demands of honour. Sir Jerome was forthwith embraced by the four gentlemen, and conducted by them to the English embassy where everything had been prepared for his reception.

When the appointed morning arrived on which he was to present himself to the Emperor, he and all of his suite were provided with prancing horses, and were accompanied to the palace by a guard of honour consisting of six thousand men. At the palace gates stood eight nobles awaiting them—all of high, four of the very highest, rank. They glittered in cloth of gold, and all wore caps of fabulously rich fir. Sir Jerome and his suite were conducted by these magnates down a long stone corridor, the walls of which were lined by as many as seven hundred men, some in cloth of gold, some in gleaming satins of every imaginable colour. At the end of the corridor were doors, which on either side were guarded by a group of officers; and between these stood the Chief Herald. The doors were thrown open, the name of the Ambassador was proclaimed, and the Emperor was visible seated on a high throne. He wore no crown, but three crowns were beside him—those of Muscovy, of Cazan and Astracan. The Ambassador made his bow, to which the Emperor duly responded; and then a situation of a singular kind developed itself. A high official, the Chancellor, curtly and in overbearing tones, directed Sir Jerome to remove himself to a distant place set apart

for him, saying, " You will be pleased to commit whatever it is you bear—the Queen of England's letters, and her Majesty's presents—to me. I am ordered to place them in the Emperor's hands myself."

Sir Jerome replied, " For the Imperial Chancellor I have nothing. What I have with me, I am ordered to deliver to the Emperor of Russia alone; and I will not deliver them to any other human being."

Sir Jerome's firmness prevailed. The Emperor consented to receive the letters and the present himself; but as soon as this act was accomplished, he retired to an inner room, where he spent some time in discussing the situation with his councillors. When he returned his manner was more gracious. He invited Sir Jerome and all his suite to dinner. As a mark of particular favour, he sent Sir Jerome a bowl of the choicest Rhenish wine; and he stood up to drink the health of the Queen of England. From that time onwards he sent for the Ambassador constantly, plying him with all sorts of questions; and it soon became evident to the latter that the derogatory treatment which he had met with on the occasion of his first audience was due to the intrigues of the Dutch, who had managed by some means to secure the interest of the Chancellor for themselves, and that the Chancellor had been poisoning the mind of his master against the English traders. His influence must have been very great, for, though no details are recorded, the Emperor was obstinate in making many proposals which Sir Jerome, with equal obstinacy, dismissed as out of the question. Finally the situation became so strained that one day the Emperor broke into a fit of passion, and exclaimed, " Are you at all aware, sir, when you venture to speak thus to me, that I do not regard the English Queen as my equal? "

" Sire," said Sir Jerome, " I regard my own Queen as the equal of any ruler in Christendom, and she lacks not the means of dealing with any one of her enemies."

" What say you," retorted the Emperor, " of the French and the Spanish Kings? "

English Trade with Russia

"My Sovereign," said Sir Jerome, "I hold equal to either."

"And what," said the other, "do you hold about the German Emperor?"

"Queen Elizabeth's father," said Sir Jerome, "had the German Emperor in his pay."

"Sir," exclaimed the Emperor of Russia, "if you were not here as an Ambassador, let me tell you what I would do. I would have you thrown out of doors."

"Sire," said Sir Jerome, "you may do what you will, for I am now fast in your power; but my Queen, I do not doubt, will know how to be revenged of any injury offered to the person of her representative."

"Be off with you," the Emperor shouted. "Be off with you. Quit my presence."

The Emperor's anger, however, was not of long duration. "I would to heaven," he said to some of his own councillors, "that I had myself such a servant as Sir Jerome Bowes." He presently sent again for him. He explained that of all sovereigns his respect was more profound for none than for Queen Elizabeth; and he promised to augment the splendour of the English Ambassador's establishment. Day after day he conferred with him regarding the affairs of England. The religious condition of England was the subject of his special curiosity. He ordered that Sir Jerome's account of it should be taken down in writing; that this should be translated into Russian, and that it should be read aloud to his nobles. He further confessed that his own dearest wish was to marry some member of the English royal family.

His good will and his wishes, however, came to an abrupt end. He shortly afterwards died; and when we reflect on the fact that his daily Lenten dinner comprised no less than three hundred messes of fish, it is not surprising to learn that the cause of his death was over-eating. But although the Emperor died, his Chancellor still remained; and under a new master at once recovered

his influence. He had neither forgotten or forgiven his rebuff at the hands of the Englishman; and Sir Jerome was soon informed that, under the new regime, whilst the English were free to trade in Russia as heretofore, no new favours of any kind would be granted them. He was indeed given to understand that his own presence was no longer desirable. He accordingly announced his departure, and ordered every English merchant settled in Moscow to accompany him. This order the merchants were afraid to obey. The Ambassador and his suite accordingly set forth alone, and did so with the utmost expedition, lest some mischief should befall them before they reached the sea. Their fears proved to be groundless. In due time they were rejoiced by the sight of the English ships: but as soon as they were safely on board, the English Ambassador fired a parting shot. He had not been allowed to leave without some sort of present from the Emperor; and this, by the hands of his "valientest and discretest men." he sent back to the pothouse which was the lodging of the Russian sledge-drivers, with orders that they should take it back to the source from which it came.

Two years later another Ambassador was dispatched, who found himself suffering like his predecessor from the intrigues of the Dutch, and of their friends at the Russian court. This may be taken as evidence of the prosperity of the English traders; but nothing farther is definitely recorded by Milton till after the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James I. In the year 1604, James sent as his Ambassador to the Russian Emperor Boris, Sir Thomas Smith, of Hill Hall in Essex—a fine building which, having been renovated during the Georgian period, still remains in the family. Sir Thomas was received at Moscow with a warmth and splendour of welcome which showed plainly that with the advent of a new Emperor a new friendship had been established between Russia and this country. Fifty gunners were stationed at the gates of the Embassy. The Ambassador rode to the Kremlin between thousands of the Imperial

Guard, Courtiers of all degrees thronged the corridors of the palace, waiting to see him pass; and he entered the Hall of Audience heralded by a blare of trumpets. The Emperor, close to whose throne was placed a terrestrial globe surmounted by a cruciform ornament, at which object whenever he spoke he invariably glanced and crossed himself, received the Ambassador with profound deference, and every sign of personal welcome; and when the audience was over, sent back with him to the Embassy a "great and glorious duke" to "drink merrily" with the Englishmen in honour of the great occasion. The merriment was so successful that the Englishmen and the glorious duke finally fell under the table in a condition of complete fraternity. Sir Thomas Smith's relations with the Emperor were, throughout his mission, in harmony with such auspicious beginnings; and when the day of his departure came, the Emperor took him in his own state coach to a spot outside the city, where another coach was in readiness for him "made fast upon a sled."

At this point Milton's narrative ends; and here too ends the romantic, or (as Milton calls it) the "almost heroic" period of the relations of this country with Russia.

That the poet who subsequently celebrated the splendours of the Courts of Heaven, should have concentrated so much of his attention on the splendours of the semi-barbarous Kremlin, is not perhaps to be wondered at. It is to be regretted that his lofty contempt for such an object as "excessive gain" did not permit him to give any systematic account of the actual progress and vicissitudes of the English trade with Russia during the period with which he deals. That it had, however, acquired large proportions, and that the Russians themselves were fully alive to its importance, seems evident from the fact that, in the time of Sir Jerome Bowes, the English colony in Moscow were afraid to obey the orders of the departing Ambassador to follow him. There is one other point, however, with regard to which Milton is explicit, and which is interesting at the present time—

that is to say the size, and the character of the Russian Army. Without any injury to the ordinary industries of the country, it could at a moment's notice be raised to a fighting strength of 300,000 men, all of these in the fullest vigour of manhood. This would mean that the population of European Russia, exclusive of Poland, must have been at that time something like 18,000,000. Of this army 90 per cent were horsemen. There were no infantry in the common sense of the word. The only unmounted men were "Pioneers and gunners," these together numbering 30,000. Apart from swords and lances, the horsemen were armed with nothing but bows and arrows; but the artillery had been brought to a high state of perfection. There was constant practice with guns at various ranges, the targets being either great ramparts of ice, or houses gutted and filled with pounded earth. The army is described as being in one respect by far the most formidable in Europe—that is to say in respect of physical hardihood. For the Russian soldiery winter had no terrors. They would fight when others would freeze. They were provided with sheepskin coats; but their general custom, instead of putting them on, was to keep them suspended from their necks, and, turning them from this side to that, use them as nothing more than a protection against the wind.

W. H. M.

The NATIONAL TEMPER AND THE PRESS

WE have heard a good deal of late as to the attitude and tone best befitting newspapers in time of war; and the problem is far from easy. One source of difficulty lies in the widely different classes of persons who read the newspapers. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. To take a single obvious instance. When there are signs of apathy among Englishmen it may seem beneficial at the moment to strike a pessimistic note in order to administer a wholesome shock. Yet the newspaper writer who has this desirable end in mind may convey to foreign readers—both friendly and hostile—the impression of a nation in a panic, and this may have very unfortunate results. Again, articles designed to shock the apathetic by a touch of exaggeration may actually create a panic among those who do not detect and allow for this commendable motive in the writer.

On the whole we cannot but think that the best rule is that the newspapers should in statements of fact be scrupulously exact and should in their tone represent truly the national temper. There is a good deal to be proud of in John Bull's character and temper. He has little imagination; he indulges in a certain quiet boasting, and is as certain that one Englishman could beat four Germans as he was in 1815 that he could beat four Frenchmen. But he is not at all disposed to ignore in practice the difficulties he has to overcome. His very lack of imagination is a great safeguard not only against panic but against the approaches of panic in time of trial; and Napoleon's generals complained that he did not know when he was beaten. He is before all things confident and persevering. He is a good fellow and he is thoroughly angry when he is out against a bully or a tyrant. His temper of mind is largely the inherent self-confidence of a strong man; but for the rank and file such an attitude of confidence needs some support in clearly recognized grounds

for hope. Therefore to keep before the nation the real grounds for a certain fundamental optimism as to the general prospect is desirable; but it is of the utmost importance to distinguish this from undue optimism as to the details of the daily struggle. This difference should surely be borne in mind in the newspapers. It is by no means desirable to picture things as going well when they are going ill; there should be no optimistic garbling of facts. So far we may make a concession to the pessimists. But the publication of facts is one thing; the eager dissemination of alarming rumours and disheartening suggestions is another. Sober statement of causes for grave anxiety is one thing; sensational shrieks are a different thing. The publication of rumours, and the habit of shrieking, may be carried so far as to obscure those fundamental reasons for confidence which are the great support of a nation at war. Moreover, pessimistic remarks should have a practical object; they should tend to enlighten and to stimulate and not to confuse and dishearten.

Perhaps this is the sum and substance of the matter—that hysterics, whether optimistic or pessimistic, should be eschewed. The sensationalism which gives effective headlines to newspapers may prove a real danger. No one in the world is less hysterical than John Bull, and the papers which ought to be the mouth-piece of John Bull should not be so false to his character as to indulge in them.

It cannot be said that our newspapers have universally conformed to these principles; indeed in noteworthy cases they have betrayed not the sturdy temper of John Bull but the peculiar inconsistency of querulous and timid natures. Early shrieks of optimism have been succeeded by shrieks of pessimism. Those who boasted at the outset that we were ready for three years of war, and that our great asset was English calmness and fortitude, appeared to lose their heads because after only eleven months victory was not in sight. The result was that they found fault with everybody and everything. Every success of the enemy was magnified. Our own

achievements were belittled. The same want of the confidence befitting a great nation appeared in their treatment of persons. There were shrieks against Lord Haldane. Some of the charges against him were so flimsy that they can hardly be stated coherently at all. There were shrieks against Lord Kitchener, and here it is noteworthy that those who wanted to discredit him as incompetent were just those who had shrieked a little earlier because he was not at once placed at the head of our military operations. He was at first supposed to be not only competent but infallible. When he was found not to be infallible it was inferred at once that he was incompetent. It was said that he had failed to supply enough high explosive shells for our army. There was no evidence to show that he had not acted simply on the report of the best military experts; there was no evidence even that he had withheld these shells after they were asked for by those in command at the front; but there was abundant evidence that before these shrieks began the mistake had been recognized and that everything was being done to put an adequate supply in hand. No possible practical object could be served by virulent attacks on the man to whom the military responsibilities of the campaign had been committed, and who needed before all things the continued confidence of the nation. Then in some quarters there have been shrieks about conscription, and here again the outcry has been of the same unpractical nature. We ourselves are in favour of national service; but it is fairly obvious that if we cannot equip nearly all those who have already enlisted, there is no present urgency as to getting more men to enlist. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out in *The Times* of August 26, the distribution of work for the war is a highly complicated matter and depends on facts of which the hysterical advocates of conscription are blissfully ignorant. A register giving facilities for conscription if it should become necessary was the real desideratum, and that has been given us.

Much is said by these critics of the grievance which the Allies have against us in this matter. If there were even

real grounds for a grievance on this head what strange patriotism it is for the Englishman to foul his own nest and to put into the heads of foreigners what might endanger the common cause by breeding dissension! But there are no such grounds whatever. Even if we were one of the invaded nations and our obligations were in every respect equal to theirs, the absence of adequate equipment would prevent the question of conscription from being immediately practical. In point of fact, however, we have voluntarily come forward to assist our neighbours by sending an expeditionary force to defend their territory. We promised them thousands; we are equipping millions. Our action should presumably call for gratitude for our doing so much rather than arouse a sense of grievance for our not doing more. It is an old proverb that you " must not look a gift horse in the mouth." But in this instance scrutiny should increase and not diminish thankfulness for the gift.

What *is* needed in the rank and file of the nation is an attitude of firm resolve and confidence in our leaders. Our *morale* should be maintained and the enemy be inspired with respect. The nation as a whole has shown this attitude conspicuously. There has been on the whole a very remarkable spirit of hard work—each man and woman lending a hand—and of courageous confidence. But the Press which should mirror this attitude for the public at home and abroad has in many cases pictured quite an opposite attitude. It has presented for the public gaze a picture of querulous panic which is a libel on the character of John Bull. The picture has rejoiced our enemies, it has made many of us feel ashamed of the figure we cut in public. The disproportion between the extent of the shriekings and the real facts of the case has at times been so great that the suggestion was inevitable of a nation in a panic. We have a hard task before us which calls for all our courage and common sense; such displays savour on the contrary of timorousness and crankiness.

For this reason numbers of Englishmen read with a keen sense of satisfaction Mr Balfour's great speech at

the London Opera House, in which the attitude of the nation was truly mirrored. Whether in a poet or in a statesman to voice the national mind and character at a moment of crisis is a great deed, and Mr Balfour has done it.

Mr Balfour gave in broad outline the indisputable facts on which that confidence so necessary to victory rests—which certain buzzing flies in the Press had obscured by giving gigantic proportion to each unwelcome event in the ever changing details of the struggle. Mr Balfour took as the norm of optimism and pessimism the comparison of what has happened, not with momentary sanguine dreams on this or that point, but with the broad probabilities before the war began.

Why then, I ask, do I feel so confident about the issue of this struggle? In the first place if I had been speaking to such an audience as this twelve months ago, what could I have expressed except hopes that the German calculations, notorious throughout the world, were, nevertheless, mistaken? What could I have said to you except that organization is not everything; that truth and justice still mean something; that the most elaborate system of manufacturing confidence, of manufacturing falsehoods, the manufacturing of great armies admirably equipped—these arts, great as they are, do not necessarily rule the world—and that I had a firm belief in the eternal trend in the direction of justice, of righteousness, and of ultimate peace? That is all I could have said a year ago.

But what can we say now? We can say with confidence that with all their painstaking ability—and there has never been ability more painstaking than that of our enemy—there has been no miscalculation in the war they have not made, except as to the value of munitions and great guns. There they were right more than their opponents. Were they right in anything else? Were they right in their diplomacy? Were they right in their calculation of the force that would be opposed to them? Were they right in their calculations of the results of their first month's struggle? Everything was based, remember, on the immediate knockout blow they were prepared to deal with a relatively unequipped force of an unprepared enemy.

I do not say the calculation was a stupid calculation. I do not

say that with a little variation and in certain circumstances it might not have been accomplished. All I say is it was not accomplished. It was not nearly accomplished. On the West front, as on the East front, all the carefully prepared plans, all the prophecies so elaborately worked out by the German General Staff, have one and all completely failed, and without a doubt we may all say this with an absolute conviction of its truth—those who now in protestations, perjured and profaned, assure an incredulous world that they never meant to go to war, had they foreseen how the war would go, would have confined themselves to possessing a more complete control over events than they now seem to think was possible, and not a man would have been moved, not a single soldier would have been mobilized, not a life would have been lost between the Ural Mountains, and the Bay of Biscay. Unfortunately for them, and unfortunately also for the world, they did not foresee. They wholly miscalculated, and they have plunged us and civilization in a war which for its character, for the utter destruction of life and property which it has already produced, and which before it closes it will yet produce, has no parallel in the annals of mankind. That is my first ground for confidence. An enemy which has miscalculated for a year may perhaps miscalculate until the end of the war.

No less impressive than the above was the passage in which Mr Balfour emphasized the epoch-making character of our decision to join in the struggle—a decision which he boldly and convincingly maintained to have "saved civilization," for had the German Navy dominated the seas the whole German ideal of world conquest would have been in a fair way to being realized.

Of Mr Balfour's tributes to English courage—that great asset in the struggle—none was more effective than his words on the splendid spirit shown by our mercantile marine.

One of the miscalculations of our opponents was that by a system of piracy they would not merely destroy but that they would frighten. That have not destroyed as much as they hoped, and they have not frightened at all. But the fact that they have not frightened is not due to any forbearance on their part; it is due to the inherent spirit of gallantry and endurance which makes

our mercantile marine go out upon its daily avocations as indifferent to the chances of life and death as if they belonged to one of the great military services of the country.

Mr Balfour's striking record of what has been actually accomplished hitherto—of the degree in which our performances have surpassed our own promises and the general expectation a year ago, is in the memory of our readers; and we may be sure that much more is yet to come, for as he impressively reminded us " we have not yet shot our bolt."

There was no hysterical optimism in the speech, no challengeable statement. The strength of the enemy was fully recognized. There was no sanguine forecast of immediate victory. But the speech justified and expressed that underlying confidence which marks the true John Bull, and which should never be absent from public utterances which deal with the war as a whole: for confidence is one of the main conditions of victory.

That confidence also includes a measure of generous trust in our responsible leaders. Constant public criticism of their every action by onlookers in the Press is alien to the fine temper which Mr Balfour both inculcates and exhibits.

Government by popular discussion is notoriously unsuitable to a time of war. So good a democrat as Mr Chamberlain once expressed his opinion that a dictatorship is the most suitable government in such crises, but it is not easy to find a single man equal to the position. Much might be said in favour of the government by a few strong men. Obviously it is a case where " too many cooks spoil the broth." Yet some of the papers have been attempting the absurd task of conducting the war under a leadership of a huge debating society in the Press of which the *personnel* not only does not consist of experts, but is, in spite of conspicuous exceptions, distinctly below the average Englishman in that good sense and practical courage on which so much depends. Such a system is wholly unworkable. Downright blunders among

the authorities are preferable to any such machinery for averting them. Imperfect function is better than general paralysis. Better that the machine should work with hitches than that it should not work at all, and that is the result if you paralyse the executive by confusing and largely illogical arguments, or discredit it by virulent criticism.

"Do not speak to the man at the wheel" we are warned. But if you not only speak to him but keep distracting his attention and urging reasons for changing his course, when your own knowledge is simply that of a landsman, it is hard to say whether your action is more ridiculous or more mischievous. In nine cases out of ten the lay critic's suggestions are based on half-knowledge. The long odds are that the first-rate expert—who holds office in virtue of tried reputation—is right, and such a critic is wrong. At all events the expert is pretty sure to be acting on a definite plan, and to hamper him by agitation on behalf of another plan is probably to get neither carried out effectively. It is only when it is clear that important necessities in the actual plan of operations have been overlooked or neglected, and that nothing short of a public outcry will set this right, that such an outcry is warranted, and then it really voices public opinion and the critics will be generally recognized as patriots, and not as wanton pessimists. On the whole English public opinion is uncommonly sound and sensible—with a keen eye for the practical. It rightly detected a want of practical patriotism in criticisms published not long ago in certain newspapers, and rebuked it by boycotting those papers. The excuse of patriotism can easily be pleaded by the journals themselves where an irresponsible love of sensational journalism or the indulgence of petty jealousy are really the chief and inspiring motives. Public criticism of the authorities that is hostile in its tone should be the very last resource in war-time. Suggestions can very easily be made through the Press in a form which will not tend to discredit our responsible leaders, whom no one supposes to be infallible. Such suggestions will be welcomed by the authorities if

they express the opinion of really competent experts. The point at which really virulent personal criticism is allowable in the Press is the point at which the official criticised is so clearly incompetent that he ought to be superseded; and even then this necessary consummation is better secured if possible by other means than by newspaper outcry, which should be a last resource. As long as an official ought to remain at his post he must have the public confidence. To muzzle the Press would indeed be unfortunate, but adequate reason for doing so is not likely to occur if newspapers show as much practical common-sense and patriotism as the general public has shown.

Again, a constant and exclusive harping on reasons for dissatisfaction with our prospects and our situation is hardly consistent with fortitude. We do not want an optimism that ignores unwelcome facts. But men's imaginations are limited in what they can take in. And if you fill them with reasons—real or imaginary—for despondency, you leave no room for the permanent groundwork of hopeful considerations on which steady work is based. The optimism we call for is that which is necessarily allied with courage and invincible determination. A nation is buoyed up in a long struggle by the indisputable reasons for self-confidence which are to be found in its great national qualities and its achievements in the past. A certain degree of Jingoism in the nation is parallel to the consciousness of strength in a strong man. The antithesis to this form of optimism is not the recognition of the obstacles to be overcome, and of the means necessary for overcoming them—which is most desirable—but the habit of dwelling almost exclusively on reasons for anxiety, and forming a picture of the situation which is calculated to shake public confidence both in our leaders and in our armies. I do not deny that occasionally a shock may be desirable when the public is inert or apathetic. But such a shock must be proportioned to the need: and should not degenerate into the extravagance of sentimental pessimism. We are all familiar with the man whose

impressionable temperament is by turns extravagantly optimistic and extravagantly pessimistic. In private these men amuse us as often as they irritate us. They tend to unlimited boasting at the outset of a struggle, and they talk big of the national power of endurance. But they really count on everything going right. They are enthusiastic about everybody and everything until endurance is really called for. Then they very soon pass from irrational optimism to irrational pessimism. Having themselves entertained quite undue dreams of universal success, when these are not fulfilled they regard the falsification of their own dreams as the falsification of legitimate expectations. John Bull is not that kind of man at all. He is not imaginative, but determined and dogged and confident. Yet when the psychological freaks I have described are exhibited in the public newspapers they cannot but give to foreigners the impression that John Bull is as wanting in virility and fortitude as these most unrepresentative writers. In point of fact both the initial dreams and the succeeding panic are utterly alien to the essentially practical English temper, which is so faithfully reflected in the fortitude of our soldiers and our sailors.

Mr Balfour's calm review of the situation was then before all things a true reflection of the country's temper. He refrained from any touch of extravagant optimism; he fully recognized the difficulties we have to overcome. But he pointed out the indisputable grounds which should give us heart and confidence for the struggle. He simply outlined our achievements—of which the nation may well be proud—and pointed to the past mistakes of the enemy. It was a case where genius detected those simple thoughts the placing of which in bold relief was all-important. His words expressed the patriotism and common-sense and fortitude which come as a simple instinct to the true Englishman. He showed that greatness of heart which while it recognizes difficulties is not overcome by them. *Pour un grand cœur tout est petit* says the French proverb; the newspaper critics whom we are criticizing verify the other half of the proverb, *pour un petit cœur tout est grand.*

and the Press

Mr Balfour's speech was really a model for our Press, recognizing and strengthening as it did what is best in the public temper at this moment. The Press ought to confirm the fortitude of a nation instead of seeming to hold it to be the part of patriotism to shake it. The temper of a nation in time of war should in some degree resemble that of its army. An army does not ignore—on the contrary its first object is to find out—the strong points of its enemy; but it does not go into hysterics over them or exaggerate them as tokens of something like invincibility. It notes obstacles, but with unabated courage and confidence in its power of overcoming them. A certain proper pride is a necessary condition of victory. Soldiers do not fill their imaginations with visions calculated to rouse fear and despondency, if they did the army would not last a day. In some degree the same applies to the nation at large.

As we write these lines there comes the suggestion in certain journals that the conduct of the war should be entrusted to a small committee of the Cabinet. Such a proposal certainly comes under the head of what we have in this article called "friendly suggestions" from the Press which a Government may welcome. Of the same character was the suggestion made at the beginning of the war that Lord Kitchener should go to the War Office. Both proposals express a view widely held among the public. But we hope that if this fresh suggestion is adopted the newspapers will not proceed to hamper the newly formed committee's efficiency by carping criticism, and to discredit it as far as possible with the nation. This is what some writers, who had urged Lord Kitchener's appointment most eagerly, proceeded to do a little later in his regard. These two stages mark the difference between friendly suggestion on the part of the Press, which strengthens and helps authority, and that constant detailed criticism, often based on little knowledge, which weakens it and which, if it engenders a popular outcry, may lead to something like paralysis.

LA PRIÈRE POUR LA FRANCE

LES grands événements de l'histoire ont pour effet ordinaire de remuer l'âme humaine jusque dans ses dernières profondeurs, et de ces retraites mystérieuses où se cachent souvent les plus nobles pensées, les sentiments les plus généreux, les résolutions héroïques, jaillit aussi parfois un cri de l'âme vers Dieu, maître tout-puissant de nos destinées, protecteur et sauveur.

Ce phénomène ne pouvait manquer de se produire à l'occasion de cette guerre terrible dont les anxiétés et les terreurs pèsent si lourdement sur tous. La prière est une des graves préoccupations de l'heure actuelle. On l'a vu en Angleterre, où, à plusieurs reprises et aujourd'hui même qui est le jour anniversaire de la déclaration de la guerre (4 août 1915) les représentants du pouvoir, en même temps que ceux de toutes les confessions, se sont unis pour demander à Dieu aide et protection.

En France si le gouvernement, comme on pouvait s'y attendre, s'est rigoureusement abstenu de prendre aucune part à ces démonstrations, le peuple n'a pas manqué d'affirmer avec éclat sa foi dans l'intercession divine.

Un écrivain que l'on ne considérera pas comme un apologiste de métier, Henri Lavedan, écrit à ce propos une page que je m'excuse de ne pas citer intégralement ici, mais qui vient trop à propos pour que je n'en détache pas cet extrait:

. . . . En ce moment l'impressionnante et gigantesque idée de toutes les prières spéciales, les prières de guerre, égrénées partout à la fois, tous les jours sans discontinuité, sur terre et sur mer, dans près de la moitié du monde, m'occupe et me domine.

Prières du chef, de l'officier stoïque et du petit soldat, du vieillard qu'on fusille, du pauvre enrichi soudain et du riche à présent ruiné, des femmes et des enfants en deuil, du blessé qui trébuche et du prisonnier plein d'ennui, de l'agonisant qui

s'efface dans les ténèbres de la plaine et de la pauvre fille qui se signe, au fond des villes bombardées, dans le coin de la cave; prières du prêtre en képi, sans tonsure, sous sa soutane bleue; de l'infatigable aumônier qui n'en peut plus d'absolutions, du missionnaire persécuté en Palestine, des carmélites qui, dans les couvents, restent de longues minutes les bras en croix, et des chartreux prosternés sur la dalle, semblables à des cadavres, vêtus de blanc, qui joncheraient le sol après un massacre dans la chapelle; prières des cités intactes, du village écroulé, de l'hôpital et de l'orphelinat, de la rue et de la tranchée, de tous ceux qui prient en dehors et en dedans, sans en avoir l'air; prières des princes et du mendiant, de l'enfant de choeur et du pape; vous enfin, si belles par dessus les autres, si confiantes et si sûres de votre obsession, de votre angélique ténacité, prières des mères, prières suaves, bénies, trempées du sel des pleurs, couronnées de cheveux blancs, prières usées qui ont tant servi déjà pour tant d'autres chagrins. Je vous sens, je vous vois, je vous reconstitue, dans votre tumultueux ensemble, vos particularités, les courtes, les longues, les lentes, les interminables et les hâtives les précipitées, celles que rien ne presse et celles qui sont à la limite, qui n'ont plus qu'une minute, une seconde à peine, celles en patois, celles qui prennent la physionomie du décor et le reflet du ciel, car, pas plus que les feuilles des arbres et les grains de sable, aucune n'est pareille, et il y en a qui, malgré tout, m'émeuvent davantage, telles les prières de la nuit. . . . Tous ces mouvements de la douleur prennent un aspect, un corps, l'enveloppe même de leurs auteurs désolés, et je n'aperçois plus alors que des yeux levés des bras tendus, des fronts renversés, un seul et unique dressement de l'humanité qui souffre et qui croit, sans consentir à désespérer. . . .

Et celles qui ne manqueront pas d'aller le plus droit, le plus loin, le plus haut, le plus près, seront les prières de France, les nôtres, les plus parfaites, parce qu'elles sont les plus douloureuses, toujours à l'avant-garde de l'espoir et de la foi.

Que la prière ait ainsi jailli comme spontanément du cœur des fidèles, disposés par une longue habitude à se tourner vers Dieu dans toutes les circonstances un peu graves de leur vie, nous ne nous en étonnons pas. Mais d'autres qui ne partagent pas notre foi ont senti à leur tour ce besoin et n'ont pas craint de le dire publiquement.

Il nous a paru curieux de réunir ici quelques unes des

prières inspirées dans ces derniers mois par la crise terrible que traverse la France et de les comparer à d'autres prières, écrites dans des circonstances analogues par des écrivains français. Les unes et les autres sont un témoignage rendu par les hommes, quelquefois les moins religieux, à cette vérité que la Providence règle nos destinées, que Dieu gouverne l'univers, et que la prière peut obtenir le salut.

M. Frédéric Masson s'était fait connaître jusqu'ici comme l'historien de Napoléon ou, si l'on veut, comme le Dangeau de l'empereur et de sa cour. Ses livres qui déjà forment une bibliothèque, nous décrivent avec la précision d'un Goncourt et la verve d'un Saint-Simon, la vie intime de l'empereur, de l'impératrice, des personnages qui les entourent. C'est l'histoire anecdotique racontée par un écrivain qui sait être à ses heures un véritable historien et qui, dans les menus faits de chaque jour, sait discerner le reflet des évènements de la grande histoire. Son attitude à l'égard des choses religieuses était plutôt un ton de persiflage et d'ironie qui paraissait souvent frivole, et plus d'une fois il a exercé sa verve railleuse non seulement contre des pratiques de dévotion ou des personnages ecclésiastiques, mais encore contre le sentiment religieux en général.

Il n'en est que plus curieux de constater l'effet qu'ont produit sur lui les événements tragiques du début de la guerre. Dès les premières semaines, le 12 août 1914, au moment de la marche infernale des allemands sur Paris, il écrit, s'adressant à toutes les Françaises:

> Mes soeurs, mes filles, allez dans vos églises et dans vos temples; priez! Qu'une continuelle prière, qu'un chœur de vos voix concertées s'élève . . . ; priez pour la France qu'on opprime et qu'on prétend rayer de la carte du monde, le Dieu de saint Louis et de Jeanne d'Arc; Priez le Dieu pour qui la France croisée affronta et refoula l'invasion de l'Islam! Priez de tous vos cœurs et de toutes vos voix! Que les chefs de vos églises affirment, contre l'agresseur, le droit, l'impérieux devoir de la defense et qu'ils distribuent à ceux qui partent les bénédictions sacrées.*

* *L'Echo de Paris*, 12 août 1914.

La Prière pour la France

Cette prière brève, précise, forte a, dans son accent, quelque chose d'impérieux et de militaire. Il a senti, d'un coup, les vraies raisons qui nous donnent une confiance absolue en la vitalité de la France, la France de saint Louis, de Jeanne d'Arc, de Charles Martel, de Charlemagne et des croisades, celle qui a eu de trop grandes destinées dans le passé, qui en a de trop grandes dans l'avenir, pour périr.

Pas plus que Frédéric Masson, Henri Lavedan dont nous citions les paroles tout à l'heure, ne semblait destiné à inscrire son nom sur les pages d'un keepsake. *Le nouveau jeu*, *les Jeunes*, *Leurs sœurs* et tant d'autres livres frivoles, le désignaient plutôt comme le chroniqueur du boulevard. Cependant le *Vieux Marcheur* terminait sa course sur une note plus sérieuse, émue, presque religieuse. Avec autant de grâce légère et la même finesse d'esprit qu'il avait mises à croquer les défauts parisiens, l'auteur donnait à *son filleul* des conseils sensés et sérieux qui étonnaient sous sa plume. On a lu plus haut la belle page que lui inspirait tout récemment la pensée de la prière. Lui-même, au mois de septembre 1914, il écrivait ces lignes déjà célèbres, et que l'on pourrait intituler le *Credo d'un Français:*

Je crois au courage de nos soldats, à la science et au dévouement de nos chefs.

Je crois au prix de la douleur et au mérite des espoirs.

Je crois à la confiance, au recueillement, au bon travail quotidien, à l'ordre, à la charité militante.

Je crois au sang de la blessure et à l'eau du bénitier, au feu de l'artillerie, à la flamme du cierge, au grain du chapelet.

Je crois aux vœux sacrés des vieillards et à la toute-puissante ignorance des enfants.

Je crois à la prière des femmes, à l'héroïque insomnie de l'épouse, au calme pieux des mères, à la pureté de notre cause, à la gloire immaculée de nos drapeaux.

Je crois à notre grand passé, à notre grand présent, à notre plus grand avenir.

Je crois aux vivants de la patrie et je crois à ses morts.

Je crois aux mains armées de fer et je crois aux mains jointes.

Je crois en nous. Je crois en Dieu. Je crois, je crois.

Illustration, Sept. 1914.

La Prière pour la France

Nous nous étonnerons moins de rencontrer les accents de la prière chrétienne chez Francis Jammes. Le poète des *Géorgiques chrétiennes* et des *Feuilles dans le vent* s'est, dès l'origine, affirmé comme un croyant. L'amour de la nature, le sens de la réalité, le goût du pittoresque s'allie chez ce Virgile chrétien à la sincérité et à la foi d'un primitif. Dans *Pomme d'Anis*, il avait fait prier en des termes touchants, le malade qu'une cruelle infirmité retient sur sa chaise:

" Seigneur, merci pour mon infirmité. Seigneur, je vous offre le regret de ne pouvoir ployer le genou, etc." Nous ne pouvons malheureusement citer que quelques extraits des prières qu'il a écrites à l'occasion de la guerre. On y reconnait cette simplicité, cette naïveté de forme, sous laquelle se cache souvent un art raffiné qui peut être s'ignore, mais qui n'ignore aucune des ressources de sa langue. Quand il prie, Francis Jammes n'a pas à oublier comme plusieurs de ceux que nous citons dans cet article, son scepticisme, et à fermer pour un moment les yeux de sa raison; il exprime la foi émue d'un cœur qui est habitué à s'élever vers Dieu et à s'adresser à lui quotidiennement dans une humble et fervente prière; c'est ce qui donne à ces pages un accent si vrai et, si l'on peut dire, vécu.

Prière à l'usage d'un soldat dans la tranchée.

D'ici la seule chose que j'aperçoive au dessus de moi, c'est le ciel où je peux communier par la prière avec les chers miens qui le contemplent de là bas.

Qu'il soit azuré, noir ou étoilé, nos pensées et nos âmes peuvent s'y rencontrer d'autant plus aisément qu'il nous dépasse et que, très humble image de Dieu, il est partout, sur la colline dans la plaine et jusqu'au fond de la tranchée.

. . . . .

Que je vous redise (Seigneur Jésus) les mots qui vous inclinèrent à demeurer auprès des pélerins d'Emmaus au moment que votre cher visage allait s'éclairer pour eux d'une lueur singulière qui, déjà, rendait leurs cœurs tout brûlants: " restez avec nous, car il se fait tard et déjà le jour baisse."

Restez avec nous et nous serons plus forts que la mort n'est forte.

La Prière pour la France

Le froid, l'humidité, vont de plus en plus envahir la tranchée. . . .

Seigneur je ne vois même pas le ciel s'étoiler. J'ai peur d'être saisi d'angoisse. Il me faut toute ma force et tout mon calme. N'êtes-vous plus dans les ténèbres avec nous?

La paix soit avec vous! C'est moi. Ne craignez point."*

Prière à l'usage de la Mère du soldat.

Patronne des mamans, vous savez que j'ai enveloppé de tout mon être mon fils avant qu'il naquit; et j'ai dû souffrir cet arrachement de moi-même auquel Dieu a condamné toute mère, excepté vous dont le cœur fut réservé pour être chastement déchiré au pied de la croix.

. . . . .

Ayez pitié de moi, ô vous qui n'avez pas eu pitié de vous-même, qui vous êtes soumise à l'immolation de ce petit enfant qui reposait sur votre poitrine, dans la crêche, et avec lequel vous jouiez comme je faisais avec le mien.

. . . . .

Nos enfants sont en croix comme le vôtre qui n'en voulut point descendre. Que s'il se peut que les mains de mon soldat soient epargnées, invoquez devant le Père qui est aux cieux les mains de l'Enfant Jésus vous offrant des fleurs. . . .

. . . . .

Mais que si, ô Mère des douleurs, ma prière ne pouvait être exaucée dans le sens que mon âme vous la présente . . . alors venez et aidez-moi. Aidex-moi parceque je ne pourrais jamais toute seule supporter un tel poids. Aidez-moi parceque vous avez été vous-même aidée. . . .†

Ces prières ont été inspirées, on le voit, par les terribles événements des derniers mois.

Mais longtemps auparavant un malaise profond se faisait sentir en France qui mettait au cœur des patriotes clairvoyants l'angoisse de l'avenir. Avec cette seconde vue des poètes, qui est de la divination, quelques uns voyaient venir l'orage.

* *La Croix*, 19 Janvier 1915.

† *La Croix* du samedi, 8 mars 1915. Dans *la Croix* du 6 juillet 1915, il y a une autre prière à l'usage des enfants d'un soldat et une à l'usage de la femme d'un soldat.

La Prière pour la France

On ne lira pas sans émotion la prière suivante du grand patriote que fut Déroulède, mort à la veille de cette guerre qu'il avait prévue, et dont il envisageait l'issue avec confiance; on devrait peut être dire qu'il l'appelait de ses vœux, la sachant inévitable. Rarement le poète soldat qui a chanté avec tant de verve, d'énergie et d'enthousiasme, la bataille et la revanche, a été mieux inspiré. Ces vers d'une facture excellente, d'un vif mouvement respirent l'ardeur des convictions et donnent un accent de foi qui ne trompe pas.

Je crois en Dieu. Le siècle est mauvais, l'heure est trouble,
Un souffle de blasphème égare les esprits;
L'honneur contre l'argent se joue à quitte ou double,
Le mal est sans danger et l'homme est sans mépris.

Je crois en Dieu. La mode est d'insulter le prêtre,
Bien imprudent qui fait le signe de la croix!
Quiconque est un chrétien est bien près d'être un traître,
Des devoirs nul n'en veut, nous n'avons que des droits.

Je crois en Dieu. Qu'importe à ma prière ardente
Des criminels joyeux le triomphe apparent!
Ce cercle de dégoût n'est pas l'enfer de Dante,
Mon cœur n'a pas perdu l'espérance en entrant.

Je crois en Dieu. La France attristée, abattue,
Laisse opprimer son âme et forcer son aveu,
La grande nation dort d'un sommeil qui tue,
Mais l'heure du sursaut viendra. Je crois en Dieu.

L'heure du sursaut est venue. Il a été si soudain, si puissant, si universel, que Déroulède lui-même en eût été étonné. Ce peuple qu'il voyait courir à l'abîme, s'est ressaisi; il s'est relevé d'un mouvement que l'on a appelé le *Miracle français;* il s'est uni pour combattre l'ennemi commun.

Le même poète en traversant Valence, adressait en 1913 à son ami l'artiste Lucien Pallez, ces vers qui ont été publiés par *le Gaulois* à l'occasion de la mort de Déroulède, février 1914.

La Prière pour la France

Mère de Dieu, vierge Marie,
Par ces douleurs endolorie,
Jésus pleure quand vous pleurez.

Apitoyez-le sur nos peines
Et portez-lui, Reine des Reines,
L'écho de nos miserérés.

Pitié pour un peuple qui souffre,
Un peuple que mènent au gouffre
Les méchants et les égarés.

Soyez, soyez pour notre France
Notre-Dame de Recouvrance,
Vierge des désemparés!

Cette prière est d'une inspiration plus tendre; on croit entendre un écho du *Stabat Mater dolorosa*. Les tercets qui la composent, sont d'ailleurs de même mesure et presque de même rythme, que les strophes fameuses d'une harmonie si touchante, d'une forme si populaire, de Fra Jacopone.

François Coppée a été le poète de nos tristesses après-avoir été le chantre des petites scènes de la vie de chaque jour. Il s'est révélé patriote ardent et perspicace. Comme Déroulède et tout près de lui, il a vu le complot des utopistes et des sectaires qui, parfois sans doute à leur insu, menaçaient l'existence même de la patrie en la divisant, et blasphèmaient le drapeau. Comme Déroulède, il est mort à la veille de la déclaration de la guerre trop tôt pour voir le *sursaut* de la patrie, et sa magnifique attitude devant l'ennemi. Le morceau suivant est du 24 décembre, 1899, heure triste où il semblait à ceux qui aimaient la France que l'on travaillait à l'affaiblir et à la perdre. Il porte la marque de ses meilleures compositions, l'allure naturelle et aisée, l'heureux choix des expressions, et surtout la vérité de l'accent, et la sincérité de l'émotion. Il devrait prendre place dans toutes nos anthologies.

La Prière pour la France

PRIÈRE POUR LA FRANCE

Dieu des Chrétiens, Dieu véritable,
En qui très humblement je crois,
Dieu du Calvaire et de l'Etable,
Dieu de la Crèche et de la Croix.

Dieu des souffrants, né sur la paille
Et mort sur un gibet affreux,
Regarde. . . . La France défaille,
Et nous sommes bien malheureux!

Un vent de discorde désole
Ce pays aux douces saisons
Où le bon grain de ta parole
Jadis donna tant de moissons;

Où, dans une simple fillette,
Ta puissance se révéla,
Quand Geneviève et sa houlette
Ont fait reculer Attila;

Où—merveille encor plus étrange!—
Tu prêtas contre l'ennemi,
Le glaive enflammé de l'archange
A la vierge de Domrémy.

Helas! La France qui fut tienne
Depuis trop longtemps fuit ta loi;
Mais son âme toujours chrétienne
Dans l'angoisse revient vers toi.

Oui, les dalles de ton église,
Nous les userons à genoux! . . .
Mais notre patrie agonise.
Sauve-nous, Seigneur, sauve-nous!

Vois. Tous les cœurs sont lourds de haine,
On respire une odeur de sang,
Et la catastrophe est prochaine . . .
Pitié! Pitié! Dieu tout puissant!

Qu'un soudain éclair de ta foudre,
Pendant qu'il en est temps encor,

La Prière pour la France

Jette à terre et réduise en poudre
L'idole infâme, le Veau d'or.

Calme le pauvre plein d'envie,
Qui gronde aux portes du festin,
Et donne aux heureux de la vie
Le cœur du Bon Samaritain.

Cette noble France, tu l'aimes;
Elle a fait ton geste souvent.
Protège-nous contre nous-mêmes.
Fais un miracle, ô Dieu vivant!

Rends-nous vraiment égaux et frères,
Sous un ciel pacifique et doux;
Et, si c'est l'orage des guerres
Qui menace, ô Jésus, rends-nous.

La foi du soldat catholique
A qui le trépas semble beau,
S'il voit ton Paradis mystique
A travers les trous du drapeau!

Arrête-nous au bord du gouffre.
Pour Noel, divin nouveau-né,
Dis-nous que ce peuple qui souffre
Par toi n'est pas abandonné.

Car, cette nuit, fils de Marie,
Tel qui prétend ne croire à rien,
Malgré lui sent son cœur qui prie
Et se retrouve un peu chrétien.

Vois, dans ces heures menaçantes,
Les pauvres mères tout en pleurs
Joindre les deux mains innocentes
D'un petit enfant sous les leurs,

Et vers les clartés sidérales
Et les abîmes effrayants,
Toutes nos vieilles cathédrales
Tendre leurs clochers suppliants!

Décembre 24, 1899.

La Prière pour la France

O noble et vaillant poète! Votre prière a été exaucée, elle l'a été au delà de toutes vos espérances; le divin nouveau-né a entendu vos accents: il nous a prêté contre l'ennemi, comme il l'avait fait pour la vierge de Domrémy,

LE GLAIVE ENFLAMMÉ DE L'ARCHANGE

René Bazin a été lui aussi un patriote averti. C'est en 1911, à un moment où des fils impies semblaient méconnaître leur mère, qu'il nous disait dans *La Douce France*, ses titres à notre amour. Son roman des *Oberlé* quelques années encore auparavant, avait fait tressaillir le cœur de tous les vrais Français en rappelant, avec *Colette Baudoche*, le souvenir de la France *irredenta*. C'est là que nous lisons la prière du curé alsacien improvisée à la demande de Jean Oberlé, sur les sommets de Sainte-Odile, ce promontoire qui s'avance vers la terre de France.

Mon Dieu, voici que nous voyons, de votre sainte Odile, presque toute la terre bien-aimée, nos villes, nos villages, nos champs. Mais elle n'est pas toute ici, et, de l'autre côté des montagnes, c'était aussi la terre de chez nous. Vous avez permis que nous fussions séparés. Mon cœur se fend d'y penser, car, de l'autre côté des montagnes, la nation que nous aimions est celle que vous aimez encore. C'est la plus vieille des nations chrétiennes, c'est la plus proche de l'aménité divine. Elle a plus d'anges dans son ciel, parce qu'elle a plus d'églises et de chapelles, plus de tombes saintes à défendre, plus de poussière sacrée mêlée à ses guérets, à ses herbes, aux eaux qui la pénètrent et la nourrissent. Mon Dieu, nous avons souffert dans nos corps, dans nos biens; nous souffrons encore dans nos souvenirs. Faites durer nos souvenirs, cependant, et, que la France, non plus, n'oublie pas! Faites qu'elle soit la plus digne de conduire les nations. Rendez-lui la sœur perdue qui peut revenir aussi. . . . Amen!

L'année qui vient de s'écouler rappelle à tous les français les souvenirs de 1870, *l'Année terrible*. Les malheurs de la patrie avaient alors aussi tourné vers Dieu quelques uns de nos poètes. On ne trouvera pas ici sans quelque étonnement le nom d Edouard Pailleron; après un moment de popularité, il est bien tombé en

oubli; il ne vit guère plus que par l'une de ses comédies "*Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*," dont le mérite même a été surfait. On ne s'attendrait guère à rencontrer sous la plume de l'auteur de tant de comédies faciles, une prière pour la France. Ecrite au lendemain de nos désastres, elle mérite d'être remise au jour, moins pour la valeur de la forme, où l'on pourrait relever quelques négligences, que pour la sincérité de l'accent et pour la noblesse des pensées.

PRIÈRE POUR LA FRANCE

De l'abîme, Seigneur, Seigneur, vers vous je crie;
Je sais que devant vous nul n'est pur, mais vraiment
Vous nous avez frappés aussi trop rudement.
Grâce! Epargnez enfin ce peuple qui vous aime,
Maintenant qu'il n'a plus d'ennemi que lui-même,
Liez sa main! de peur qu'il ne dépense encor
Contre lui sa colère ardente—ce trésor!
Des partie affolés calmez le rut cynique!
Pour seule ambition et pour pâture unique,
Et pour tourment fécond et des nuits et des jours,
Donnez-nous cet amour fait de tous les amours,
Le tien, Patrie! Et que ton image voilée
Soit debout dans nos cœurs, ô grande inconsolée!
Obsède-nous sans trève, à toute heure, en tout lieu,
Amour fait d'un mystère et d'un nom—comme Dieu!
Que son feu nous unisse et sa foi nous enivre. . . .
Sachons mieux que mourir pour elle,—sachons vivre.
O mon Père, ô mon Dieu, je vous prie à genoux,
Laissez-nous notre orgueil suprême, laissez-nous
Cette vertu dernière et qui nous est restée,
La seule qui chez nous n'a jamais eu d'athée
L'honneur, cette pudeur des peuples, oui, l'Honneur!
Et nous vous bénirons dans les siècles, Seigneur!

De Pailleron à Louis Veuillot la distance est grande. Si le nom du premier est en train de s'enfoncer doucement dans l'oubli, celui de Veuillot s'impose chaque jour d'avantage à l'attention de la critique et prend une place incontestée à côté de nos plus grands prosateurs. De tout premier ordre comme journaliste, polémiste,

pamphlétaire, publiciste et épistolier, il a ambitionné la gloire poétique et quoiqu'il ne soit pas ici parmi les maîtres, il a cueilli quelques palmes glorieuses sur le Parnasse.

Sa prière, que l'on pourrait appeler la résurrection ou l'Alleluia de la France, n'est peut être pas son chef d'œuvre en poésie, néanmoins elle ne manque pas d'intérêt. Quelques unes des strophes sont de belle venue. Faut-il faire remarquer que ces tercets composés de vers de huit syllabes rappellent par leur rythme, leur nombre et leur refrain, aussi bien que par leur inspiration, un très vieux chant d'église, une séquence célèbre et encore en usage, *l'O Filii et Filiae* pascal, chant naïf et sans prétention, d'un joyeux mouvement, et qui par la sonorité de son harmonie et la simplicité de sa composition est un des modèles de la chanson latine populaire. Il semble bien que Louis Veuillot s'en soit inspiré.*

Peuples, chantez! Le ciel est beau,
Dieu vous rallume un grand flambeau.
La France enfin sort du tombeau.
Alleluia.

Pour le pays humilié
En vain l'orgueil a supplié.
Mais Pierre et la Vierge ont prié
Alleluia.

Voyant sa peine et ses remords,
Dieu l'a tiré d'entre les morts,
Le peuple franc, le Fort des forts!
Alleluia.

Tu deviens pâle horriblement;
Dis-nous, qu'as-tu vu, l'allemand?
J'ai vu la France et Dieu s'aimant!
Alleluia!

* Voici la première strophe:

"O Filii et Filiae
Rex coelestis rex gloriae
Morte surrexit hodie. Alleluia."

La Prière pour la France

La France avait son regard fier,
Elle disait: J'ai tant souffert!
Je n'ai plus d'or mais j'ai du fer!
Alleluia!

La lèvre aux pieds du Christ puissant,
Elle disait d'un mâle accent:
Je n'ai plus d'or mais j'ai du sang!
Alleluia!

Elle disait au Christ en croix:
J'ai péché, mais j'aime et je crois,
O mon vrai Dieu, sois mon vrai Roi!
Alleluia!

Le sang du Christ coulait vermeil,
Et le glaive, au flanc sans pareil,
Etincelait comme un soleil.
Alleluia!

Que feras-tu, régénéré,
O mon peuple?—O mon Roi, j'irai
Criant que tu m'as délivré.
Alleluia!

J'irai vers tous les peuples morts. . . .
La pierre cède à mes efforts
Et tu diras:—Lazare, sors!
Alleluia!*

L'O Filii et Filiae nous servira tout naturellement de transition pour parler ici d'une prière de Mistral. Le grand poète provençal a ressuscité, peut être sans s'en douter, ces mètres simples, harmonieux, d'apparence si facile, mais souvent d'une facture si savante, d'un sentiment si vrai, comme le chant pascal que nous venons de citer et quelques autres proses latines qui ont survécu au naufrage de la poésie liturgique. La traduction, encore qu'elle soit de Mistral lui-même, ne peut rendre l'accent du texte et surtout cette harmonie inimitable qui donne

* *La Croix* 8 Avril 1915.

à chaque syllable sa valeur musicale. C'est pourquoi nous citerons quelques strophes dans l'original, afin que l'on voie du coup la différence entre ce dialecte du midi et celui du nord son heureux rival qui, après l'avoir évincé et relégué au second rang avec les autres parlers d'oc, est devenu le français.

Lou Saume de la Penitenci
(à Armand de Pontmartin)

Segnour, à la fin ta coulèro
Largo son tron
Sus nòsti front;
E dins la niue nosto galerò
Pico d'à pro
Contra li ro.

Segnour, au ferri dei Barbare
Nous fas chabla
Coume un beù bla;
E noun n'i'a ges que nous apare,
Di galapian
Qu'aparavian!

Segnour, nous gibles coume un vege;
E roumpes vuei
Tout noste ourguei;
E i'a plus res que nous enveje
Naùtri qu'aier
Fasian li fier! etc.

Le Psaume de la Penitence
(à Armand de Pontmartin)

I

Seigneur, à la fin ta colère
Lance ses foudres
Sur nos fronts;
Et dans la nuit notre galère
Heurte sa proue
Contre les rocs.

Seigneur, par le fer des Barbares
Tu nous fais hâcher
Comme un beau blé;

La Prière pour la France

Et à notre défense pas un qui accoure
Des escogriffes
Que nous défendions!

Seigneur, tu nous tords comme l'osier
Et tu romps aujourd'hui
Tout notre orgueil;
Et il n'est plus personne qui nous porte envie,
Nous qui hier
Faisions les fiers!

Seigneur, dans la guerre et la discorde
Se ruine
Notre pays;
Et sans ta miséricorde
Se mangeront
Pettis et grands.

Seigneur, terrible tu nous frappes;
Dans un trouble
Effrayant
Tu brises notre puissance et tu nous forces
A confesser
Le mal passé.

II

Seigneur, des lois et voies antiques
Nous avions quitté
L'austérité;
Vertu, coutumes domestiques
Nous avions tout détruit
Démoli.

Seigneur, donnant mauvais exemple
Et reniant
Comme payens
Nous avions fermé tes temples
Et nous nous étions ri
De ton saint Christ.

Seigneur, laissant derrière nous
Tes sacrements
Et commandements

La Prière pour la France

Nous n'avons, brutaux, plus voulu croire
Qu' à l'intérêt
Et qu'au progrès.

Seigneur, nous avons dans le ciel désert
Voilé ta lumière
De notre fumée;
Et de leurs pères nus et chastes
Aujourd'hui les fils
Vont, se moquant.

Seigneur, nous avons soufflé sur ta bible
Avec les vents
Des faux savants;
Et nous dressant tels que des peupliers,
Nous nous sommes, chétifs,
Déclarés dieux!

Seigneur, nous avons quitté le sillon,
Mis tout respect
Sous les pieds
Et du gros vin qui nous enivre
Nous souillons
Les innocents.

III

Seigneur, nous sommes tes enfants prodigues;
Mais nous sommes
Tes vieux chrétiens;
Que ta juste colère nous châtie
Mais au trépas
Ne nous laisse point!

Seigneur, au nom de tant de braves
Qui sont partis
Sans défaillir
Et valeureux, dociles et graves
Ensuite sont tombés
Dans les combats.

Seigneur, au nom de tant de mères
Qui pour leurs fils
Vont prier Dieu

La Prière pour la France

Et qui, ni l'an prochain, hélas!
Ni l'autre année
Ne les reverront;

Seigneur, au nom de tant de femmes
Qui ont au sein
Un petit enfant,
Et qui, pauvrettes! de leurs larmes
Mouillent la terre
Et le drap de leur lit;

Seigneur, au nom des pauvres gens,
Au nom des forts,
Au nom des morts,
Qui auront péri pour la patrie
Pour leur devoir
Et pour leur foi!

Seigneur pour tant de revers.
Pour tant de pleurs
Et de douleurs;
Pour tant de villes ravagées
Pour tant de sang
Vaillant et saint!

Seigneur pour tant d'adversités
De massacres
D'incendies;
Pour tant de deuil sur notre France
Pour tant d'affronts
Sur notre front.

IV

Seigneur, désarme ta justice!
Jette un regard
Par ici-bas;
Et enfin écoute les cris
Des meurtris
Et des blessés!

Seigneur, si la Cité rebelle
Qui nous régit
Et nous contraint

La Prière pour la France

A fait déverser ta balance
En regimbant
Et te niant,*

Seigneur, épargne la Provence
Car si elle a failli,
C'est par oubli . . .
Nous voulons laver nos offenses
En regrettant
Le mal d'autrefois.

Seigneur, nous voulons devenir des hommes;
En liberté
Tu peux nous mettre:
Nous sommes fils de Rome et de noble race,
Et nous marchons droits
Dans notre pays.

Seigneur, nous ne sommes pas les auteurs du mal;
Envoie ici-bas
Un rayon de paix!
Seigneur, viens en aide à notre cause!
Et nous revivrons
Et nous t'aimerons.

Les pages des écrivains que nous venons de citer ont été écrites dans ces derniers temps; quelques unes remontent tout au plus à un demi-siècle. Mais les sentiments qui les ont inspirées ne sont pas d'hier. Si nous voulions en trouver l'origine, il faudrait remonter la suite des siècles à travers notre histoire, jusqu'à Clovis peut être, dont Grégoire de Tours nous a conservé la prière au Christ lorsqu'il luttait, encore païen, à la tête de ses Francs.

Nous reconnaîtrions les mêmes accents dans la Chanson de Roland et dans nos grandes épopées nationales. Plus tard au XVIe. siècle nos poètes, Jean le Houx, Jean Le Maire de Belges et Ronsard à leur tête, ont parlé en termes émus de la douce France; ils ont prié pour elle en vers éloquents. Nous aimerions, si l'espace ne nous

* Allusion à la guerre civile excitée par la commune de Paris.

était pas strictement limité, à citer quelques unes de leurs strophes. Peut être pourrons-nous quelque jour en faire un recueil plus complet. A la veille de la guerre de 1870 un érudit qui débutait et qui, depuis, a fourni une brillante carrière, Paul Viollet, réunissait dans un livre très intéressant mais malheureusement aujourd'hui introuvable, les prières écrites depuis l'origine de la monarchie française par des rois ou par des membres des familles royales.*

Or tous ces documents ne présentent pas seulement un intérêt littéraire ou historique. Ils méritent aussi d'être étudiés au point de vue religieux. Ils sont un témoignage de la foi et de la piété de nos ancêtres. Puissent toutes ces prières obtenir leur effet. Puissent tous les français comprendre à cette heure de crise, que chacun après avoir fait tout son devoir envers la Patrie, doit regarder vers Dieu " d'où nous viendra le secours." Car comme le dit encore le Psalmiste " Si le Seigneur ne garde pas la cité, c'est en vain que veille celui qui la garde."

FERNAND CABROL

* *Œuvres chrétiennes des familles royales de France.* Paris. 1870.

THE TEUTONIC KNIGHTS & THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA

IT is recorded by one of the chroniclers of the Crusades that in the year 1128 "a certain honourable and religious German, inspired by providence, founded at Jerusalem, where he was living with his wife, a hospital for his compatriots." It was not a large house, and we have no knowledge of its precise location; nor had its pious founder, of whose very name we are also ignorant, any more extensive aim than to provide a resting place for German pilgrims, or a place where Germans, wounded in the battles of the Crusades, might be nursed back to health among those who spoke their own language. Could it have been granted to him to look onward through the centuries and to know all that was to come of his modest foundation, he would have been very much surprised, and, it may be, not a little horrified.

The fall of the Latin Kingdom at Jerusalem soon brought the original house to an end, but the idea survived its first home. It was refounded at Acre as a military order, the original brothers of St John who had been tending the sick being ennobled to enable them to take up their new duties, and as the Teutonic Order of Knights, it grew and prospered exceedingly. One German prince after another, including the Emperor himself, loaded it with favours and privileges, until by the end of the century it vied with, if it did not surpass, the two older Orders of the Templars and of the Hospitallers of St John. Its members, with their white cloaks over their armour, and bearing the black cross on the silver shield, must have been by no means the least picturesque among the various Princes and Orders who found themselves strangely crowded together, all Europe in miniature, in the little town of Acre; and certainly none surpassed them either in skill or valour on the field of battle. Already they were rich and powerful, possessing estates and revenues in every part of Germany and led

by a grand master who ranked as one of the Princes of the Empire. No such astonishing result in the short period of seventy years could possibly have been foreseen, even in his wildest dreams, by the peaceful and pious Teuton whose original benefaction had been the seed out of which all this had been developed.

The end of the Crusades, when Acre fell, involved for the military Orders the loss of the very reason of their existence, and they faced the crisis each in a different way. The Templars retired on to their estates in France and other countries of Europe and lived there in idleness and inaction. As they had outlived their usefulness, their wealth attracted envy, while their luxury tended to decay. It was not long before they came to an inglorious end, the victims of accusations that were probably only very partially accurate, and their wealth and possessions were seized by the monarchs of the various kingdoms and turned to other uses.

The Knights of St John took a worthier course. If they could not any longer carry out the objects for which they were founded in Palestine itself, they would do the thing that was nearest and so be faithful to their vows. They seized the island of Rhodes; established themselves there as a bulwark of Christianity, became the chief maritime power in the Eastern Mediterranean, and did a work in holding back the Moslem flood of invasion, the value of which to Constantinople and, indeed, to all Europe can simply never be exaggerated. Driven at last from Rhodes, with all the honours of war, in 1522, they re-established themselves at Malta and continued their double labours of providing a great hospital for the sick and of fighting against the infidels, until at last they were brought to an end, so far as their active existence is concerned, in the general cataclysm of the French Revolution in 1798.

The course that was taken by the Teutonic Knights was somewhat similar. They accepted an invitation of the King of Poland to come and fight against the heathens of the North, since they could no longer fight against the

infidels of the South, and, since Jerusalem was for the future beyond their attainment, to conquer for Germany and for Christendom the great district of Prussia which still remained the last stronghold of the Paganism of the North.

Hermann of Salza, who was grand master at the time, refused to undertake this new enterprise except with the highest and most formal approval of both Church and State; and this caused some delay before it was obtained; for Pope and Emperor were by no means at one. At last, however, the Pope consented and granted the land of Prussia to the Teutonic Order to be held " freely and in full ownership " under the invocation of St Peter. The Emperor, too, in token of full approval of the enterprise, granted to the Order, in addition to the *cross sable* which they had always borne, the right to emblazon the imperial eagle, and so to go forth to their crusade the representatives of the Holy Roman Empire as well as of Catholic Christianity.

Prussia, the country to which they were to go, stretched along the shores of the Baltic for a considerable distance on either side of the mouths of the Vistula. The inhabitants were not Germans by blood, but rather Lithuanians, of a wild and rugged bravery, tenacious to the utmost of their ancestral customs and religion, who had hitherto resisted all attempts to convert them to Christianity, and still in the thirteenth century, hundreds of years after the conversion of all the rest of Europe, kept alive the old heathen religion of Northern Europe and worshipped the ancient deities. Such a survival of heathenism at so late a period of history was naturally regarded by their Teutonic neighbours as a disgrace to themselves and to Christendom, and the Knights in undertaking their conversion and subjugating their country appeared to all to be engaging in a work that was only less meritorious than the Crusades to which they owed their origin. They began the enterprise in 1230 and made their headquarters in the great Castle of Marienburg, which they built on the left bank of the larger of the two mouths of the

river Vistula, in the very centre of the country they had undertaken to subjugate. From that castle they went forth on military enterprises which claimed, incongruously enough, to be really peaceful missionary expeditions. The aboriginal inhabitants were converted, not by the more usual and milder methods of reason and argument, but literally at the point of the sword and as the sole condition on which their lives were spared. The conversion under such circumstances could hardly be deep or heartfelt, but the method was successful after a fashion, and, after seventy years of perpetual fighting and sanguinary encounters, the end of the thirteenth century found their work accomplished, and Prussia not only reduced to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Order, but also professing, at least externally, to be a Christian and Catholic land. The ancient heathenism, if not actually dead, was at least effectually scotched, and henceforth survived only in remote places and in the secrecy of private homes.

This thirteenth century was the heroic age of the Teutonic Order. However much we may dislike the methods they adopted, there can be no doubt at this period of the sincerity of its members. They lived a hard warrior life, and combined with it an almost monastic devotion. The legends of individual knights remind us of King Arthur and the Round Table, of Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad. Take, for instance, the story of another Hermann who lived towards the end of the century. Wounded to death upon the field of battle, he refused absolutely to be carried away to safety where his wounds could be dressed. " I have just seen the Holy Virgin," he said; " she came with two women bearing torches and censed all the bodies of the slain, ' Rejoice,' she said to me, ' only three days more and you too shall be in Paradise.' Leave me alone, and let me die where I lie, for I would rather that death found me not in my bed, but on the field of battle."

With the commencement of the fourteenth century, the dominion of the knights found itself finally es-

tablished. The grand master ranked among the sovereigns of Europe. His ambassadors went to the court of the Emperor and to many another of his neighbour States. The knights, drawn from all parts of Germany and all of noble blood, numbered not less than a thousand, and were followed by a far larger number of men-at-arms. The whole government was essentially military and despotic—to the conquered Prussians no political rights whatever were granted, to German colonists scarcely more. As soldiers they were supreme, a school of military science unequalled in Europe, and the highest nobles were proud to be enrolled in their ranks. Even kings were not wanting, and it was after one of these, John of Bohemia, while he was a Knight of the Order, that the new town and fortress of Königsberg was named, which at a later date became the capital of Prussia. It is curious, too, to note, in view of present events, that even in these early times they were famous for their artillery, and constructed at Marienburg, in 1408, a gun of such unheard-of magnitude that stones of sufficient size could not be found to serve as projectiles, but had to be quarried on purpose from the living rock. "Vainly," says a contemporary, "would one have sought the like in Germany, in Poland or in Hungary." The actual cost of this monster was said to have been no less a sum than £6,000, which represents, of course, a far larger amount at the present day.

The rule of life which was binding on the knight at this period was not lacking in austerity. He took the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in perpetuity, and aimed at a life of perfection similar to that of the monastic orders, although destitute of most of the helps which are provided by the sheltered life of a monastery. He was not bound to the recitation of the Breviary, and indeed had often but little Latin to boast of. On the other hand, there were always chaplains attached to the Order, of which, in fact, they formed an integral part; and these provided the masses which the knights and other lay-members attended. It was only in

later years that the discipline and devotion of the Order became seriously impaired. Throughout the thirteenth and the earlier part of the fourteenth century the rule was well kept throughout the country.

The conquest of the district was like a flood, rising and falling with the varying fortunes of war. An army of crusaders would set out with the object of subduing some particular portion of territory. They marched prudently and with caution, sending scouts in front of them and trying by every method to keep their movements secret. Almost always they succeeded in surprising their enemies, and taking them at a disadvantage. Then they would seize some special point, the spur of a hill or the junction of two watercourses. Here they would build a castle, or at least erect fortifications which would guard against surprise. At the foot of the hill, or in some suitable place close by, they would build a village, itself also fortified and with every house capable of supporting a defence against a sudden attack. Here they would establish German colonists, who had accompanied them from Marienburg or whatever other base they had started from, and who had been collected in advance from every part of Germany to play their necessary part in the subjugation and colonization of the country. These colonists consisted not only of men, but of whole families of workmen and labourers, come from their native land to seek their fortune in this new country, to settle there under the protection of the knights, and to share in some degree in the merits and spiritual advantages of the crusade. A knight commander of the Order—Junker was the actual title by which he was known—was put in charge of the castle and conquered district, with a certain garrison of junior knights and men-at-arms, and he held it and administered it on behalf of the grand master and the Order. When this was accomplished the army returned to its base, to sally forth once more the next year and to make a new foundation in some other district. As soon as it was gone the aboriginal inhabitants would attack in force and try to

reconquer the ground they had lost. Sometimes they would succeed, more often they would fail, and the colonists by degrees established themselves in comparative security. Gradually the whole country became covered with settlements of this kind, the lands cultivated by the colonists, and the spheres of influence of the various knight commanders touched one another, and in this way the whole district was gradually civilized and brought under German rule.

The aboriginal inhabitants in the meantime were being slowly but remorselessly crowded out of existence. At first, as has been said, those who were captured were made Christians by force, or else were put to death. As time went on, and the hopeless position of the pagan prospects became increasingly manifest to all, conversions of a nominal character became more numerous. Gradually the whole population came to call itself Christian; it was the only way in which the original inhabitants could maintain themselves in being and live unmolested by their German conquerors. Of regular and solid instruction to these poor people there was almost none; it was thought enough that they should conform nominally and be baptized, without much further thought being taken about them. Individual chaplains may, no doubt, have taken a deeper view of their responsibilities, but the ordinary knights and men-at-arms would scarcely have been capable of doing much for their instruction even if they had wished it, and the German colonists, even if they were good Catholics themselves, had probably no very intimate intercourse with those whom they regarded as members of an inferior and a dying race.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the old paganism lingered on even after its adherents had become nominally Christian. The Bishop of Posen, early in the fifteenth century, accused the Order of having left two-thirds of the Prussian inhabitants in the errors of paganism, and of using these barbarians against their neighbours in the capacity of soldiers. Even in the sixteenth century in some villages interpreters were

necessary before the German priests could make themselves understood by the people to whom they preached, and it was asserted that here and there in Prussia there were still held assemblies by night in the old high places, where pagan priests still offered sacrifice to the ancient divinities. But by that time the old Prussian language was rapidly becoming extinct and the old Lithuanian race was ceasing to exist. A whole people had disappeared to make room for the German colonists who had taken their place. They passed away or got absorbed into the mass of their conquerors, but in passing they left their influence behind them. Paganism as such was doubtless dead or dying, but pagan ideas were still widely prevalent, even among the conquering race. There was no part of Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century where Christianity had so weak a hold as in these regions of the North. The long wars of the centuries had set their mark upon the German conquerors, and Treitschke is doubtless right when he traces to this source "the hardness of our national character" and tells how the modern Prussian race is built upon "the triple pride of the Knight, the Christian and the German."

Of this threefold pride of race the Castle of Marienburg remains to-day an incomparable expression. It has been restored, perhaps one may say a little over restored, by the grandfather of the present Emperor, whose property it is. The ancient church of the Order is a striking work of Gothic of the thirteenth century, with the oak stalls of the knights still intact. Upon the west front there is still the great mosaic, representing our Blessed Lady wearing the royal crown, and carrying the infant Jesus, almost like a plaything, in her left hand. She embodies in herself, to a singular degree, the characteristics of the Order over whom she thus presided. We have here no gentle mother, losing herself in adoring love for the infant in her arms. Rather is she the goddess of war, mighty and powerful, going forth to victory over the enemies of God, with little trace of pity in her features; a fitting patroness for an Order which thought to do God

service by stern warfare against a pagan race, and which never allowed itself to be moved by sentiments of pity or compassion towards those whom it crushed out of existence or at best reduced to a state of slavery and abject submission to their conquerors' will.

From this Castle of Marienburg the grand master of the Order ruled over a wide State. His dominions reached to the Oder on the one hand, and to Memel on the other. In all Europe there was no State better governed, even if the government was harsh and military; nor in all the East was there any State more powerful in matters of war.

The election of the grand master was in the hands of the knights commanders. As soon as a grand master died messengers were sent to all the commanderies in Prussia and in Germany, bidding all the knights to assemble for the consistory at Marienburg. Thirteen electors were nominated; the first by a knight who for the moment filled the place of the grand master, the second by the knight thus nominated, the third by these two jointly, and so on by constant additions made by those already elected, until the full number was attained. These had to be made up of one priest, eight knights and four simple brothers; and an oath was taken by them that they would elect only one born in lawful wedlock, and one who had never undergone penance for any offence against the rule.

When the election was completed, and the grand master installed, he was by no means possessed of despotic powers. Rather he was the head of an aristocracy, and nothing more. The legislative authority rested in the General Chapter and without its permission the grand master could do but little.

The territory of the knights was divided into commanderies, and each commandery again was subdivided into districts. A chapter was held in every commandery each Sunday for the regulation of affairs. The life of every member of the Order was regulated by the rule, which was very precise and descended to minute particulars. There were three days in each week for abstinence, and Friday was always a fast day, on which also silence was

observed from the evening collation until bedtime. At night all slept half dressed, and with the sword ready to their hands, in token that they must always be prepared to fight for the Order and the Faith. A light was kept burning in each dormitory throughout the night.

In the fifteenth century, after the whole country had been subjugated and brought under the sway of the Order, the religious zeal began to diminish greatly. Everything continued as before, there was no overt change made in the constitutions; but there was a general lowering of religious fervour, and a corresponding laxity crept into the keeping of the rule. At the same time their military efficiency became less. Involved in one war after another with the neighbouring kingdom of Poland, they suffered considerable loss of territory. The Poles came right down to the Baltic at Dantzic, captured the Castle of Marienburg and cut the territory of the knights into two portions. In consequence of this the headquarters of the Order was removed further east, to Königsberg. To strengthen themselves under these circumstances, and with a view of obtaining some of the advantages which the heads of other States derived from matrimonial alliances, a practice grew up of electing as grand master some prince from a neighbouring State, whose family influence could in this way be enlisted on their behalf. As these princes were not originally members of the Order before their election, and could not be supposed in every case to have any strong vocation to the difficult life of a knight, this naturally tended to still greater laxity in the Order. The grand masters were bound to the three vows, and kept them, no doubt, to some extent in the letter, but the spirit was largely ignored. Except that they were not legally married, several of the grand masters of the fifteenth century were living lives which were not very different from those of the secular princes of the same period.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, when all Northern Germany was already ablaze with the new Lutheran doctrines, the office of grand master of the Teutonic knights chanced to be held by one of the

younger members of the Hohenzollern family. This family, originally of South German extraction, had become possessed of the Electorate of Brandenburg, as a hereditary fief from the House of Luxemburg. In 1515 the younger brother of the reigning elector had possessed himself of two of the great ecclesiastical principalities, Magdeburg and Mayence. Another member of the family, Albrecht von Hohenzollern, had already been elected grand master of the Teutonic knights. The Hohenzollerns, therefore, between them, were ruling over nearly the whole of Northern Germany.

Albrecht von Hohenzollern soon came under the sway of the new ideas in religion. They offered him a way of consolidating his position and making himself the ruler of a hereditary princedom without any of the restrictions which were still inseparable from the office of grand master of a great religious Order. How far he was sincere or not in his religious difficulties may be a matter of doubt. In any case, they came in very usefully for his own secular advancement. He consulted Luther on his difficulties, and Luther had no hesitation in bidding him lay aside his " monkery " and become a secular prince. His knights were by no means averse to following his example, induced thereto by Luther's tract " An die Herrn Deutschs Ordens." They seized the lands and property of the Order, and claimed it for themselves, and in this way became the hereditary nobles of the country.

Albrecht caused himself to be solemnly invested and proclaimed Hereditary Duke of Prussia on April 10, 1525, and Luther thereupon sent him his congratulations that God had called him to this position. His marriage followed as a matter of course, and then, with the assistance of his knights, and of the two apostate Bishops of Samland and Pomerania, he established Lutheranism as the religion of his duchy. As chief bishop he himself assumed the headship of the territorial church, following in this the practice which by this time had become general in those districts which adopted Protestantism. The episcopal jurisdiction, which the knights had never

admitted with any great enthusiasm, was transferred to the secular consistorial court.

From this time forth the history of the territory which had once been under the Teutonic knights becomes the history of Prussia, and the history of Prussia is really little more than the history of the continuous aggrandizement of the House of Hohenzollern—an aggrandizement brought about partly by successful marriages and, in a still greater degree, by a series of successful wars against neighbouring States.

The first step in their forward progress was taken before the century was over. The Elector of Brandenburg married his daughter to her cousin the Duke of Prussia, and as a result of this marriage Brandenburg and Prussia became united in 1618. As, about the same time, the Duchies of Cleve-Julich and Pomerania were also acquired, the Hohenzollerns became the most powerful family in Northern Germany, under the Elector of Brandenburg as their head, and with Berlin as their capital. The later developments of their history, by which they became first Kings of Prussia and then Emperors of the Germans are well known to every one. It does not seem as if their ambitions were even yet satisfied, or that they will be satisfied with less than world-power. If the original founder of their power, the unnamed and charitable German who founded long ago the German hospice at Jerusalem, could see now all that has grown out of that humble foundation, and could realize the miseries brought upon the world by these ambitions—and even more if he could realize the evil, moral as well as material, that has been created among his own German people, we may well wonder whether he would have had the courage to persevere with his intention at all or whether he would not rather have chosen to change the whole history of the world by leaving his good and charitable dreams without a material fulfilment.

A. S. BARNES

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

A LARGE building, surmounted by a gilded dome, arrests the attention of the visitor to the very ordinary commercial city of South Bend,* in the State of Indiana. It stands on high ground just outside the town and one is told in answer to one's enquiry " That is the University of Notre Dame."

The prominence of the dome, which can be seen for miles around, the statue of the Madonna, which becomes clearly visible as you approach nearer, and the name of the district, which is the same as the name of the University, give one a curious feeling that the whole region has been placed by devout Catholics under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. At first I thought that the great French priest Père Sorin, who founded this prosperous home of learning in 1842, had dedicated his work to Our Lady as a spontaneous act of devotion. But I soon learnt that the connexion of the spot, both with the name of Mary and with the devoted French clergy, is far older and far more romantic. Père Sorin did not impose on modern commercial America a name associated with Catholic devotion; he found the name as a relic of an earlier European settlement than the English.

The early French missionaries Marquette, La Salle and Allouez all preached to the Indians in this district. The neighbouring river already bore the name of St Joseph 200 years ago. " St Mary of the Lakes " was the designation given by these early Apostles of America to the part of the country in which the University now stands—adjoining the two Lakes—of St Mary and St Joseph. It was the centre of a Christian wilderness extending over a large part of Indiana and S. Michigan. A thriving community of Christian Indians had been formed about 1680 by Père Allouez, and continued by Père Chardon, " a man wonderful in the gift of tongues,"

* So named from the south bend of the river St Joseph.

and by others down to 1759, when a party of English soldiers defeated the French garrison at Fort St Joseph, and the missionaries were carried to Quebec among their prisoners.

Then ensued a sad time of bereavement for the Christian Indians. No priest visited them for seventy years. But the tradition of the " black robe "—as they called the Jesuit missioner—was handed on from generation to generation. And the practice of Christian prayer continued among the Pottawattomies—the principal Indian tribe of the South Bend neighbourhood. In 1830 the Indians learnt of the Mission labours of Father Gabriel Richard in Michigan, and sent a deputation under their chief Pokagan to wait on him at Detroit and plead for a new Mission of Christian priests for Indiana. Pokagan's speech on the occasion, as given by Judge Howard in his history of Notre Dame University, is simple and touching:

> My Father, I come again to implore you to send us a Black Robe to instruct us in the Word of God. If you have no care for us old men, at least have pity on our poor children, who are growing up as we have lived, in ignorance and vice. . . . We still preserve the manner of prayer as taught to our ancestors by the Black Robe who formerly resided at St Joseph. Morning and evening with my wife and children, we pray together before the crucifix. Sunday we pray together oftener. On Fridays we fast until evening, men, women and children, according to the traditions handed down by our fathers and mothers, for we ourselves have never seen a Black Robe at St Joseph. Listen to the prayers which he taught to them and see if I have not learned them correctly.

And thereupon the chief fell upon his knees, made the sign of the cross and recited in his own language the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments.

The result was that three priests were sent in succession to the district of St Mary of the Lakes. Père Stephen Theodore Badin was the first. Born at Orleans in 1768, he was already sixty-two years old. He had been

ordained at Baltimore by Archbishop Carroll in 1793—the first ordination in the United States—and had passed a life of great missionary activity. Père Badin forthwith purchased the section of land containing the two lakes—named after St Mary and St Joseph; and his work was taken up in 1832 by Père de Seille, a Belgian, and afterwards by Père Benjamin Petit—a young lawyer of Rennes, a man of singularly heroic and beautiful character who abandoned the legal profession and became a priest at twenty-four. His devotion to the Indians—as shown in his published letters—was almost a romance. In the very midst of his work for them, when his personal ascendancy was giving the native tribes a Christian zeal which gladdened his heart, the Government gave the order that the Pottawattomies should be removed to the far west. The removal was carried out with roughness, occasionally with barbarity—many were driven at the point of the bayonet. Eventually it was found that Père Petit's influence over them was so great and so helpful in inducing the Indians to consent without further opposition to their change of abode that he was invited by the military authorities to join the emigrants, and the remainder of the journey became a kind of Christian pilgrimage. It was full of hardships. Many died and were buried on the way to the appointed settlement sixty miles beyond the Western line of Missouri, where Père Petit finally consigned his charge to the Jesuit Father Hoeken, who was to attend to their spiritual needs in their new home. But the hardships and fatigue of the journey and the grief of separation had been too much for the devoted and affectionate Frenchman, who died of fever at St Louis on his way back to St Mary of the Lakes.

To this spot—hallowed by the memories of so many holy Frenchmen in the immediate and remoter past—came in 1842 another French priest, the founder of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, Père Sorin. His statue faces the visitor as he drives up to the University—a venerable figure with a strong face and a long beard. His

memory is still green, for he lived to be an old man and died in 1893. He, too, like the missionaries Allouez, Chardon, Badin and Petit, represented a movement of apostolic zeal among the French clergy, for he was one of the Priests of the Holy Cross—a society formed and moulded by Père Basil Anthony Moreau, of the diocese of Mans, a contemporary and intimate college friend of the famous Jesuit Père de Ravignan.*

The picture of Père Moreau which I have seen suggests the saint whom his biographer has described. Asceticism is stamped on the features, zeal burns in the eyes. He had always been eager for foreign missionary work, and when Bishop de la Hailandière, of the American diocese of Vincennes, visited France in 1839 and appealed for missionaries to help him among the Indians he readily responded to the appeal and sent a band of seven priests. Père Edouard Sorin was among them. Père Sorin had already dreamed of America as a field for work, having listened in his youth to the appeals for help made in the seminaries of France by Bishop Bruté—an earlier Bishop of Vincennes. After a solemn ceremony at the mother house at Mans on the feast of Our Lady of Snows, August 5, 1841, he and his friends set out for Havre, whence they sailed as steerage passengers for New York.

The present President of the University of Notre Dame, Dr Cavanaugh, has told the story of his great predecessor's journey briefly and simply in his little history of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. On arriving at New York Père Sorin kissed the earth in token of his devotion to the land of his adoption and the scene of his future mission. His first Mass in the new Cathedral was said on September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. After three days' rest at New York they began their 1,000 miles' journey to Vincennes—and three weeks saw them in their new home.

* The society was formed by the fusion of the already existing Brothers of St Joseph with the Auxiliary Priests of the diocese of Mans—a community somewhat resembling the Oblates of St Charles and initiated by Father Moreau himself.

An American

The foundation of a college was a scheme from the first near to Père Sorin's heart. There was no opening for this near Vincennes, and after a year spent in mission work and in learning English he very gladly accepted the Bishop's offer of the tract of land near South Bend, already known as St Mary of the Lakes, as the site of his future college.

A remnant of the Indians still dwelt in the neighbourhood. They were absent on a hunting expedition when he arrived, but on their return they greeted the newcomers with joy. And Père Sorin succeeded in some sort to the missionary work of Badin, de Seille and Petit, whose memories were held sacred among the natives.

The early story of the University is a testimony to the unflagging determination of Père Sorin and his colleagues. They began with less than £300, in addition to the land —a sum which must have made the enterprise seem simply quixotic to onlookers "of little faith." The sequel was full of vicissitude, but too long for these pages. It is a story of the triumph of indomitable faith and courage over constantly recurring obstacles which seemed often to make the accomplishment of their great design quite hopeless.

"On several occasions," we are told by Professor Edwards, who is familiar with the story of these days, "Notre Dame was on the point of being sold for debt. One day the farm horses were taken out of the stables and sold by a creditor. Another time there was not a morsel of food in the house. The unexpected arrival of a gift of money from a stranger prevented the students from going to bed supperless." The intimate record of those years is a catalogue of never-ceasing anxieties and liabilities to be met. In spite of all obstacles, the University was founded and prospered. But Père Sorin's faith and courage were put to one more supreme trial: for a great fire destroyed nearly the whole University in 1879.

The vital force which finally triumphed was the unconquerable spirit of the saints. And no pages of

Catholic University

President Cavanaugh's book struck the present writer more as giving the secret of the strength and perseverance of the founders than the account of the formation of the Seminary and of the influence of the saintly Père Granger, who was appointed its Father Superior in 1852.

With the opening of St Aloysius' Seminary and the appointment of Father Granger as Superior in 1852 a new era commenced. The Seminarians were entirely separated from the rest of the College fraternity and followed strictly the rule of life drawn up for them. Their course of studies was scrupulously adhered to. A delightful glimpse of the Seminarians of that day, as they appeared to the eyes of a boy who was destined to become a great figure in the Church in this country, is afforded by a brief memorandum drawn up for me by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. Father Elliott, who entered Notre Dame as a student in 1855, writes: "The Novitiate buildings (St Aloysius' Seminary) and locality formed the most conspicuous feature of the great natural beauty of Notre Dame, placed as they were on an eminence between the lakes. It was to us a sort of Mount Thabor. There the elect children of God, the novices, prayed, watched, studied, and from thence came forth apostles of education and religion. We had all sorts of notions concerning the life led and the course of study there, and sometimes more than a fabulous idea of the spiritual regime. I have had since then a long experience of priestly and community life, and I have no recollection of men whose appearance and conversation were more edifying than these scholastics and novices. Associated with their religious demeanour was a certain air of perfect manliness, candour and simplicity of character. Fathers Sorin and Granger, in fashioning members of Holy Cross, did not spoil Americans. The tradition they established in this respect has, it is plain, been perfectly maintained by their successors. Nor were the men in the Novitiate ever infected by any injurious tincture of 'liberalism' or unreasonable and unreligious offensiveness of manner.

The holy man whose spirit communicated itself to the Seminary so completely—Père Granger—is graphically described by Dr Cavanaugh:

The work that Father Granger did, and especially the extraordinary holiness of the man himself, made an indelible im-

pression on all who came under his influence, and were the inspiration of many a good and useful life. My own recollections of Father Granger go back no farther than 1886, when he had already begun to show the feebleness of old age, yet I can never forget the impression of utter unworldliness—other-worldliness it was—that surrounded him like an atmosphere. He had a fine sense of humour, was tender-hearted and companionable, and most human in all the traits of character; yet it is literally true that it seemed impossible to interest him in anything that was not directly connected with religion. It is not easy to describe the veneration in which he was held by the members of his community. As for the outer world, his retiring nature made it almost impossible for anyone who had not spiritual relationship with him to know him at all. He will be best remembered as the favourite confessor of the students in the early days. As such he exercised an influence as permanent as it was profound; I have known old students of Notre Dame—prosperous business men of middle age or better—to travel two hundred miles merely to go to confession to Father Granger. Father Elliott, who as boy and man knew him intimately, thus speaks of the power he exercised in the confessional: "As I remember Father Granger I recall the ideal confessor for boys. His openness of character attracted us irresistibly, whereas his sanctity placed us under the spell of divine grace. No matter what tricks we had played or sins we had committed, no matter how much we feared God's vengeance, we were never afraid of going to confession to Father Granger. The fundamental principles of religion flowed out from him in resistless influence—the fleeting character of this life and its joys and ambitions, the worth of an immortal soul, the supremacy of Christ in the world, the attractions of a good life and the beauty of the maxims of the Gospel. Such sentiments as these sprang instantly into mind at the sight of Father Granger after we had come to know him in confession." Equally tender and enduring was the impression made on the mind of another youth who was later on to become a distinguished Catholic layman and a Laetare Medallist. The Hon. Timothy E. Howard, who came to Notre Dame as a student in 1859, reflects the goodness of his own heart and expresses the feelings of hundreds of other old "boys" in these words: "That location (the Seminary, or 'Novitiate' as it was then called) seemed the most sacred spot on earth to me, and was presided over by one of the most saintly men I ever knew, Father Granger. I think—without disparagement to any—that he did more than all others to make Notre Dame a holy place to

every youth. The most blessed experience I have is membership in the Archconfraternity, when we used to go to the 'Novitiate' at five o'clock, winter and summer, and find Father Granger and the seminarians in adoration before day in that most heavenly chapel that I shall ever know.

Père Granger encouraged the practice of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the President's personal memories as to the effect of this devotion on the young men, laymen as well as ecclesiastics, both at the time and in later life, are very interesting reading.

Not only the young men who looked forward to the priesthood as the goal of their ambitions, but the collegians, whatever their vocation, were permitted to spend an hour of one night each month before the Blessed Sacrament. The silence of the time, the extraordinary fervour inspired by the peace, the quiet and the loneliness, the feeling that for one blessed hour one was face to face with God while all the rest of the world slumbered, produced a never-to-be-forgotten effect on all who came under its spell. Again and again I have heard Archbishop Riordan, tears in his eyes and in his voice, speak of the nocturnal adoration, of the holiness with which it clothed the seminary in the eyes of the collegians, and of the almost sacramental influence exercised by the spirituality of Father Granger. "Under God I owe my priestly vocation to him," the Archbishop once said in an address to the seminarians, and Father Elliott seems to be conscious of a similar indebtedness, for he writes: "The nearest contact I had with the 'Novitiate' was in the visits of the Nocturnal Adoration Society, of which I was, happily, a member. Once a month after supper we journeyed to St Aloysius' House. There we made our confession and watched by turns through the night before the Blessed Sacrament, placed in exposition, and received Holy Communion in the morning. When I entered the house I felt as though I had passed within the veil of the Holy of Holies, the place was so silent and the silence was so religious. The hour of absolute recollection somewhere around midnight or just before dawn was a time of the most powerful divine influence. Forty-nine years have passed since those visits, and I still enjoy their spiritual fruits. It seems to me that every essential virtue of religion struck the deepest roots in my soul during those hours of devout adoration." This beautiful devotion, the memory of which is so

gratefully treasured by the ancients, is still maintained in Holy Cross Seminary. Once a month the Blessed Sacrament is exposed from night prayer until after Mass the next morning, and during the deep silences of the night the seminarians rise in groups to watch by turns before the Blessed Sacrament, to adore, to meditate, to petition. God grant that the fruit of those lone and loving vigils may be as precious and abiding as in the days that are sped!

Père Sorin lived to see the University rebuilt after the fire of 1879, and brought almost to its present extensive development. In his latter years he became General of his Order in America, the Presidency of the University passing to other hands. But he continued to make it his headquarters. He always cultivated the most friendly relations with his non-Catholic neighbours, and when he died in his eightieth year in 1893 he was universally mourned. It was, indeed, a sad year for Notre Dame, for it saw also the death of Père Granger and of the brilliant young Irish President, Father Walsh.

The University now counts over 1,000 students. It is by far the largest Catholic University in the United States. Its success is acknowledged. Many non-Catholics are educated there. Old students love to return to their *alma mater*. It offers its *alumni* as complete a course of University education as any institution in the country. It has trained many Americans who have been greatly distinguished in after life. Yet as one reads the record of its foundation one cannot but feel that the force which has created an organism which has proved so effective for this world has been the other-worldliness which gave those saintly French priests courage to attempt the impossible and to accomplish it. And the triumph of Catholic devotion in the creation of this practical American institution seems to the visitor to be symbolized in the great golden dome which arrests the traveller's eye, surmounted by the statue of the Madonna. The large statue of Père Sorin preserves for posterity his remarkable features, which speak alike of force of will and of piety, of French heroism and of American practicalness.

Catholic University

"Force is from the heights." The faith which inspired Allouez and, later on, de Seille and Petit in their missionary work on this spot among the Indians also inspired Père Sorin and Père Granger, the founders of the University. And in that interesting land in which so many races have blended and the citizens of so many countries have done good work for their adopted home, these fruits of the zeal of the Church of France—unquenched by the horrors of the Revolution—are fascinating to look on. True American energy—the heritage of the soil—has been present from the first. And the romance of French piety has never deserted the Americans who continue the work of Père Sorin and Père Granger. Indeed, Père Sorin in his long life in his adopted country caught much of the spirit of practical enterprise which has made it what it is. Pius IX loved to hear from his lips when he visited Rome his story of indomitable and successful zeal.

So completely American has the University become that no one dreams of the French accent in speaking of Notre Dame or the founders of the University. Père Sorin has become Father Sorin; Père Granger, Father Granger, each surname pronounced as though it were English. Even the words Notre Dame are pronounced as though they are English words. The legacy of French devotedness and French spirituality has been faithfully kept and the memory of the holy French priests is religiously preserved. But the University is thoroughly American. Notre Dame du Lac has a lineage which connects it with the Church of the royal St Louis. It has a practicalness and hopefulness in its response to present needs which blend it with the inspiring story of that modern Catholic revival in America which has been so important a feature of recent ecclesiastical history.

In this deeply interesting home of education the present writer spent two happy weeks in the present year. He learnt much, received great kindness and made many friends—among them the exceedingly able and zealous President, Dr Cavanaugh, and Father Hudson, the

venerable editor of the *Ave Maria*, a Catholic journal which counts some 30,000 readers. These words are inspired by the atmosphere in which he then lived as well as by the records of the past which he was impelled to read in order to understand the origin of this impressive blend of French and American influences.

He hopes on a future occasion to publish some account of the actual working of an institution of which the origin has in it so much of religious romance.

WILFRID WARD

RELIGION IN THE FRENCH ARMY

The German War and Catholicism. Published in six languages under the direction of Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris. Bloud and Gay. Paris.

FROM a religious point of view, the thing which distinguishes the present war from all other wars of the past is the fact that, for the first time in history, large numbers of Catholic priests are actually fighting in the ranks of the French Army. Such an event could not be without considerable effects on the religion of the army itself. It has come about through the deliberately anti-Catholic laws passed with a view of injuring the Church—laws which it was hoped would weaken and perhaps destroy Catholicism by introducing a secular and irreligious spirit among the clergy, but which, in fact, seem likely rather to strengthen the Catholic position by giving those who have been brought up outside the Church the opportunity of learning to respect the men she has chosen to admit to the ranks of her priesthood.

Not all the priests in the French Army are serving in the ranks. There is a comparatively small but very efficient body of authorized Chaplains. In each army corps, by the ministerial decree of May 5, 1913, two were provided for the stretcher-bearers of the corps, and two more for the stretcher-bearers of the divisions. The cavalry also had one chaplain for each division, making a total of five chaplains for each army corps. But this provision was soon found quite insufficient for war conditions, and the number has been increased during the last year, mainly through the exertions of the late Comte de Mun, by auxiliary chaplains whose position is recognized by the authorities, but who are volunteers supported by Catholic contributions. Besides these there are others who are purely unofficial, but still able,

through the good will of the officers and men, to do very valuable work. In all, perhaps, 300 priests may be found in one or other of these categories, ranking in different ways as military chaplains, charged officially with the care of the soldiers.

A much larger number of priests are to be found in the next category. This consists of those who have been mobilized but who are attached to the army as non-combatants and not required to take part in actual fighting. It includes all those priests between the ages of thirty and forty-six who were enrolled under the law of 1889, and who are for the most part employed as hospital assistants or as stretcher-bearers. It includes also all those, of whatever age, who on account of their health or for other reasons are dispensed from active service and utilized as clerks or in administrative positions. In these two classes are contained by far the larger number of the 20,000 priests who are serving with the army; and the duties which are asked of them are in no way strictly speaking uncanonical. On the contrary, in the hospital service at least, there is some opportunity for the exercise of their ministry. One who is thus officially employed at the hospital has chances, which are denied to the military chaplains, of influencing the patient at the most favourable moments, not merely by actual exhortation, but by the silent pleading of charitable actions. A large number of priests, however—all those, in fact, who are under thirty years of age and in robust health—are enrolled as actual combatants in the active forces. In their case the question of irregularity does arise, for the Canon Law does not allow the clergy voluntarily to take part in military operations. The matter has been gone into and decided by the Sacred Penitentiary in answer to a French Bishop on March 18, 1912. The decision lays down:

1. That for priests who may thus have incurred irregularity in fighting, the irregularity is suspended as long as hostilities continue.

2. That, therefore, such priests may act, during the war, as if

the irregularity did not exist, and may administer and receive the sacraments with a clear conscience.

3. When peace has been signed these combatant priests must have recourse to competent authority, in order to remove the irregularity, if any has been incurred.

Lastly, in the same act the Sacred Penitentiary dispenses from the recitation of the Breviary every priest who is mobilized, whether he be fighting or not, and declares that every soldier engaged in the war can be absolved by any priest.

The effect of the unusual conditions of life upon the priests who have thus been drawn into the war remains to be seen. Everything that can be done for them is being done, that their spiritual fervour may not be lost. For the numerous ecclesiastics who are serving in the hospital trains spiritual retreats have been organized by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and by other Bishops. For those who are actually combatant the matter has greater difficulty. But for them the constant danger of death, and the terrible scenes by which they are surrounded, must do much to keep them recollected. A letter on the subject from one who is acting as a military chaplain has much of interest:

In our division [he says] there are only four combatant priests: one sergeant, two quartermasters and a corporal. The regime of the war of trenches brings them at fixed periods to a cantonment near a church or in the neighbourhood of the chaplains. They have then every facility for saying Mass, for their prayers and spiritual reading, their confessions and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The officers willingly allow them the necessary leisure. I even know one captain who regularly serves the Mass of his quartermaster. In the first line it has not been possible until now (February) for these priests to celebrate. With finer weather and thanks to the country chapels, they may, perhaps, soon be able to do so. But in this situation, in close proximity to the enemy, always in danger of death, must not the priest-soldier be sustained by the constant thought of God's presence? He has, besides, an active and fruitful ministry among his comrades. Many of them ask him to hear their confession. When the trenches are bom-

barded he goes through them and gives numerous absolutions. This was how Abbé B. was wounded the other day. His apostolic zeal and contempt for danger have greatly edified the troops. In charges and in marches under fire the soldier-priest has a splendid rôle.

The hospital priests and stretcher-bearers are more numerous. I know of thirty-three who are with us. They sleep in the barns with their comrades and can carry only the regulation knapsack. But the chaplain's room and the sacristy of the church are the centre where they meet to perform their pious exercises, chat with one another, write their letters or read papers and reviews.

The first care of the chaplain has been to facilitate the daily celebration of Mass for every priest. They have succeeded in this, thanks to the generosity of the faithful in France, and also thanks to the piety of the priests themselves.

It was first of all necessary to procure vestments, linen, wafers, wine and candles. Very often the churches in the villages we pass through are in ruins. In any case they have only one or two chalices, and little or no provision for the matter of the Holy Sacrifice. The *Œuvre de Notre Dame du Salut* has generously given us three portable altars, and supplied us with wine and wafers. Some other friends send us the candles. With the " chapels " of the chaplains and the resources furnished by the church of our cantonment, we have been able to set up five altars. Masses have to be said very early, for the work begins early, and in our division eighteen of the stretcher-bearers are priests. They begin to say Mass at five o'clock. Those who are going to fetch the wounded celebrate first. I know an ambulance where Masses are said from four o'clock, because they have only one chalice. In a neighbouring division the priests have to get up at three o'clock. They generously accept this increase of fatigue.

During their day of marching and labour the ecclesiastics, stretcher-bearers or hospital nurses, can do nothing more than recite the rosary, and I know they do it faithfully. But each evening, after *la soupe*, they meet each other at the reunion which we hold in the church. They aid us to organize the singing: one of them plays the harmonium. They take turns to give Benediction, and when that ceremony is ended for the soldiers the Blessed Sacrament is still surrounded by a sacerdotal guard of honour which prolongs its adoration.

The military chaplain in France does not wear uniform as he does in England. The cassock is worn everywhere,

and, in spite of its obvious inconvenience, has great advantages of its own. It is treated everywhere by the men with singular respect. On the battlefield, at the ambulance or cantonment the soldier recognizes the sacerdotal costume, which reminds him of his Curé, his village, his home, his First Communion. No uniform could make so strong an appeal to his heart, for to the Latin mind a priest without his soutane is hardly a priest at all.

The churches at the base camps are everywhere crowded and indeed generally too small to accommodate the numbers that come to the ceremonies. But it is not only at service time that they are occupied. Soldiers will come in at all hours to write their letters, to read the books which are provided, to say their rosaries or for silent prayer.

To-day [writes a military chaplain] I saw two soldiers kneeling side by side and talking in a low voice. The smile with which I greeted them seemed to them rather ironical, for at once one of them began to defend himself.

"Monsieur l'Aumonier, it's for Confession. My friend here doesn't know much about examining his conscience, so I am explaining it."

"Ah! And what are you telling him?"

"Well, I tell him:—You will say, I have done this, and then that, and then that. Besides, I tell him not to worry himself—the priests know everything that we can possibly do."

A great devotion among the French soldiers is to burn candles *à la bonne Mère*. They like to think that the taper which burns away in their absence before the holy image represents them, and is drawing down on them a blessing from Heaven. It is not uncommon to see a soldier with a whole packet of candles under his arm, going round the church and lighting one at every altar and before each Saint. He can go then into the trenches with an easier mind, for the candles will burn and plead for him all the time that he is away, whether he falls a victim to the German shells, or whether he is spared once more to

come back and to light more in thanksgiving for his preservation.

But it is not only in the churches that the soldier prays, and prays publicly, but also in the trenches. Here is, for instance, the testimony of a young sergeant of the Alpine Regiment, the Abbé B, a seminarist from H.

We have just spent five days in the trenches. Well, the first evening my men said to me, " Listen, you who are a curé, or nearly so, you must say the prayers for us." You may imagine with what joy I consented. So every evening I said the prayers aloud and everybody answered. Ah! you were right when you said in your sermon the other day that the cannon is a good preacher and converts many of those who are indifferent. There are many sceptics in the garrison who have become believers when under fire.

Another seminarist speaks much to the same effect. " M. l'Aumonier," he says, " when my men hear the *Marmites* falling, they cry out to me, ' Eh, vieux, say the act of contrition for us! ' I answer them: ' My friends, I will willingly say it for you, on condition that you won't go on the spree (*rigoler*) as soon as the danger is once past.' "

To " vote a Mass " is a current expression among the men. When they go to the trenches they vote a Mass for their protection and collect the money to pay the fee. When they come back they will " vote " another in thanksgiving for their preservation. And they are very angry if M. l'Aumonier wants to refuse the fee. Often the section and even the company are present at the Mass that has been " voted " by a small group among them, for the soul of some comrade killed in the trenches. Generally any soldier who asks for a Mass comes to hear it and communicates at it. In the trenches when the men are there on a Sunday the prayers of the Mass are often read by someone among them. The rosary is said there by the *poilus* quite regularly.

It appears that I was well informed one day [writes a military chaplain] when I said in my *fervorino* that one can make a very

good confession without reciting the *Confiteor* by heart. Is not the priest there for the very purpose of helping the penitent? Directly afterwards several, who till then had not been able to make up their minds, came to me and owned that their ignorance of the prayers to be said had kept them back. " You understand, M. l'Aumonier, that one has rather forgotten them, and yet one does not want to look foolish (*avoir l'air d'un bleu*) before you. But as you say you will help us . . ."

Nor is it only the exceptional ones among the French soldiers who show themselves thus devout. The following letter from a young priest in the trenches, communicated by Mgr Baudrillart, makes this clear. It is so interesting that we make no apology for quoting it at length.

Dec. 22, 1914.

. . . During these three days that precede the Feast of Christmas, I shall have to hear at least a thousand confessions. On Christmas Day our Lord will come and take possession of the hearts of a thousand good and generous men. And yet I shall not be quite happy, for there will yet be two hundred and fifty to three hundred left who still remain far from God, Whom they will not acknowledge. Our feast of the Immaculate Conception has been magnificent. I went into every trench to carry the *Bon Dieu* to the men. How happy I shall be to return there in three days' time! The conduct of the officers was perfect. In each company I was either preceded or conducted by the captain who thus made himself God's herald. As we passed before the trenches he would cry, " It is the Blessed Sacrament which is passing. Let those who wish come to receive Him." For our Lord it was not the Fête Dieu, it was better still. There were no streets strewn with flowers, there were only the deep and narrow trenches full of mud and water; but all along those trenches were men, not the mere curious spectators of the Fête Dieu, but men pure and eager to receive the Bread of Angels, which makes them strong, courageous, victorious. At the head of each company the captain communicated, thus giving an example to his men.

As to conversions, they are numerous—every week there are some. The moral renovation of France becomes more and more accentuated. The men feel that they are not ordinary beings. The grandeur of the cause, what they endure for the triumph of this cause, all this touches them profoundly. In truth, they needed

something nobler than what had hitherto filled their lives. The world invisible was absolutely unknown to them. They have come into contact with this invisible world in serving France. Until now, the idea of country did not awake in them the sentiments of religion. But now they have been in the school of sacrifice and have learnt their lesson. . . .

We are to have a midnight Mass. I have arranged a cellar for the purpose. The colonel, the major, and four from each company will be present. The stretcher-bearers, nearly all of them musicians, will form the choir. . . .

It is only by letters such as these, giving the actual experiences of those who are actively engaged, that one can form any true estimate of how matters really stand. Most of our letters so far have been from army chaplains. Here is one from a soldier-priest serving in the ranks. He is a young priest and was only ordained five weeks before the war began. He joined his regiment on August 2, and at once began his apostolate among his comrades. He has won for himself the *soubriquet* of "the Confessor." He gets men to confession at the most unlikely moments and places. He hears confessions in the general sleeping rooms, in the courtyard, in the streets. Even on the field of battle he continues his ministry of reconciliation.

Our first fight [he writes] was at G——, on August 9. I heard confessions all the time. You know that the Infantry advances by rushes to give less chance to the enemy's fire. I used to make one rush by a comrade's side, gave him absolution, then passed on to another to *bondir* with him, while trying to reconcile him with the *Bon Dieu*. Every one accepted. I had no refusal. I thus arrived within 30 yards of the Germans, and yet I had not received a single wound. The following days my comrades accosted me in the fields, everywhere, to ask me to confess them.

On August 19 there was another battle, and I proceeded as at the first one. The next day my company was first of all sent to protect the artillery, then marched forward under a storm of fire, and still I kept on confessing. Many of my comrades wanted to be near me, and would not let me go. "Stay with us," they said, "and then, if we are shot you will give us a last absolution."

A collective absolution given by a priest-soldier is always a moving sight. Such absolutions are absolutely

valid without previous confession on the part of those who receive them, on the double condition of being then truly contrite for their sins and intending to go to confession in proper form when the opportunity offers. Here is the scene described as it took place one day last November in the 29th regiment of infantry. The regiment was in the trenches, and under heavy fire. Suddenly a priest from the Basque country, a corporal, leapt up on the bank exposed to all the enemy's fire. They cried to him to come down, but he commanded silence with a gesture. "Many of you," he said, "will never come back. I am going to give you absolution." He knelt down, his whole body exposed to the enemy. Every head in the trench was uncovered. With a voice that trembled a little he said the *Confiteor*. A bullet whistled by his ear, he faltered a little, but soon recovered himself, and finished steadily. Then he gave the absolution, and added: "For your penance you will say with me three Our Fathers." Calmly and with joined hands he went through the prayers, still kneeling there, while the others repeated them with him. Then he dropped back into the trench, quickly enough this time, and, the danger once over, began to laugh. Among his hearers there were several who felt more inclined to cry.

This presence of so many priests serving as common soldiers has led to one of the most extraordinary and unexpected developments of all, which yet is one of the most constant experiences of the war. Non-commissioned officer or simple soldier though he be at all other times, the priest, while he is officiating, takes on himself, with regard to his comrades and even his officers, all the dignity of the minister of God. You may see a colonel or a general bowing low to receive the blessing of one who ten minutes afterwards will be a common soldier under his command. Such a soldier preaches, expounds the Gospel, teaches his hearers to examine their conscience, gives them advice and rebukes their sins, and all, no matter how high they be in the

service, listen with respect and reverence. Then he consecrates the Eucharist, gives Holy Communion, and ends by giving the blessing while all kneel before him. Then, the Mass once ended, the priest, without any effort, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, is a soldier again, and stands to attention to salute the officer who a few minutes before was listening attentively to his spiritual counsels and advice.

We have left ourselves but little space for any account of the individual *poilu*. There are all sorts among them, of course—it could not be otherwise—but a great wave of religious revival is passing over them. For many the trenches are the source of great spiritual exaltation and some of the letters which are written from the firing line reveal the great effect which the war has had in deepening religious convictions. Here is a letter from a soldier in the ranks, dated November 22, 1914. It is written to the priest of the village where his home had been.

What joy to return to the front; perhaps this time I shall never come back, but I return there prouder than ever, content to do my duty and having no fear of death.

I have never been in such good dispositions morally, and I have never felt so strongly the power of ardent prayer going up to God, and of his granting us poor sinners what we need. There is no more human respect now, and those are rare who think of blaming us when, very sincerely and humbly, we approach the Sacraments almost daily.

How strong one feels, and how one longs to make those unfortunates who know nothing of our beautiful religion also benefit by it! I really wonder how they can go under fire without this supernatural strength which encourages us and spurs us on, for, like ourselves, they too are perhaps never going to return, and they possess no sort of religious ideal.

Oh! how I long to be among the number of those who return. How strong they will be! Nothing has been spared them on the field of battle, and at the end of the campaign we shall have a body of men capable of understanding you better and of loving and serving you for God and for His cause.

Among the many French and Belgian priests who have been killed by the Germans, the case of Père Véron

may perhaps be the most suitable to speak of here, since he was a volunteer chaplain to the army. The story of his sufferings is particularly well authenticated, since we have the evidence written down by his companion in misfortunes, M. l'Abbé Charles Prieur, curé of Villers-Saint-Frambourg (Oise), who, being himself also a volunteer chaplain, was able, although he escaped a like death, to assist Père Véron in his last moments.

In company with the Abbé Prieur, Père Véron received his orders to go on August 28, 1914, to Laon to take up his appointment to the 21st division of infantry. They were, however, unable to do so, for in the general confusion caused by the unexpected retreat of the French Army they could not find the particular bodies of troops to which they had been assigned. While they were thus wandering about, first in one direction and then in another, trying to find the 21st division, they were taken prisoners by the Germans as they were leaving Crépy-en-Valois. Since the Abbé Prieur's own parish of Villers-Saint-Frambourg was no great distance away, the idea came into his mind to show a permission from the *maire* allowing him to travel in the district. But the Germans refused them permission to leave, saying that they were spies and would go back and report their positions. For motives of prudence, therefore, they determined to conceal the fact of their connection with the army, and did not acknowledge that they held the appointment of military chaplains. They were held prisoners, and were continually ill-treated by their captors. Père Véron was saying his rosary, since his breviary had been taken from him; the rosary was snatched from him, too. Twice the officers intervened to stop the ill-treatment that was going on, abuse mingled with kicks and blows, but as soon as their backs were turned it all began again.

After passing Meaux, when the German retreat began, things grew even worse. They had no food except water and raw potatoes pulled up in the fields. The other French prisoners got bread and chocolate some-

times from the German soldiers, but for them it was always the same : "Nicht Pastor." "Nothing for the priests." As may be imagined, after four days of such treatment Père Véron was at the end of his power of endurance ; he fell on the road, but was kicked until he rose again. His knapsack, his cincture, his hat and, most cruel of all, since he was extremely shortsighted, his glasses were taken from him. When at a wineshop on the roadside, where they had halted for a while, the proprietor, touched with compassion for the miserable appearance that the priests presented, asked and obtained leave to give them some wine ; the sergeant in command, in return for this small indulgence, took away from them their watches, their purses, and their pocket-books.

The next day Père Véron fell again with fatigue upon the way, but this time it was no use kicking him, for he could not rise. Whether they wished it or no, there was only one thing to be done, and he was put into a carriage because he could no longer walk. In this way he was brought to Saint-Quentin-Louvry, and there the Abbé Prieur was brought to him, and found him stretched on the nettles which were growing on a heap of stones and broken bottles. He was still alive, and the abbé succeeded in getting him placed upon a bed, where he watched with him the last night of his life. All the time the soldiers kept on insulting the dying priest. The sentinel pretended to be going to kill him with the bayonet. A German doctor said loudly in French in his presence, without any sort of concealment, that he was lost.

Left alone with Père Véron at last for a moment, the Abbé Prieur heard his confession and gave him absolution. He then asked if he forgave everyone. "Everything and everybody, as did our Lord," he replied. He expired on September 8 in the morning.

"He died a saint and a martyr," declares the Abbé Prieur at the end of his account. He was buried at Saint-Quentin-Louvry at the west end of the church.

Here is the story of the death of another priest, less

sad than the last, but not less heroic. It was one day last November in the great hall of the *gare de l'Est*, at Paris. On the straw a hundred and fifty wounded soldiers who had just been taken out of a train; in one corner eight hopelessly injured, for whom nothing could be done, who had been laid there to die. One of the less grievously wounded, while the sister was dressing his wound, asked for a priest. The sister raised her head and said in a loud voice, "Is there a priest here?" But no answer came. A little later, while the sister passed on to the dying ones to see if there was anything she could do to ease their last moments, she felt her dress plucked, and bending down she was able to hear, very faintly, a voice saying, "I am a priest. I can absolve. Take me to him."

With the utmost care they lifted him on to a stretcher, though it could not but be agony to him: a ball had passed through his back and his poor body was bent in two. He bore it without a groan, though the sweat poured from his face, and his lips were bleeding as he bit them to restrain his cries. They laid him side by side with the other who desired to be confessed, but the priest had to be raised before he could make the sign of the cross in giving absolution. A few minutes afterwards he passed away, murmuring with his last breath: "Pray for me. Pray for me."

The major who witnessed this splendid end instinctively knelt down, and then, looking at the sister with tears in his eyes, said: "Things like this, you understand, do us all good."

We will conclude with the words of Monseigneur Turinaz, the venerable Bishop of Nancy, the *doyen* of the French episcopate. In his Lenten Pastoral for this year he speaks as follows of the striking revival in religious matters that France is witnessing as a result of the war.

It is in our highest and noblest civilians and our gallant army that this religious re-birth is most manifest. Feelings that had

been smouldering in French hearts flamed up at the first call of war, with the first booming of the guns, and are now glowing in the marvellous deeds that followed. None could have hoped here six months ago that our soldiers would bow down and worship God as they do on the way to the front and to the frontier line, causing the people alike of the towns and the villages to wonder and admire.

Privates, officers and generals in chief every day are praying to God with a pious fervour never seen before; they fill our churches and kneel down humbly regardless of criticism to receive the absolution of their sins in the Holy Sacrament of Confession.

A breath from on High has swept over this land of France swaying our souls and transforming our hearts. In the face of national danger, of the boasting and threatening of the enemy, indignation burst forth and the whole of France has arisen in thrilling anger to encounter her insatiate assailers.

Ever since that moment how unfailing has been her strenuousness, how whole-hearted the oblation of self; what wonderful fortitude and patience has it been given us to witness!

See how the dying willingly give up their lives with every human hope in the pangs of bodily agony. What saintly deaths have we been allowed to contemplate! Truly the year of terrors has become the sublimest of all!

To quote once more in conclusion the military chaplain whom we have already quoted so often:

How Providence loves to baffle all human calculations! The politicians never guessed that by the law of the *curés sac au dos* they were going to give to the ministry of the priests a new field of action and means hitherto unknown by which they might reach men's souls. And yet it is this which has happened; and the religious life now manifest in the French Army is one of our firmest reasons for hoping that God will give us the victory and bring back the whole of France once more to the Christian traditions of its Catholic past.

SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS

THERE are two ideas which inspire Americans as a people, two ideas which are believed to represent the nation and which are expressed by the words progress and democracy. The terms remain the same, but their implication changes year by year. Progress, until recently, meant the economic development of the country, the invention and perfection of machinery, the building of innumerable railroads, above all the amassing of wealth. To-day more stress is put on social legislation. Progress means something very nearly approaching social revolution. The most progressive man is afraid of great wealth, inclined to consider it a symptom of decadence, a thing in itself evil and almost surely the result of dishonesty. So also has the meaning of democracy changed. As the ideal of the framers of the American Constitution and the guiding star of such widely different builders of the nation as Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, it implied equal opportunity and it included in such opportunity the just use of all resources, whether intellect or wealth, which were at the disposal of the individual. This meaning has been lost. Democracy tends in modern America to mean the levelling of all distinction, whether natural or artificial. It distrusts both wealth and intellectual power. It would foist into positions of responsibility those who lack real qualifications, and that not only by endowing them with imaginary resources but also, lest the contrast be too obvious, by minimizing or condemning as dangerous the real qualifications of others. It is enough if a man has risen from the ranks. Let there be no captious scrutiny of the means whereby he has risen. That may be left to another generation. The sons of the upstart, in their turn, will have to be demeaned, for they will not have started at the bottom. To be really representative to-day a man must have climbed from the lowest rung of the social

ladder. He is profoundly to be distrusted if, like Washington and Jefferson, he started somewhere near the top.

It is, therefore, clear that these two greatly moving ideas have grown more closely together, and that, for the time being, at least, their combined impulse is irresistible. To make the impulse even more powerful, the cry of continually increased democracy as evidence of progress has been adopted, in different degree to be sure, by the leaders of the great political parties. Indeed it may fairly be said that if Mr Roosevelt opened the sluice-gates of radicalism, Mr Wilson has blown up the dam. The flood will be destructive or purifying according to the point of view. Certainly it has already obliterated such landmarks as, in a new country, are still called old. It is filling the valleys and submerging the hill tops. Politicians say that its voice is the voice of the people. Its strength is irresistible. It overrides the rights of individuals, of property, in the name of the common good and of progress. It is conscious and believes itself beneficent, for it claims to be the tide of democracy. Yet the thinker, swept along by the flood though he may be, still questions its ultimate meaning.

Since 1865 there have been in America two great political parties, the Republican and the Democratic, corresponding, with certain curious differences, to the Unionists and the Liberals of England. The South has always been strongly Democratic because it was the Republican Party which, under President Lincoln, freed the negroes and gave them political rights. In spite of this, however, the Republican Party, with the passing of the years, has come to be the great bulwark of conservatism, friendly to legitimate business interests, favouring high tariff, conscious of tradition. A few years ago the principal point of difference was the tariff—really a more or less academic distinction for all practical purposes, but sufficient to create effective party lines. In 1896 Mr Bryan, a wonderfully clever public orator, succeeded in imposing on the Democratic Party his free silver theories and three times led his party to disastrous defeat. There was too

much economic good sense in America to run blindly into a financial policy which would have ruined popular credit. During his administration, from 1904 to 1908, Mr Roosevelt realized that all the clamour against the trusts had raised a real national issue, that whether or not the average man was being accorded his rights, he believed that he was not and that, in consequence, the successful party would be that one which appeared most successfully to safeguard the privileges of the common people. With great political sagacity, therefore, as well as because he is by nature a reformer, Mr Roosevelt began effective and far-reaching prosecution of illegal combinations of capital. He would not run for President in 1908, but his nominee, Mr Taft, easily defeated his old and inconspicuous Democratic opponent. Mr Taft proved unable, however, to hold popular sympathy. He was honestly conservative and the country was not in a conservative mood. When, therefore, he was given the nomination in 1912, Mr Roosevelt, this time the defeated Republican nominee, decided to run independently as a Progressive candidate. The result of this was the election of Mr Wilson, the Democratic candidate, who, nevertheless, had a minority of the votes of the country. Mr Wilson was nominated on a radical platform, but because he was a university president and a distinguished writer on political economy he was given the votes of many conservatives. His election was directly the result of the breakdown of the two-party system, but it is fair to say that in the present enthusiasm for progress, as represented by increasing popular control, no conservative Republican could have been chosen President. It is still to be proved how far his government will satisfy the turbulent majority.

If a democracy is a popular government which executes the mandates of public opinion, the American Government has never been a true democracy, because in America there is seldom true public opinion, even in a limited area of the country; there is never, one might fairly say, a national public opinion. There was, to be sure, a strong, but divided, opinion in 1860, and its result was the Civil

War. Real public opinion may well exist in a small, homogeneous country. Except in the clear case of an insult to national honour it is almost inconceivable in one so huge as the United States, where the problems of different sections are inevitably different, often conflicting. California would exclude all Orientals, because they compete with white labour; Hawaii would cease to exist, economically, if Orientals were excluded, because it can obtain no other labour. Massachusetts has its manufacturing interests and Kansas its farming; each is vital on the spot but neither interests the other. It is, therefore, impossible to devise national legislation which is not based on compromise or which will not injure some States as much as it benefits others, since there cannot be equal distribution of industries. A compromise is never satisfactory to a man who believes strongly and, though compromise there must always be, most federal regulations, if they touch popular imagination at all, offend one section quite as much as they please another. A case in point is, of course, the new tariff law, which was greatly beneficial to the Southern States and at the same time was a staggering blow to many of the industries of New England. Other examples are the attempts to fix railroad rates and to regulate inter-State commerce, attempts which almost always come into disagreement with State laws. It must be remembered also that the difficulty is increased by jealous defence on the part of each State of its own rights.

Serious politically as these sectional divisions may be, however, they are not as dangerous for national welfare as are the divisions which arise on questions of more general import. In matters of financial legislation and regulation of business there is again sharp divergence of interest. In recent years such laws are, or appear to be, class legislation and there results in consequence a horizontal division. When the income-tax law was passed, for example, few complaints were heard as to the justice of the principle of taxing incomes, but there was, on the one hand, an outcry from the one-half of one per cent of the population taxed that the measure was confiscation rather than

taxation, and on the other, an even louder shout that at last the dishonest rich must bear the burden and the honest poor go free. What made it more dangerous in its effect on the popular imagination was that the minimum of taxable income was put as high as $3,000 for a single and $4,000 for a married man, thus enforcing the idea already shaping itself in the mind of the labouring classes that government has an inherent right to take money from a rich man but no right to take it from a poor man. So also, the so-called trust bills are considered by the most part of the business world—the honest rather more than the dishonest part—as unwarranted interference with quite legitimate business; whereas the labouring classes again, who understand these bills not at all, look on them with enthusiasm as instruments to punish the rich, as democratic levellers. It will be seen that such measures as these, which are, and announce themselves as being, social legislation, attack the question in just the opposite way from which it has been taken up in England and on the Continent. In England the attempt has been directly to help the poor through such measures as the Insurance Act and the Old Age Pension Bill. In America it is indirectly to help the poor through attacking the rich—a method, by the way, which gains wider popular applause.

That the fact of such legislation proves an unhealthy condition in the Commonwealth; that, in other words, representative government has not been a complete success, is generally admitted. But avoiding the extremes of opinion, represented on the one hand by the very few and usually silent men who see no future for America except in division into small republics or in a strongly centralized government, and on the other by those who are frankly anarchists, there remain two middle groups, each with its clearly defined opinion as to the remedy. One group, numerically small but financially powerful, would put the governing power more and more into the hands of experts. They would create a class which, without being very much in the public eye, would con-

sistently run the machinery of government from year to year—officials more or less corresponding to English permanent under-secretaries but with greater authority. They would extend the civil service. They would have the government managed in a business-like manner. The other group believes profoundly that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They would, therefore, cure the illness of the body-politic by steadily enlarging the power of the people. They urge the referendum and the initiative, the recall of judges and of judicial decisions. According to them, the people should not only make but also interpret the laws. They are jealous of experts and therefore of the civil service, fearful of any permanent office—still more of any permanent office-holder. This group is now completely in the ascendant, and under its dictation the country is steadily developing a policy of business restriction, the outcome of which no intelligent man can prophesy, but which the ignorant man hails with joy. Furthermore, the tendency is strongly towards a general policy of government ownership of public utilities, a condition of which many doubt the economic wisdom in any State, but which, under a government that shifts with every change of popular feeling, is big with possibilities of disaster.

Whether the faults of a democracy can be eradicated by making the government more democratic is a question which only a bold man would attempt to answer. This is, nevertheless, the method at present being used in America and achievements are thus far not encouraging. The general referendum and initiative have been adopted in some twenty States. They will soon be added to the Constitutions of other States. Many urge that they be made national. The results in a dozen States are summarized in the very useful appendix to President Lowell's recent book *Public Opinion and Popular Government*. The referendum, omitting that on constitutional amendments, which is usual in most States, has been used, through 1912, forty-nine times, and twenty-five times the Legislatures have been upheld. The initiative has been used one

hundred and twenty-eight times (seventy-six times in the State of Oregon) and has been successful fifty-nine times. This seems a fair average of success and failure and is hailed by the supporters of the experiment as proof of its success. Such proof, however, really depends on whether the measures have elicited true public opinion, and analysis of the vote would show that this has seldom been accomplished. In many cases there probably was no public opinion. Personality in American elections counts for more than principles. The voters turn out almost invariably for this or that man, whereas in England they cast their ballots more for this or that principle. On such broad questions as woman suffrage and the prohibition of liquor, questions on which almost every one has an opinion, there have occasionally been heavy votes; on questions affecting some particular district, moreover, the voting has been often general in the district concerned; but in most of the matters submitted by referendum and initiative the people have evinced little interest, usually because they had no facts on which to base an opinion. It would be absurd for example to call the following a true expression of public opinion. An initiative was proposed in the State of Colorado for the publication of a pamphlet containing arguments on all measures to be referred to the people. This was lost, approximately 37,000 voting for and 38,000 against. Furthermore, only 29 per cent of those at the election voted at all, and probably not more than 75 per cent of the registered voters went to the polls. Nor does it seem a much more valuable index of public opinion when a much larger proportion of those at the polls, 78 per cent in fact, voted in Oregon on a State income-tax, 52,702 approving and 52,948 opposing the measure. Perhaps the most significant fact, however, as one scans the lists, is the tendency shown in the results. Practically all laws to tax corporations, to abolish poll taxes, to add to the direct power of the people by permitting the recall or by greater extension of initiative or veto, have been acted on affirmatively. Correspondingly all laws to make judicial

functions more independent, to restrict the power of labour unions, or to levy proportional taxes on all citizens, have been defeated.

A pertinent question to ask, therefore, even if it be admitted that referendum and initiative actually test public opinion, is whether the people who make up the majority of voters are competent to judge. The opinion of one may be as good as that of another on such general and clearly understood questions as woman suffrage or the prohibition of liquor, but why should the uneducated voter be able to form any sound opinion on a complicated legal matter? He would shrink from giving technical advice on the management of a business in which his savings were invested. There is no reason to believe that his advice is any more useful in the management of the business of government. Why, furthermore, should a resident of one part of a State understand the local needs of a distant section? In the Legislature such questions can be fully discussed, and the conflicting arguments weighed by the legislators. Among the electorate at large this is impossible. Yet a decision arrived at by the people's representatives is held in little esteem, whereas a direct decision, even if secured from a minority of the people, is devoutly accepted as the will of God—except by suffragists and prohibitionists when the vote goes against them. It is notable also that this divine fiat is most strenuously asserted when the vote has been particularly close.

The impulse of the uneducated citizen is to vote to curb the activities of the successful man of affairs, of whom he is jealous, and to secure himself from direct taxation. As Professor Barratt Wendell said several years ago in his prophetic book, *The Privileged Classes* ". . . . in the course of the last century or so one great maxim of the American Revolution seems to have got queerly turned around. Our forefathers protested against taxation without representation; our fellow citizens now demand, as their natural right, something very like representation without taxation." This statement was derided as fantastic exaggeration. To-day it is literally

true. One hears nothing of the demand because it is accorded, and as a "natural right." Poll taxes, long the only tax on labouring men, have in many places been abolished, and everywhere they are evaded, yet these people, who pay no taxes, have representation in the fullest measure. They now demand control, and to grant it is everywhere the tendency. Because they are in the majority they insist that through their representatives, or better by direct legislation, they should have, for example, the spending of money which others have contributed. The natural result is gross extravagance. The spendthrift who comes into a great inheritance is proverbially the prey of his friends, spends his substance recklessly, and so the man of the people, suddenly elevated to office, first rewards his friends by installing them in positions for which they may be quite as little fitted as he is for his, and then together they expend the funds collected in taxes from corporations and the richer citizens. This is not to accuse them of dishonesty. They are sometimes extravagant through ignorance of business methods; sometimes through a quite honest carrying out of their social and political creed that it is the duty of a successful candidate for office to repay his supporters.

A natural result of this is that only men who hold this creed stand a real chance of election. Those who have paid the taxes and who have the greatest interest in the proper spending of public funds, have little influence. Massachusetts, long considered one of the most conservative States of the Union, is now typical of all. Its Lieutenant-Governor went not long ago to Washington to protest against the appointment to Federal offices of "highbrows"—his own contemptuous appellation for all who have inherited social position or independent means. After an election in a certain State, an unusually intelligent postman was asked for whom he had voted for Governor. "For the Democrat," was his immediate response. "I knew he wasn't as good as either of the other candidates, but he has worked up from the bottom, and the others have not, so I thought he deserved to be

rewarded." Such incidents are unimportant, except that they are symptomatic of the trend of American politics. Men, not principles, carry elections, and it is rapidly becoming universal to estimate men not for what they are at the moment, not for what their abilities may enable them to accomplish for the State or for the nation, but rather for what their origins have been. Viewed from this angle, the excellent man who has started near the top is not comparable with the mediocre man who has started at the bottom. Even though the latter has not caught up, he has climbed farther. Although he may be less efficient for a particular work, he is more spectacular. Those who are still at the bottom trust him because they recognize in him one of themselves. Many vote for him because he represents their idea of democracy. Many also vote for him because they know that he will reward them by turning over to them a part of the public money of which their support has made him the temporary guardian and disburser. The result is that public offices are filled with men who are technically incompetent.

Men are elected to office, therefore, on a basis which ignores technical fitness and is ultra-democratic. While in office, however, they are given free rein and have distinctly autocratic authority—an authority to initiate legislation and an almost despotic power over the rights of individuals. President Wilson has been called the most despotic of modern rulers, and this is hardly an overstatement, since he has chosen to exert his personal authority as no President has done before. But there is no complaint. He claims no authority by the divine right of inheritance, which claim brought revolution in France, but by a divine right expressed through the suffrage. The people therefore acquiesce. The President is secure because of the origin of his power and because, in his official acts, he is supposed to represent the popular will. Had that will been formulated in clear principles, his hands would be tied, but he was not elected to carry out a definite programme. Party platforms are subordinate to party leaders. A President is elected because he repre-

sents, or is supposed to represent, the restless and perhaps rapidly changing wishes of the people. Just now these popular aspirations are towards a vague radicalism, and this Mr Wilson was expected to work out in detail as he saw fit. The President thus has more power of personal initiative, a wider scope of action, than is ever the case with a British Prime Minister.

Inactivity is seldom the dominant fault of American officials. They are only too ready to make as many laws as can be crowded into their terms of office. As a result, there is in America the anomaly of what prides itself on being a radical democracy under which people submit quietly to multitudinous and often vexatious rules and regulations. Personal liberty is circumscribed to an often exasperating extent, sometimes merely by the idle whim of an official, as in the order of the Secretary of the Navy that officers should not drink. The time may come when the country will no longer submit to ill-considered regulations, but there is a present danger of the forcible breaking of the bonds because different men are affected in different ways. The seed of revolution sprouts only when very large numbers have a common grievance.

One reason for the law-making mania is, unquestionably, that the average citizen has at present little protection at law. The rules of evidence, the possibility of numberless appeals on trivial technicalities, the whole weary course of judicial procedure, make of the law a game in which the man with the largest purse is sure to win. Such a mass of absurd conventions and technicalities has grown up that people say, with some fairness, that the cleverness of the lawyer, not the justice of the cause, or that the rules of the game, determine the result. Some of the courts, moreover, have calendars so overburdened that no new case can reach them for years to come. The bar quite clearly realizes the situation and is foremost in demanding reform, and is taking active measures to bring it about. The people demand, not reform—they do not understand what is to be reformed—but relief, and they would find it in a curtailment of judicial power; until

that can be achieved, in the enactment of precise and, as they hope, easily interpreted laws.

It is no longer enough, however, that these laws should be precise. They must, to satisfy the popular clamour, be clearly favourable to one section of the people, the labouring class, as against another section, the capitalist class. The ancient idea of special privilege must be retained, but reversed in application. One often hears it said that the labour problem in America is not as serious as it is in England, and although this may at the moment be true, it bids fair within a few years to be far more serious. The explanation of this is not difficult to find. America, more than any other country, has gone mad during the last century over the idea of material progress. Wealth has increased to an almost inconceivable degree. Railroads have penetrated all parts of the land, and with ease of transportation, factories have everywhere sprung into being. But agriculture has not kept pace with machinery. Consequently the population has tended more and more to focus itself in the cities where the opportunities seemed greatest. Colossal fortunes have been made, but the money of the nation has fallen into the hands of comparatively few individuals. Wages have risen, but the cost of living has risen with even greater rapidity, and the result is that, although individuals may have more money than individuals of corresponding classes in Europe, the problem of living is more difficult. This is in itself enough to cause social unrest and when in addition the population is concentrated in cities, where the poor see daily the luxury and extravagance of the rich, where the sight of innumerable artificial devices for increasing the comforts of life create correspondingly artificial needs, the motives for revolt are violently present. To all this must be added also the fact that Americans are, contrary to the European idea of them, an intensely idealistic people. Some of them believe that the country has reached the quantitative limit of production and possession. They are beginning to feel the need of quality. Millionaires think no longer only of building the biggest houses, but

rather of building the most beautiful houses. The standard of taste is rising. Architecture is still experimental, but it strives for something more than mere show. Rich men give with a lavishness unknown in the Old World to hospitals, educational institutions, art galleries, and these gifts, made for the people, make them think more of the people, of those artificially created needs of theirs which are coming to be considered as rights. All this means a weakening of the solidarity of the upper classes, united a few years ago to defend themselves against reasonable demands, and now that there is no longer question of resisting reasonable demands the labouring classes are united in pressing claims which ran far beyond the bounds of reason. With only feeble and spasmodic opposition special class privilege is again raising its ugly head.

All these problems, finally, are complicated by the necessity of distributing, civilizing and absorbing annually some million of ignorant immigrants; men and women, who crowd the city slums, who lower standards of living, who are always ready to swell the ranks of the most turbulent elements, because they expected to find in America an easy road to wealth and are disappointed. They are disappointed to find cobble stones instead of gold paving the city streets, but in place of wealth they find almost thrust upon them American citizenship. This, in fact, is a striking example of American idealism. The practical course would be to educate the children of these ignorant immigrants, to give them American ideals and then to make them citizens. Instead, the immigrants themselves are almost instantly given the ballot in the optimistic belief that the exercise of citizenship will, in some incomprehensible way, teach the ideals on which such citizenship should be founded. Courageous legislators devise schemes innumerable to dam this flood of immigration, but they are powerless because these people are necessary to the revolutionary propaganda of the unions. Only Oriental exclusion is possible since the Chinese and Japanese prefer personal liberty to union domination.

The European immigrants are eager to be naturalized, because they hope that the vote will somehow bring them power and riches. Ignorant, contemptuous as they are, of inherited American standards and ideals, it is they who more and more dictate the laws of the land.

That the outlook is very grave no one denies. As the only solution she can devise of her own pressing questions America has chosen her path—the increase of democracy, an ever widening direct control of the majority. More and more she is throwing into the hands of the people the decision of momentous questions. She is fearful of experts. She believes that only the people can make and interpret laws, and that a popular decision is most surely right when least influenced by those who have had experience; that only the people can reform legal procedure, determine what is and what is not class legislation, whether government or private ownership of public utilities is wiser; that the people only are competent to settle with fairness to all the grave conflict between capital and labour. When this programme is complete America may be no less excellent. It will certainly be very different. It will be no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation.

So completely is this democratic remedy in the ascendant that those conservatives who dare to doubt its transcendant virtues are accused of lack of patriotism. Yet they are not alarmists. They cannot agree that the uneducated masses represent inevitably the national will. Therefore they do not consider it any lack of patriotism to criticize a government which caters only for this part of the population, carries out the will of this part only. They feel themselves, as patriots, no more bound to submit unhesitatingly to the dictates of what they believe an unrepresentative majority than they would to bow before the rule of a single "hero." They disapprove of such sudden, carelessly considered, and radical changes as were brought about by the new tariff law, but in such a measure they see no national menace. Here and there an industry is destroyed which might have

adjusted itself to a gradual reduction of the tariff, but, although unsettling to business in general, they realize that such local failures are not indicative of a national decline of credit. The wealth of the nation is not decreased. Capital must merely be readjusted and redistributed. What they really fear, and see looming in the distance, is a general governmental throttling of all business, the certain result of a long enough continued series of regulations which aim to benefit the man below by tying the hands of the man above. They see the rewards of his industry taken away from the industrious man and distributed among those who hunger and thirst after the wealth of others, but who are too lazy or too ignorant to build up a competence for themselves. They see success made almost criminal. In the meantime they watch the price of living climb higher and higher. Their own dividends are diminished year by year; they give freely to help the poor; and all the time they realize what the poor, who are the majority and therefore the lawmakers, are unable to understand, that so long as taxes rise to meet the growing extravagance of local and national governments, their own power to aid is diminished and the necessities of life grow no cheaper. They cry out the truism that to be great a nation must be prosperous, that no laws are remedies which are not the outgrowth of custom, that a nation can grow sanely and strongly only when it conforms to the changeless law of Nature, sets itself inalterably against vice and oppression—whether that oppression be exerted by an individual or by the masses, and acknowledges the sacredness of individual liberty wherever that divine right is honestly and honourably exercised.

W. R. CASTLE

WHO WERE THE FAIRIES?

The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies. Ed. A. Lang. Nutt, 1893.
Tyson's Pigmies of the Ancients. Ed. B. C. A. Windle. Nutt, 1894.
The Testimony of Tradition. MacRitchie. Kegan Paul, 1890.
The Fairie Faith in Celtic Countries. Wentz. Frowde, 1911.

IN his *Demonology and Witchcraft*, a now almost forgotten work of that far from forgotten author Sir Walter Scott, allusion is made to the strange history of a certain Robert Kirk, M.A., Minister of Aberfoyle (in Scotland), in 1691. Kirk was a minister, the son of a minister and the father of a minister, in which facts he resembled many of his Presbyterian brethren in former and present days. For our present purpose it is much more important to remember that he was a seventh son and thus endowed, according to common legend, with strange psychic powers and liable to strange experiences not given to other men.

Such, if his story be true, was certainly the fate of the Rev. Robert Kirk, for although he is stated to have died in 1692 and although Scott saw his tombstone inscribed

* ROBERTUS KIRK, A.M.
Linguæ Hiberniæ Lumen.

in spite of these facts, according to common report, Kirk never did die, but was carried off into Fairyland by its outraged inhabitants for reasons which will shortly appear.

It is true that he appeared to die—that is, he sank in a swoon on the side of a *dun-sidh* or fairy hill—and that a funeral was held in which he was the silent participant, but, according to the legend, all this was a mere pretence. "After the ceremony of a seeming funeral," says

* The laudatory sentence relates to his having made a translation of the Bible into Irish.

Scott, " the form of the Rev. Robert Kirk appeared to a relation, and commanded him to go to Grahame of Duchray. ' Say to Duchray, who is my cousin as well as your own, that I am not dead, but a captive in Fairyland; and only one chance remains for my liberation. When the posthumous child, of which my wife has been delivered since my disappearance, shall be brought to baptism, I will appear in the room, when, if Duchray shall throw over my head the knife or dirk which he holds in his hand, I may be restored to society; but if this be neglected, I am lost for ever.' " We note in passing the introduction of the sacred metal, iron, as a talisman against fairy devices and await the sequel. Kirk appeared at the baptism and was seen by Duchray and, as it would appear, by others then present, but whether Duchray had no desire for the return to earth of his cousin, or whether he was, as Andrew Lang believed, so much astonished as to forget the message, the fact remains that the dirk was not thrown and Mr Kirk once more returned to his fairy prison, where we must assume he still languishes. And now we may ask why his gaolers were so angry with Mr Kirk. It was presumably because he knew too much about them and had made the world his confidant by publishing the work whose name appears first in the list at the head of this chapter. *The Secret Commonwealth* was an exceedingly rare book, and indeed may still so be described since the late Mr Nutt's reprint of it in his *Bibliothèque de Carabas*, with a learned introduction by the late Andrew Lang, was very strictly limited in numbers.

It is a book well worth reading, and is distinguished from every other book on the subject by the fact that its author treated his subject in exactly the same manner as he might have done had he been writing an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the village of Aberfoyle over which he was minister. Galt's *Annals of a Parish* is the kind of book of which I am thinking, but that was admittedly a work of imagination. Not so Mr Kirk's essay: that was in his hands as much a sober account of actual things as was his countryman Mungo

Park's description of his journeyings in Africa and of the tribes and peoples with whom he met. The *Secret Commonwealth* then is of great value because it sets down once for all exactly what things were believed about the Fairies, in Scotland at any rate, at a time when such beings were as much credited in as were witches and warlocks and other like uncanny and, usually, unseen existences. For the full account the curious must be referred to the pages of Mr Lang's edition, and those who betake themselves to it will find a rich reward, but a few of the more general passages must be quoted in order that Kirk's position with regard to these beings may become clear. The Fairies, he says, "are said to be of a middle nature betwixt Man and Angel, as were Daemons thought to be of old; of intelligent studious spirits, and light changeable bodies (lyke those called Astral), somewhat of the Nature of a condensed Cloud, and best seen in Twilight. Thes Bodies be so plyable thorough the Subtilty of the Spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear att Pleasure. Some have Bodies or Vehicles so spungious, thin and defecat, that they are fed by only sucking into some fine spirituous Liquors, that peirce lyke pure Air and Oyl: others feid more gross on the Foyson or substance of Corns and Liquors, or Corne it selfe that grows on the surface of the earth, which these Fairies, steall away, partly invisible, partly preying on the Grain as do Crowes and Mice; wherefore in this same Age, they are sometimes heard to bake Bread, strike Hammers, and do such lyke Services within the little Hillocks they most haunt: some whereof of old, before the Gospel dispelled Paganism, and in some Barbarous places as yet, enter houses after all are at rest, and set the Kitchens in order, cleaning all the Vessels. Such Drags goe under the name of Brownies." And "Such Drags," we may feel certain, many a mistress would be glad to lure to her household to-day. Not to quote further, Kirk draws for us a picture of a body of people usually but not always invisible; when seen, most generally by night and not by day; inhabiting hillocks and mounds of an artificial character

Who were the Fairies?

(many raths in Ireland were and to some extent still are associated with them); stealing cattle, children, goods from their human neighbours, to whom they sometimes act in the capacity of midwives; wandering from place to place; sometimes kindly, sometimes revengeful—in a word the fairies with whom we learnt to be familiar when children from our story books.

Who were these fairies? From what did all these tales flow? Were they pure efforts of imagination or is there an underlying stratum of actual fact beneath these seeming trifles? It is the problem of Euhemerus once more, and many are the efforts which have been made to solve it, not, it must so far be admitted, with any very conspicuous success. Some there are, like Kirk, who dispose readily of the matter by asserting that there really are fairies, a solution which would of course at once account for the belief in their existence. Of these is Mr Wentz, who came over from America, where there are plenty of legends of little people, though no true fairies, to find out what he could find out about the genuine article. The result is the truly amazing book, which must be treated with respect, since it has won for its writer degrees in Academies no less distinguished than the Universities of Rennes and Oxford (to place them in the chronological order in which the degrees were obtained). It is not a wholly satisfactory guide even to things as to which our knowledge is sufficient, as may be instanced by the assertion that the Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory was derived from the Celtic notion of Re-Birth, and might be made evident by many another example if this were a review of the book in question. But over and above all this Mr Wentz' book is of interest because he took the trouble to visit the chief centres of fairy-lore and to interrogate those from whom he believed that he might get information. The unkind might remark that he got what he went out to get and what he might have expected to get—but let that pass. He returned from his inquiries with a firm faith in the fairies and, if we are to credit our eyesight, also with a sincere desire, shared, so he states,

by some at least in Ireland, for "the relighting of the Fires and the restoration of the old Druidic Mysteries." As to these, it may parenthetically be added, we know very little, yet from what very little we do know can scarcely imagine any persons desirous of their restoration. However, without accepting Mr Wentz' easy way, we may at least admit that he has been successful in once more awakening an interest in the problem stated at the head of this article.

Now in approaching all questions of myth like that of the Fairies or of the Tuatha de Danaan, let us say—hastening to add that we not for a moment indicate that the two cycles of tales have any relationship with one another—there are two ways of looking at the matter.

We may take the view that the whole thing is *ab initio* a myth and arose in the minds of men without any substantial foundation in fact, or we may take the view that there is an underlying fact or an underlying man or woman obscured almost or quite from recognition by the cairn of accretions erected over his name. This was the view of Euhemerus in the fourth century B.C.; it has been the view of many since; it is not too much perhaps to say that it is the view of many, perhaps most, of those most competent to form an opinion to-day. Such a view would teach that behind the legendary Arthur of Malory and Tennyson there was a real Artorius or some such named man around whom many extraneous legends accumulated. Such men recognize the amazing toughness of tradition and it is certain that they can support their belief in its toughness by many remarkable examples. At any rate such an attitude underlies Mr MacRitchie's well-known effort to explain the fairies.

According to his view, the tales about the fairies are really stories, half-forgotten, almost wholly perverted, entirely misunderstood, respecting early races of this and other countries, but especially these islands: tales told of them by an aftercoming invading race which may often have had to suffer from a pin-prick policy on the part of those whom it had dispossessed. And he points

out that such a race of dispossessed inhabitants would naturally, when not actually enslaved, lead a furtive, underground, nocturnal existence as the fairies are fabled to do. They might from time to time have been called in to act as midwives, perhaps from that belief in their magic which all conquering races seem to have accorded to those whom they had conquered; they very likely did on occasion steal from their supplanters not merely food and other articles, but sometimes children. In fact it is not difficult at all to explain some at least of the more important fairy characteristics of the legend in terms of this theory.

Let us consider a couple of examples. Most people have heard of what are called "elf-darts"—i.e., prehistoric stone arrow-heads: they are to be seen in almost every museum. Kirk says of them: "Their Weapons are most what solid earthly Bodies, nothing of Iron, but much of Stone, like to yellow soft Flint Spa, shaped like a barbed Arrow-head, but flung like a Dairt, with great Force. These Armes (cut by Airt and Tools it seems beyond humane) have something of the Nature of Thunderbolt subtilty, and mortally wounding the vital Parts without breaking the Skin; of which Wounds I have observed in Beasts, and felt them with my Hands." And that we may take some comfort against such dexterous and invisible opponents, he adds: "They are not as infallible Benjamites, hitting at a Hair's-breadth; nor are they wholly unvanquishable, at least in appearance." In stating this, Kirk is simply stating one of the best-known bits of folk-lore that we have. There is, to take but one out of many other examples, another amusing account of the same idea in a letter written in 1700 by Dr Hicks to Pepys in which, after a somewhat similar description to that given by Kirk, he concludes: "I have another strange story, but very well attested, of an Elf arrow that was shot at a venerable Irish Bishop" (no doubt, from the date, a Bishop of the Establishment) "by an Evil Spirit, in a terrible noise louder than thunder, which shaked the house where the Bishop was." Now, as far as the piece of folk-lore to

which we have just been devoting our attention goes, there can be nothing more certain than that the "elf-darts" are the stone arrow-heads of early races which inhabited these islands and parts of Europe before history was, and in so far there certainly seems to be a nexus between the tale and the fact.

Take again a tale like that of Childe Rowland, so excellently told by Mr J. Jacobs and illustrated by Mr H. J. Ford in the first *English Fairy Tales*. In the notes to this tale Mr Jacobs alludes to its having been known to Shakespere, who mentions it in King Lear—

Childe Rowland to the Dark Tower came

—and believes that Milton used its original form as the substructure of the poem which he wove around the loss of Sidney's daughter in the woods near Ludlow—the Masque of Comus.

Over these literary connexions we must not linger, but in a brief manner must indicate the outlines of the story. A girl is playing ball with her three brothers. In the course of the game she commits the indiscretion of running round the church "withershins"—i.e., in the opposite way to the sun which, as all know, is the very way to deliver oneself into the power of the fairies. That is just what happens in her case, for the King of Elf-land carries her off to his tower, from which she is only to be brought back by the boldest knight in Christendom. The two elder brothers assay the task, but, neither of them returning, it falls to the lot of Childe Rowland, the youngest, to make the adventure and deliver his sister. Directed by various people, he reaches the Dark Tower; and note how it is described. It is "a round green hill, surrounded with terrace-rings, from the bottom to the top." Thus it resembles one of those mounds or "earth-houses" which form a part of Mr MacRitchie's argument. In the interior it is gorgeous beyond all possibility of belief, but it may be admitted that it was pardonable for the teller to let himself go a little at this point. At any rate, there were Burd Helen and the two unsuccessful brothers,

and the youngest would have joined them in their confinement had he not remembered the directions which he had received to fast from all food while in the Tower. There follows a conflict with the King of Elf-land, who is defeated and has to render up his prisoners.

Let us first strip this tale of three well-known bits of folk-lore, only the last of which has any relation to our present subject.

There is the "Withershins" matter, a commonplace of folk-lore, like the "success of the youngest brother," another ordinary incident. And finally there is the "abstinence from food whilst in Fairyland," of which more presently. Stripped of these and of the obvious efforts of the imagination respecting the size and adornments of the Dark Tower, we certainly have a series of events which might easily be translated into the carrying off of a daughter of the conquering race by one of the conquered; of her imprisonment in some hidden place of security; of her rescue by her relatives. In a word the two stories have convertible terms.

The matter is, however, not quite so simple as might appear from what has just been said. Mr MacRitchie's thesis contains the suggestion that the early tribes whose recollections have become handed down to later generations as fairy tales were small-sized, even pigmy people.

Now it is undoubtedly true that there are pigmy races in certain parts of the world. There is the well-known case of the pigmies of the Central African forests discovered by Stanley, and in this connexion one may note that pigmy races in Africa were mentioned by Aristotle. "They (the Cranes) come out of Scythia to the Lakes above Egypt whence the Nile flows! This is the place whereabouts the Pigmies dwell. For this is no fable but a truth. Both they and the horses, as 'tis said, are of a small kind. They are Troglodytes and live in caves." And the same tale appears in Homer:

> So when the inclement winters vex the plain
> With piercing frosts or thick-descending rain,

Who were the Fairies?

To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
With noise and order, through the midway sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring
And all the war descends upon the wing.

For a long time it was supposed that these stories were but stories and had no foundation of fact, and Tyson's Essay, which was a sort of appendix to his *Anatomy of a Pigmy*,* i.e. of a Chimpanzee—one of the first attempts at a study in Comparative Anatomy—was intended to show that the pigmies of the ancients were really monkeys, and thus was one of the earliest essays in euhemeristic folk-lore of what may be called modern times.

Further, there are legends, many of a very ancient character, of small races in various parts of the world such as China and Japan and North America. But the important fact is that in the places where what may legitimately be called the fairy legend most flourishes there is no evidence that there ever was at any period of history anything in the nature of a pigmy race.

This may fairly be said to be the case all over Europe and it is most emphatically true of these islands. Whatever may have been the differences between the appearances of the earlier races—whom we only know by their skeletons—and the race as we now know it, and the skeletal differences are surprisingly small, there is no great and remarkable difference of stature between them. There are stunted races like the Lapps and the Esquimaux, but these, strictly speaking, are not pigmy races, nor is there any evidence that they or any like them inhabited these islands at any time or were sufficiently well known there to form the substratum of a legend. It is now nearly twenty years since I published my book on the Pigmies, and the statement just made was one which appeared in essence in that work. It has only been confirmed by all recent evidence, and much has come to light during the

* Edward Tyson, M.D., F.R.S., published his book in 1699. His "pigmy" is, I believe—or at least its skeleton is—in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

period of time alluded to. Certainly nothing can be better proved than that the flint arrow-heads to which allusion has been made were not constructed by a pigmy race; and as to the so-called " pigmy implements," these owe their name to their size. There is no sort of osteological evidence that their makers were pigmies themselves.

Further, there is the remarkable and highly significant fact that many of the mounds associated with fairy legends were never habitations of the living, but were the resting-places of the dead. Such was the well-known Bry-yr-Ellyllon or Fairy Hill, near Mold, and such the sepulchral barrow of Willey How in Yorkshire. It is partly on this fact that the late Mr Andrew Lang founded his belief that the real origin of the belief in fairies was to be found in " a lingering memory of the Chthonian beings, ' the Ancestors.' " He emphasizes, in fact, the importance of " the part played by ancestral spirits, naturally earth-dwellers." And in this connexion appears the significance of one of the pieces of folk-lore embedded in the tale of Childe Rowland, that of the abstinence from food. For, as he points out, "in many ways, as when persons carried off to Fairyland meet relations or friends lately deceased, who warn them, as Persephone and Steenie Steenson were warned "—and, we may add, as Childe Rowland was warned—" to eat no food in this place, Fairyland is clearly a memory of the pre-Christian Hades." And he continues: " There are other elements in the complex mass of Fairy tradition, but Chaucer knew ' the Fairy Queen Proserpina ' as Campion calls her, and it is plain that in very fact the ' dread Persephone,' the ' Queen over death and the dead,' had dwindled into the lady who borrows Tamlane in the ballad. Indeed Kirk mentions but does not approve of this explanation ' that those subterranean people are departed souls.' Now . . . . . the dead are dwellers under earth."

But, even if we grant that Mr Lang was right in his hypothesis and there is far more evidence in favour of it than it has been possible to set down here, we are no more precluded than he was from agreeing that in

Mr MacRitchie's theory there is a powerful adjuvant in the building up of the fairy mythology. Given an idea of people living underground, the souls of the dead, we naturally arrive at the idea of a small people, for many primitive races seem to have pictured the soul as a tiny replica of the man. Thus the Macusi Indians believe that although the body will decay, " the man in our eyes " will not die, but wander about. Given this fundamental idea, it is quite easy to see how accretions, derived from wholly different sources, may have become added to it. If there is one thing obvious about mythology it is that tales get told about persons to whom they never belonged until they become part of the stock history or legend.

And in the same way it is quite easy to see how the doings of a conquered but unenslaved race, hiding from their conquerors by day and only venturing forth at night on stealthy forays; intermarrying occasionally, as the fairies are said to have done with men; comporting themselves, in a word, after the manners of non-magical fairies, may have got mixed up with the earlier tradition until they became inseparably blended with it. There are probably other strands in the tangled skein of fairy legend: perhaps those indicated in these pages may be two of them.

Before concluding it may not be amiss to say a few words on an exceedingly interesting point to which that very distinguished scholar Professor R. A. S. Macalister has recently called attention.

If there is one part of the world which is " fulfilled of faery," it is Ireland. Sir William Wilde said that every green rath (i.e., earthen fortress) was consecrated to the good people. There I think he spoke too largely, for the people now at any rate distinguish between " faery-raths " and what are sometimes at least called " Danish-raths," though I have never been able to find out on what the distinction is based. Still the fact remains that an immense number of these raths were and even still are, though the belief seems to be dying out, associated with fairy legends. To some these fairies are the genuine

descendants of the Sidhe or Aes Sidhe—i.e., "the hill-dwellers"—an ancient Irish name for the gods. Those who wish to know something about them and something about Celtic Mythology in general may be advised to spend one penny on Professor McNeile's most admirable pamphlet.* Space will not permit of this matter being touched upon here, but the interesting point which Professor Macalister wishes to emphasize is that " there is a complete break in continuity between the supernatural beings of the old Irish romances and those spoken of by the modern peasant. The modern fairies in manners, customs, garb, appearance, and names are as different as possible from the Aes Sidhe and the other beings of whom tales are told in the MSS." And he takes an example which may be dwelt upon for a moment. All over Ireland we find the Puca or Pook embedded in place-names. There is, for example, the Waterfall of Poul-a-Phuca near Blessington: there is a Carrig-a-Phuca, that curious peel-tower on the top of a rock which cannot fail to catch the eye of any tourist motoring from Macroom to Killarney: there is Castle-Pook close to Donerail, where Canon Sheehan lived and is buried: there are a host of other examples. The name itself ought to arouse our suspicions as to a foreign origin for its bearer, for what has a fairy with an initial P to do with a country of K-Celts? And as a fact Professor Macalister declares that as far as the Puca is concerned " the delvers in ancient Irish literature have not yet unearthed the faintest trace of such a being or anything like him." From these two facts it would seem as if the Puca must be an alien importation, and such Professor Macalister believes him to have been. He thinks that the fairy as now and in recent times known in Ireland is much more like the Shakesperian sprite than he is to the more ancient being of legend. No one will need to be reminded that Shakespere knew about Puck. In the past it was thought by some that the poet had appropriated him from some Irish acquaintance

* Published by the Catholic Truth Society in their series on the History of Religion.

as he must have done those six or seven Irish songs with whose orthography he played such havoc—a puzzle to all the commentators until the difficulty was cleared up. Now it would appear that the current set in the opposite direction and that the fairy of recent years was a by-product of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. Such is the theory now propounded, and Professor Macalister explains by it the fact that fairy-legends are attached to ring-forts or raths. " For," he says, " these ancient steadings are not as a rule ancient. They frequently have Ogham stones used up as building material in their construction, and we must allow time for a number of stages of historical development before the forts could be ready for their supernatural occupants. First we must assume the representatives of the owner of the monument " (i.e., the Ogham stone, these being inscribed tombstones) " to have become extinct, before the stone could be appropriated. Then we must allow time for the family of the occupant of the fort to become extinct. Then we must allow further time for the fort to lie derelict and finally to fall into ruin; and we need then a further space for all recollection that it and places like it were once centres of human habitation to be effaced from local popular memory. If we start with a monument of the sixth or seventh century, we will arrive at a date not very far off the Anglo-Norman conquest by the time all this has happened."

It is an exceedingly interesting theory and one which we may hope that the writer from whom we have quoted will yet more completely elaborate in the future.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RUSSIAN RETREAT

IN the middle of April the Russian High Command became aware of the concentration of enormous enemy forces in Western Galicia. These forces consisted of new formations, troops brought from the Western Front, and doubtless a certain number of men moved up from other parts of the Eastern Front. There is considerable disagreement as to total numbers of these various reinforcements, and as the subject is one of evident importance, I shall make no excuse for returning to it later. But whatever room for divergence of opinion may exist here, there could be no doubt that the army concentrated in Western Galicia, and based upon Cracow, represented a very formidable host. This remark bears special application to the array of artillery with which it was provided. According to credible Russian estimates, the enemy disposed of at least 2,000 guns equal to or exceeding 8in. types. No army in the world's history has ever taken the field with a more lavish supply of heavy cannon, or has had at its command a greater concentration of high explosive power with which to blast its way through opposing forces.

The Russians, on their side, were known to be suffering from a shortage in munitions, equipment and supplies of all kinds. Such shortage applied particularly to ammunition for the heavy guns. In this direction alone lay the enemy's decisive superiority; and in such superiority we include, as a matter of course, the incomparable railway and transport facilities generally which he possessed, and which enabled him to bring into action and maintain in action over many weeks so large a number of pieces. What stupendous organization this effort called for may be understood from the fact that in the course of the first great collision on the Dunajec, according to the calculations of the Russian General Staff, the enemy blazed away at least a thousand railway carloads

of artillery ammunition, and for weeks afterwards, though going farther and farther from his base, kept up a bombardment of average strength, with now and again a lavish expenditure of shell as the occasion required. We cannot in face of these facts be niggardly in our praise of the enemy's achievement. It was truly a great triumph of organization, and up to a point—a very considerable point—it succeeded admirably. Accompanying this vast assemblage of cannon in Western Galicia was an army estimated to have numbered more than one million men, which, because of the narrow front into which it was squeezed and the unprecedentedly deep formation in which it attacked, was alluded to in the messages of the correspondents as Mackensen's phalanx. I have said already that in no arm, except that of artillery, could the enemy boast a marked superiority over the Russians. Indeed, we may go further and say that it is an open question to-day whether in a straightforward contest, man for man, the German soldiers are anything like the equal of the hardy Russian *moujik*, while, of course, it is beyond all doubt that the Austrian levies are his inferior both as to courage and moral. The enemy, therefore, depended mainly upon his facility to concentrate an overwhelming number of cannon, and the victories in Galicia, which really decided the fate of Warsaw, were due solely to this factor. That circumstance is in itself extremely significant and encouraging. What, however, the enemy gained in one direction he was compelled to sacrifice in another. His infantry mass, like a huge escort, was tied to the guns, and on no day was the phalanx able to advance in Western Galicia more than ten versts, while on most days the distance covered was considerably less, amounting on many occasions to barely a verst. If this advance, it may be urged, was slow, then it was certainly sure, and, on the whole, successful, in so far as vast territories were occupied and heavy losses inflicted upon the enemy. Here we are brought directly to a consideration of the Higher Policy which prompted the enemy's plans. Before

entering upon this phase of the discussion let us first reflect that such policy was forced upon the enemy by the military conditions which the efforts of the Allies had produced and that, in turn, it had induced, or rather compelled, him to abandon a method to which he had hitherto always attached the utmost importance—the method of mobility—and to introduce the idea of a gigantic, slow-moving phalanx of men and guns. To this change in principle the German genius for organization was well adapted. And, moreover, if the war had taught anything at all, it was that the original German conception that modern artillery would dominate modern defences was correct. For the purpose of breaking through the Russian fortified lines in Western Galicia a large concentration of heavy guns was doubtless essential. Where, however, the enemy's expectations were not fulfilled was in meeting with so stout a resistance as that which the Russian infantry offered. Having made artillery preparations on so great a scale, the German Command fully believed that the enemy's armies would quickly become demoralized, and that a decisive victory would be possible.

Had they called to mind Tolstoy's estimate of the Russian soldier, they might have entertained an altogether different conception of their task. No one knew better than he the *moujik* in arms, and this is what he wrote after many years' observation as an officer in war and peace and, later in life, as a peasant among peasants:

> I have remarked in our soldiery at the time of danger peculiar tact in ignoring and avoiding those things that might have a depressing effect upon their comrades' spirits. The spirit of the Russian soldier is not constituted, like the courage of the southern nations, for quickly kindled and quickly cooling enthusiasm. It is as hard to set him on fire as it is to cause him to lose courage. For him it is not necessary to have accessories, speeches, martial shouts, songs and drums; on the contrary, he wants calmness, order, and avoidance of everything unnatural. In the Russian, the genuine Russian soldier, you never find braggadocio, bravado, or

the tendency to get demoralized or excited in time of danger; on the contrary, discretion, simplicity, and the faculty of seeing in peril something quite distinct from the peril constitute the chief traits of his character.

This wonderful spirit of calm sacrifice in the *moujik* has played no small part in saving Europe from German domination. Again and again whole armies permitted themselves to be wiped out that the main forces might retreat in safety. It is said, for example, that out of the 225,000 men that defended the Dunajec line in Western Galicia only 40,000 escaped capture or destruction. Yet, though he achieved successes which might have been decisive in any other war, the enemy, with all his cannon, failed as completely as he had done before in the West in his march on Paris, when, unhampered by heavy guns, he tried the method of a swift enveloping movement.

Thus, the course of events fully proved that, although the enemy's artillery power was so terrific as to compel in the first instance a retreat, his infantry was quite unequal to the task which it was set of converting this retreat into a rout. It is clear that his enveloping movements were destined to failure, for no other reason than that their speed was virtually decided by the snail's pace of his caravan of guns.

Having made it clear that the enemy's methods failed to carry out his great purpose, let us investigate the main conditions that shaped his policy. It is, of course, certain that he was well acquainted with the fact that the Russians were suffering from a serious shortage of heavy gun ammunition, and this circumstance naturally strengthened his confidence. Probably here we have one of the principal inducements which led him to direct his offensive activity towards the Eastern, and not the Western Front. There were, of course, many other cogent reasons which dictated his policy. In the West the Allies were strongly entrenched over a front considerably less in extent than that in the East, with flanks firmly secured at one end by the sea and at the other by neutral

territory. Thus in the West there was no room for the manœuvring of great forces, and against an enemy so strongly placed, so well served by aviators, and so well provided with lateral communications as were the Allies, surprise concentrations could not be organized. On the other hand, in the East, once Galicia was cleared, there was almost illimitable space for the grouping and regrouping of armies and for the play of the strategy of envelopment so favoured by the German General Staff. In such circumstances the superior German railway system would fulfil the part for which it was intended. In short, adhering faithfully to the supreme aim of all warfare, which is to destroy the enemy's forces, the Germans hoped that in the East they would be able to eliminate the Russian armies by the process of capture, whereas in the West they realized that no other course was open save the tedious method of slaughter, a method in which, because of their mass formation in attack, they would be bound to lose more heavily than the Allies. Moreover, while the enemy was in sight of his last reserves of men, the Allies had at their disposal vast resources of human material upon which they could instantly draw if the situation developed badly for them. Putting aside all purely strategical considerations, it is manifest that to have undertaken offensive operations in the West in the hope of delivering a decisive blow such as might have led to a realization of their one aim—the patching up of a peace—would have required far larger forces than Germany could then have spared for the task, more particularly in view of the situation as it was then shaping in the East. Already the Russians had crossed the Carpathians and were in Hungarian territory, threatening to invade the plains, where a rich harvest of grain lay ripening in the sun. It is true, as we know, that they were short of heavy-gun ammunition and equipment, but had the enemy decided to undertake offensive operations in the West, and not in the East, then the Russians, handicapped though they were, might yet have succeeded in doing a not inconsiderable amount

of damage in Hungary. It was a matter of common knowledge that in the early summer the Germans would have available a large number of new formations, probably providing an additional million fresh men. A very large proportion of this total would, of course, immediately be swallowed up in making good the enormous casualties sustained. It was certain, therefore, that any margin remaining would not be sufficient to enable the enemy to carry out a great assault upon the Allies' line in the West. Before such a project could have been initiated large—very large—reinforcements would have had to be transferred from the East. Indeed, success could hardly have been hoped for unless the Germans had been prepared to transfer to the West fully three-quarters, if not the whole, of their army then operating on the Russian front, and to reinforce this army with all the new formations ready to take the field. But the complication which prevented this scheme being carried out was the inability of the Austrians, after the series of great defeats which they had suffered, to resist the Russians without aid and supervision. We come, therefore, once more to the conclusion that the victories achieved by the Russians over the Austrians in the early stages of the campaign stand out as the one clearly decisive fact of the whole dispute. Had the Germans been so foolish in the early summer as to take the risk of leaving the Eastern theatre inadequately provided with men that they might concentrate in the West, then Russia's chance would have come. While Germany's last reserves were being absorbed in deadly frontal attacks against the Allies' fortified line in the West, Russia could have invaded Hungary. In that eventuality a vast area of growing crops upon which the enemy were relying for food supplies would have been destroyed, and, as a consequence, the very integrity of the Dual Alliance might have been shattered, while also to be considered was the probability that nations at present neutral would then have declared themselves in favour of the Allies. Nor would the calamitous consequences have ended here.

After the losses occasioned by a great failure in the West how could the enemy have hoped to stem a Russian invasion from the East? When we reflect upon all these vital considerations we are enabled to understand clearly how it came about that the enemy delivered his offensive blow in the East and not in the West. Also, we can appreciate the fact that in the future, if he is to accumulate forces sufficient to enable him to attempt to bring about a change in the Western situation, he must accomplish considerably more in the East than he has been able to do up to the present; he must indeed decisively defeat the main Russian forces. For it is important to remember that while the enemy has been following the retreating Russian hosts he has been expending great reserves of ammunition which he was at pains to store up during winter, that he is wearing out guns by constant use, and that he is sustaining casualties at a far greater rate in proportion to his resources than is the case with his opponent. Deficiencies in material he may make good to a certain extent, but we cannot suppose, even in this respect, that he will again be in a stronger position than when he undertook his great offensive against Russia, the chief aim of which—to crush the main Russian forces—remains as yet unfulfilled. As far as men of military usefulness are concerned, it is evident that Germany's reserves are about exhausted. The Allies in the West, on their part, have made good use of the interval of comparative tranquillity which has been allowed them, in order to mobilize reserve strength and correct defects of organization. It was, of course, known to them that in the early summer the enemy would have at his disposal new formations with which to attempt to recover the initiative either in the East or the West. For the reasons which I have enumerated, it was generally anticipated that this attempt would be made in the East; but until the blow fell no individual outside the confidence of the German or Austrian High Command could be quite certain as to the enemy's intentions. To sum up the

whole issue: An attack in the West would have played into the Allies' hands. In that event the Germans, not having sufficient men at their disposal to break through the strong line occupied by their enemy, would have sacrificed their last reserves to no great purpose. To relieve the German strategical predicament more than a slight advance would have been essential. Even the capture of Calais would not have helped matters in the decisive sense—the only sense that counts in the idea of compelling an enemy to conclude peace. Then there was the Eastern situation to be considered: Russia, standing upon the threshold of Hungary, ready to threaten the very existence of the Dual Alliance. In reality the enemy had no choice of alternatives. Only one decision was left to him—the decision which he took.

Up to the present I have dwelt exclusively upon the military considerations which decided the enemy's plan. At the same time it must not be forgotten that political motives also entered into his scheme. By this time he had probably given up all idea of concluding a separate peace with any of the Allies in the West. It was not so as far as Russia was concerned. He still cherished the hope that, granted an extensive occupation of her territories, to be followed by a promise of restoration or exchange, she might be coerced into arranging terms.

To discuss in any detail the ethical or practical issues involved in such a question would be insulting to our Ally. It is, however, appropriate to say that the enemy put all his hopes upon the survival of Prussian influence at the Russian Court and upon the indisputably emotional basis of Russian character, which might, in time of continuous strain and acute peril, so it was thought, give way to weakness and, perhaps, even to panic. In short, the idea was entertained that the Russian people would betray lack of confidence in a bureaucratic administration which had seemingly failed, and for whose misdeeds, not having been permitted a share in the government, they could legitimately disclaim all responsibility. Altogether, then, there is certainly every reason to think

that prominent among the enemy's calculations was the belief that reverses to Russian arms would be followed by a terrible and triumphant revolution in the land. Here, as always, the Germans wildly over-estimated the portents of the times. Bitter internal dissension there has been in Russia. The parties of the Left have at last raised their voices to some effect, and the bureaucrats and *tchinovniks* of the Right are downcast and silent. In face of a peril that is the product of inefficiency the Government cannot any longer effectually repress the popular demand for reform. There have been serious labour troubles, and some shooting down of riotous strikers has occurred. But all these troubles are merely affairs of the household, and nowhere has the suggestion been heard that the common enemy should be called in to arbitrate. Indeed, the whole tendency of the agitation is directed towards securing greater efficiency in the means chosen for fighting the foe. So much for the internal state of Russia.

Let us now consider Russia's view of our share in the common task. So far I have endeavoured to show that one of the principal reasons which induced the enemy to deliver his great offensive blow against the Eastern and not against the Western Front was the inadequacy of his resources to the stupendous task of breaking through the strong line held by the Allies in Northern France and Belgium. We may now dwell upon the causes which led the Allies, on their side, to refrain from undertaking a general offensive in the West. In regard to this subject a great deal of misunderstanding exists both here and in Russia. We can appreciate the apprehension felt by the masses in Russia, who are suffering from the severe strain imposed by military conditions in their midst. They see their armies in retreat, the abandonment of fortress after fortress, of line upon line of trenches, and the slow but steady advance of the enemy towards the heart of Russia; they see vast territories laid waste by fire and sword, villages razed to the ground, crops destroyed, factories

dismantled and industry ruined; they see some of the largest and fairest cities in the empire passing into the hands of the enemy; they see, flocking into Moscow and Petrograd, thousands of starving and terror-stricken refugees; and finally they see that the army is suffering heavy losses in men, guns, and material and that epidemics, which are always prevalent in Russia in summer time, are this year claiming an exceptionally high toll of victims. All the while they know in their hearts that the *moujik* is the finest soldier in the world, that so far as reserves of men are concerned Russia has many millions, while the enemy's supply is about exhausted, and that all this potential strength is wasted because of want of guns and equipment, because of negligence and ill-preparation. Russia feels to-day like a great-hearted giant-peasant, bound hand and foot, whose broad, hard breast is an anvil upon which stinging blows are dealt; the head of the giant is disdainfully thrown back well out of harm's way, and though the wrinkled, weather-beaten face winces, it yet wears an expression full of human serenity and dignity.

Between the Russian General Staff and the Allies in the West a perfect understanding exists, and the policy that is being pursued in East and West is a Common Policy believed to be the wisest in the interests of the Grand Alliance. Yet it is not to be denied that, though the Russian people are blaming primarily the system under which they live for all their woes, they have, at the same time, shown some inclination to criticize adversely the seeming inactivity of their Allies. But, after all, is it to be wondered at that the contrast which all the suffering and devastation in their midst presents to the comparative calm of the Western Front should have caused among them some little murmuring? Still fresh and vivid in their minds, let us not forget, are the poignant memories of Tannenberg and Augustowo, when they were told that Russian Armies had been sacrificed to relieve the dire peril of the Allies in the West. In face of all these circumstances it is

hardly to be expected that the mass of the Russian people should be in a mood to grasp the broad elements of the European strategical situation or the mathematical calculations of the experts of the General Staffs and of the Press. But while we can sympathetically appreciate their point of view, even though it be apparent to our detached minds that their outlook is obscured by agony and apprehension, it is not so easy to understand that section of the Press in this country which, instead of seeking to inform our Ally of the magnitude of England's effort and of the realities of the Western situation, conducted an hysterical campaign against the Government. This agitation, which sprang from motives of frenzied egoism, had lamentable results. In the first place it provided support to mistaken ideas already held to a certain extent in Russia. That result was in itself deplorable enough. But it was not the worst consequence of the Press campaign. There is abundant evidence to show that this shouting from the housetops put heart into our enemies. Already the fact that the Dual Alliance was able to assume a vigorous offensive in the East, and the discussion which had arisen over the ammunition question, had everywhere produced a not inconsiderable amount of confused thinking. What the public needed in these circumstances was calm guidance, not the exaggerated expression of everyday political criticism. The statement of Mr Balfour on the work of the British Navy and the interview which the British Ambassador gave to a Moscow journal were certainly necessary in order to clear the atmosphere.

It must be evident to all who gave any thought to the question that if the Germans did not consider their resources adequate to a successful offensive against the Western front, then similar conditions were most likely to prevent the Allies, on their part, from attempting an adventurous movement, though in regard to the latter, in view of the progress of their preparations, these conditions operate to-day less effectually than was the case a few months ago. If the principles so far adduced

are indisputable as far as the enemy is concerned, then it must be evident that, in the main, they also apply to the situation of the Allies. Were the latter, at an ill-timed moment, and without adequate preparation, to launch against the strongly fortified German line a general offensive movement they would make the grievous error of acting as the enemy desires them to act and as, in fact, they on their part now wish the enemy to act; they would, in short, be surrendering their will and ultimately their initiative to him. In that event, faced with exactly the same conditions as those which now hold the Germans in check, they would meet the very fate which would befall him were he to attack in the West with insufficient men and guns. There is always the prospect, remote though it may be, that the enemy, pressed by time, may be driven to undertake a desperate adventure. But for the Allies, with time on their side, to begin prematurely a general offensive would be to commit a fatal folly. The military and moral consequences of a great failure in the West at this stage of the campaign would be irreparable. And a partial success which would merely drive the enemy from one line to enable him to take up a shorter front than he at present holds would be hardly less calamitous, for in that event the war would certainly be prolonged indefinitely. Once more, therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that the Allies must organize their superior resources on so vast a scale as to render it possible for them ultimately to impose upon the enemy not merely a single shattering defeat, but a whole series, one swiftly following on another. In the meantime they can pursue no other policy in the field save that of delaying matters while this great task is in progress. To such delay the enemy is bound to submit. Therein will lie the cause of his downfall. It is clear that whatever advantage he has gained in being able to assume a great offensive in the East was due solely to his enjoyment of the facilities afforded by a central position and Russia's virtual isolation during winter from the great sources of supply. The French were in

every way superior to the enemy in the West, but their margin of superiority was not at the time—and this point is most important—sufficient to give them the assurance that a general offensive would meet with success. The enemy correctly estimated the situation, and was therefore able to make full use of his favourable central position; that is to say, he contented himself with remaining on the defensive on the strongest front, the Western Front—and concentrated many guns and all his newest formations on the more vulnerable front—the Eastern Front. Had geographical conditions united all the Allies, then it is extremely unlikely that the enemy would anywhere have been able to enjoy an overwhelming superiority in guns and munitions. Here we see at once the principal justification for the Dardanelles enterprise, a justification which ought to be sufficient in itself to silence superficial criticism.

Frequently it has been urged that the occasion afforded a peculiarly favourable opportunity for the Allies to initiate a general offensive movement. Such a suggestion manifestly could only apply to an eventuality in which the Allies were fully prepared, not merely to drive the Germans from their present line, but vigorously to follow up their retreat, so as to reap the fullest possible advantage from victory and prevent, if at all possible, a repetition of the present stationary conditions. It is here that criticism makes its stand. The Allies should have been so prepared, it is argued. But even assuming that an earlier start had been made with the organization of the munition industry in this country, it is open to question whether the main military situation as it exists to-day could have been substantially changed, and for the simple and convincing reason that, under the most favourable circumstances imaginable, it could hardly have been hoped that as yet a reserve would have been accumulated sufficiently enormous to warrant a general offensive movement in the West. Then why, it will instantly be asked, was so much fuss made about this question of munitions? In the first place, there was the

urgent necessity to keep down losses by having present an enormous number of well-served guns so as to support those repeated infantry attacks which are a feature of the existing war of attrition, and which are essential if the bulk of the German Active Army is to be pinned down to the West. Moreover, as I have already explained, until the enemy's blow fell in Western Galicia it was merely a matter of speculation as to which front he would choose for his expected offensive. The Allies in the West had to be prepared for all contingencies. Unlike the Russians, if attacked they had no vast expanse behind them in which to fall back. Political and strategical considerations of the highest importance required that they should be ready to stand their ground. Then, after the enemy's plans were disclosed, there was the possibility, not yet wholly removed, that the Russians might be decisively defeated, in which case the enemy could release large forces and many guns for a serious offensive movement in the West. It is hardly necessary to say that we are relieved to find that as yet no such crisis has arisen. At the same time it is only too apparent that if the enemy could be induced to attack in the West with inadequate forces—and inadequate forces mean anything less than the addition of one million reinforcements to his existing armies—then the purpose of the Allies' strategy would be well served. General Joffre is, of course, waiting chiefly for the supply of abundant material; but he is certainly not eager to move forward until he is confident that the enemy's last reserves have been disposed of, and no better way of achieving this object could be imagined, as far as he is concerned, than that they should be broken against the fortified line in the West. But when we reflect that it is highly probable that the total German army in the East amounts to no more than sixty divisions, or at the most a million and a quarter men, while the Russian Armies still remain, in the fullest sense of the term, "in being," the prospect that the hopes of the French Command will be fulfilled seems remote. For these figures my

authority is *The Times'* Military Correspondent, who from time to time makes it a practice of providing detailed information regarding the composition of the enemy's forces. As a rule, he is more generous in his estimates of Germany's reserves than is the case with other students of the war, but lately he has come to the significant conclusion that "it is certain the losses are grievously felt, and that in the course of next year it will not be practicable to maintain strengths if the present rate of wastage continues and if no enemy is struck down." It is here we see the urgency which has compelled the enemy to seek a decision on the one front where he believes decision under existing conditions to be at all possible. He has taken the only course that presented itself—that is, if he had the remotest hope of forcing the Allies to patch up an inconclusive peace. Clearly the whole question of resources in men is exercising at this stage a decisive influence upon the campaign. If we consider this question attentively, then the far-reaching purpose of the Allies and, it follows as a logical consequence, the predicament of the enemy will become apparent. Also, we shall be in a position to appreciate at its proper value the support which the Allies are affording Russia. Again and again I have seen it stated in responsible Petrograd and Moscow journals that Russia had now the bulk of the German forces on her hands, and that the moment was therefore opportune for the Allies in the West to begin a general offensive movement. In all probability these assertions were made with a view to impressing upon the population the importance of the part played by Russia, so that a reassuring influence might be exerted during the dark hours of retreat. Colour was lent them by the frequent announcements of the General Staff to the effect that large numbers of troops were being transferred from the Western Front. These announcements, let it be said, were perfectly true. But the German transfers of men merely represented a shuffling of cards, and reserves were always brought forward to replace the troops sent eastwards. Indeed,

there is reason to believe that the German Army in the West is to-day actually stronger than it was in May, when it was known to number at least 1,700,000 men. Moreover, it is not disputed that the bulk of this army is composed of Active Corps. The covert suggestion which has been made in some quarters that the French and English have left their Ally, Russia, in the lurch is therefore proved to be as false as it is mischievous. To have kept two million of the enemy's best troops constantly employed in the West is certainly to have taken a full share of the common task. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the formidable strength of the German front, supported as it is by numerous machine-guns and heavy pieces; but it must be evident to all who pay heed to the reliable figures now forthcoming that the idea initiated by the Press in this country and copied in Russia, that the Germans have invented some ingenious system of defence whereby men can be almost dispensed with is altogether a fantastic one.

I have left altogether out of the account the Dardanelles campaign, which was undertaken at the request of Russia, for the purpose of opening a highway for the munitioning of the Russian forces, and also for the no less urgent need of relieving the pressure of the Ottoman forces in the Caucasus. We can well imagine how calamitous would have been the consequences at the present moment, when the Russians, short of munitions and hard pressed, are retreating before their principal enemies, had the Turks concentrated a great army in the South with, say, for example, the prize of Baku—an oil-bearing region indispensable for Russia—as one of their principal objectives. The idea that the Russians have been overwhelmed by numbers must be dismissed. They were beaten solely by the enemy's superior concentration of guns. Writing on August 9 *The Times'* Military Correspondent, whose estimates, as I have explained, usually err on the conservative side, declared that the combined Austro-German attack, exclusive of communication troops, does not exceed two million men. He then went on to say :

It is possible that Austria has more than a million men in the field, but the defensive front against Italy and Serbia, and the observation troops on the Roumanian frontier, must absorb something like half these numbers. If [he adds] German troops from the West, other than those we know of, have gone East it is probable that they are required to replace the Austrian troops which have been sent to the Iszono and the Trentino, and this increasing drain on the Italian front must be the subject of great anxiety to German headquarters.

The number of troops so moved was probably not more than 150,000 at the outside. Even allowing that the gaps have not already been filled up by reserves, the fact still remains that the Allies have before them the bulk of the German Active Army. Nor, in any consideration of the services that they have rendered to Russia, must it be forgotten that their offensive at the beginning of May, extending from the British front, opposite the Aubers ridge, to the region north and south of Arras, was undertaken chiefly for the purpose of relieving the situation in the East. How admirably they succeeded is proved by the fact that, although the enemy did transfer troops to Galicia, he was compelled hastily to fill up the gaps in his Western ranks with new formations which he had hoped would also be available against Russia. Though we did not share the good fortune of the French, inasmuch as for want of heavy gun ammunition our forces were checked against the Aubers ridge, yet it is some consolation to learn that British lives were not lost in vain. The belief, held in some quarters, that these operations represented an attempt to drive the Germans out of Northern France and Flanders, and that the whole plan failed in face of the strength of the enemy's work, is an altogether mistaken one. As I have all along insisted, General Joffre will not attempt this task until he has at his disposal the men and the material wherewith to ensure success, and until the enemy has been so weakened that he cannot find the numbers necessary for the defence of the excessively long line to which he is at present pinned by the sheer tenacity of his own military

pride—and the Allies' arrangements. When that day comes, if all goes well, great attacks will be delivered, not at one, but at many points widely spread over the front, and the enemy, with his lateral communications threatened and in not a few areas under the fire of the Allies' heavy guns, will rush hither and thither his inadequate forces of men and guns, employing roundabout routes that his trains may be out of range, weakening one section that he may strengthen another, and all the while searching anxiously that he may discover the point where the heaviest blow is to fall. While that great day is pending, isolated attacks in the West may relieve, but they cannot remedy the Russian situation. Had the Germans chosen to shorten their front some time ago, when their enemies were known to be short of ammunition, then he might have deferred the time of his eviction from Belgium. As it is, the moment when a sacrifice of territory might profitably be made has passed. Under any circumstances the enemy will not now be allowed to retire at ease. By remaining longer than is prudent upon his present line he has largely assisted in shaping the conditions that will be fatal to his future. It is apparent that he can neither go backwards nor forwards, for whatever reinforcements he may produce, these cannot possibly equal the reserves which the Allies can command, while the latter also have by now a superiority in guns, munitions, and supplies of all kinds. If, then, we view the situation broadly, taking into proper consideration the all-important factor of time in its relation to the rate of expenditure of rival resources, we see that the outlook is decidedly favourable for the Allies.

The incorrigible pessimist in our midst will doubtless protest that such a view implies that the war has resolved itself into a war of exhaustion and that, in these circumstances, it is bound to be a protracted affair. As a matter of fact, it was evident from the very outset that an issue so vital to the human race as that involved in the present conflict would require that the whole resources of nations should be thrown into the scales, and that a decision

could only be brought about as a consequence of the exhaustion of one or other of the contending groups. It may be urged that the same principle has applied to all wars in history; but that statement is true only in part. For hitherto wars have been mainly affairs conducted by Governments, not by peoples; in other words, limits have been imposed upon the numbers of men employed in the field and upon the extent of resistance that it was intended to offer. But the vast conception of the present struggle, and the peculiar character which it has in consequence assumed, render it certain that it will not cease until one or other group of belligerents is, literally speaking, incapable of further resistance; that is to say, until the male populations of the defeated side have been so decimated as to render effective military operations no longer possible. It follows that as both groups are possessed of great resources the war is bound to be protracted, and the best-informed opinion in the country never for a moment imagined otherwise. Under the highly organized conditions of modern times it must be manifest to all who give any serious thought to the subject that to wear out three great military empires like Germany, Austria and Turkey to the limit that they will be ready to accept any terms that may be imposed upon them is a stupendous task. At the same time we must bear in mind that the stake for which we are contending is likewise stupendous. In viewing this great situation we cannot think as we have been accustomed to think in former days, nor can we allow the lesser precedents of the past to guide our ideas. If we are to arrive at a calm and sane judgment, then we must resolutely rid our minds of old habits of thought based upon knowledge and experience which this war has superseded, and in their stead we must employ an immensely expanded vision and altogether fresh and original methods of investigation. By such means only in face of temporarily distressing news can we maintain a cheerful state of mind. In that case, our optimism will be based, not upon the belief that the war will be soon over and that the Allies will

win easy triumphs, but upon the realization that their efforts have so far succeeded as to produce a military situation such as must assuredly accomplish the downfall of our enemies with the passing of time, always provided, of course, that we preserve our calm and continue unabated our activities. Many principles have been laid down for the proper conduct of war, but in this war it is only necessary to keep prominently before the public mind the most important and profound of all these principles: that which declares it to be the sole aim of a belligerent to annihilate the forces of the enemy. It matters little in what locality destruction takes place. The degree of importance attaching to fortresses, towns, and, in the last resort, to territories, is merely decided by their value in the scheme of the enemy's annihilation. Let us give one striking illustration of the truth of this assertion. In any circumstances other than those which govern the present conflict the blows that are now being dealt at Russia would have involved her in economic and strategic ruin. But on this occasion Russia has the support of powerful Allies, and in retreating she is playing her part in a policy decided in conjunction with France and England. No one, of course, is so destitute of common sense as to imagine that retreat has not been forced upon Russia. Our only consolation—and it is no small one—is that such retreat has not been accompanied by the loss of great armies. The regret that a simultaneous advance of all the Allies from the East, West and South was not possible this year must be universal. It follows that to deny that present conditions have been imposed upon the Allies by the sheer might of the enemy would be to cherish a dangerous delusion. But if this disagreeable circumstance be true in the case of the Allies, it is no less a fact that the enemy did not voluntarily go eastwards, there to exhaust his strength in battling against the Russian rearguards. It was with great reluctance that he abandoned the Western theatre, and only after he had suffered a series of heavy defeats, in Flanders, in the Artois, in the Argonne, in Alsace and in Lorraine—

in fact, at every point along the whole front where he had attempted to make a breach. For the enemy knew that to have any chance at all of avoiding his own downfall he must completely crush the Russian Armies, and, in venturing into an expanse so deep as that of Russia, he could hardly have underestimated the weariness that would come over him were his foes to elude his blows while yet compelling him to thrust.

Frequently we see the statement made that the inability of the Allies, on their part, to take advantage of the enemy's predicament is due to the unpreparedness of England and, alternatively, to that of Russia. Events have demonstrated the transparent truth of this statement; but we must not forget that one of the motives—the principal motive, perhaps—which led Germany to declare war was the fact that Russia was energetically preparing for all conceivable contingencies, and that had either Russia or England developed ambitious military plans at an earlier date, Germany would yet have discovered some pretext for beginning hostilities while conditions were still in her favour. We are bound to recognize that owing to the existence of peculiar economic, social, and political factors in all the allied countries it was impossible to forestall, or overtake, Germany's military preparations. Rather than that any attempt should be made to fix responsibility for the present state of affairs upon any one Power it would be more reasonable to say that the Powers of the Triple Entente were wholly unready for the demands which an offensive and defensive alliance was likely to make upon them. This lack of cohesion arose mainly from England's disinclination to commit herself to any policy which might restrict her liberty of action. Separately, however, each nation had certain well-arranged plans for its own defence, and in all cases it has been found necessary radically to change these plans in order to meet the requirements of an alliance, and to equal, and ultimately to excel, the military preparations of the enemy, the might and efficiency of which had exceeded all expectations. It is the simple

truth that no country save Germany was ready for a war of aggression; and indeed the Triple Entente as such was hardly ready even for a war of defence. Thus Russia always realized that, as an agricultural country, she would be at a grave preliminary disadvantage in a modern war, the conditions of which would largely be dictated by industrial and technical development. On that account it had been her intention to concentrate behind the line of the Bug, there to await an attacking enemy, and her early adventurous advances in this campaign were undertaken solely because of a chivalrous realization of duty towards her Allies. England, as we know, relied mainly for defence upon her Navy, and she is now gathering great armies and organizing her industry on a war footing, because her obligations have expanded in consequence of the conversion of the Entente into an Alliance. France also had to change her plans to meet new conditions. For example, at the beginning of the war she advanced her armies into Belgium in order to meet the enemy, whereas her original plans had always contemplated an initial collision with the Germans farther south and within the confines of her own territory. But though the Powers of the Triple Entente endeavoured hastily to adapt their resources to the demands of a military alliance, they could not quickly overcome the disadvantages inherent in their peace systems, disadvantages which, let us not forget, were as much the outcome of the merits as they were of the defects of their national organizations. If we reflect deeply upon this aspect of the question we will come to the conclusion that, while, perhaps, much might have been done to advance preparations since the war began, yet under no circumstances could any measure have been taken, either before or during the war, such as might have fundamentally changed the main military situation as it exists at the present moment. The responsibility for this state of affairs belongs to all the Allies; it is the common burden. That we have before us a long, tedious and bitter struggle is now certain, but in this struggle

we ought to be sustained by the realization that we have but to endure to win. Were no other promising conditions present, the supremacy of the British Navy alone would ultimately assure us of an honourable peace. But, thanks to the steadfastness of our Allies, even more than this we may confidently hope to gain. By all means let us not neglect to look facts straight in the face, but none the less is it imperative that we preserve a healthy and intelligent optimism, based upon the sure knowledge that, if we maintain calm, then one day triumphant victory is bound to rest with us. No truer saying has been uttered in the course of this war than that attributed to Hindenburg: "Victory will go to the side which has the strongest nerves." We will realize the full significance of these words if we contemplate for a moment the trials that are before us.

It is difficult to imagine how the end of the war can be expected for at least another two years. The war may even last considerably longer; but two years is the minimum period for which we should be prepared. In the first place it is quite evident from a study of conditions, as these exist to-day, that no great change for the better can be expected with certainty until early next year. Already it is plain that the season is too far advanced for any mobile military operations of a sustained and extended character to be undertaken this year in the West. The historical records of warfare in Northern France and Flanders show that no ambitious military plans were ever carried out in winter. The conditions that rendered the movement of large armies impossible in the past are to-day intensified a thousandfold, when fine, clear weather is necessary for aerial observation, when armies on the march, encumbered with heavy guns, require dry roads, and when it is necessary that the ground should be hard in order that swift infantry advances can be made without delay, so soon as the artillery has done its preliminary work of trench destruction. The Allies will probably spend winter in waging a war of attrition, designed to keep up the present

steady rate of shrinkage in the enemy's resources in men, and, at the same time, will energetically press forward their preparations for the great offensive operations planned for the following spring. As far as Russia is concerned, though her aggressive capacity and moral generally, remain unimpaired, at least four, and probably six, months may be required before she is ready to contemplate a new advance aimed at the decisive invasion of her enemy's territory. We must not forget that her sacrifices have been infinitely larger than those of any other belligerent. She must of necessity remain on the defensive until she has trained new armies out of the vast resources of manhood at her command, and until adequate supplies of guns, munitions, and equipment reach her. In the meantime the enemy also will hasten forward his preparations. He can replenish, and perhaps increase, his supplies of material, though in view of England's efforts not to the same extent as will be the case with the Allies and their supplies. Where, however, the enemy will be at a marked and fatal disadvantage is in the vital matter of men. It is beyond all question that from now onwards the forces which he can equip and put into the field cannot equal those which the Allies have at their immediate disposal. Though in most respects the Allies are unquestionably the enemy's superior, let us, for the sheer sake of argument, assume that in everything, save numbers, they are no more than his equal, as, for example, in generalship, in leadership, in the quality of officers and men, in aviation, in equipment, and in technical training and knowledge. Even conceding this condition, the factor of numbers would still prove decisive in this war as it has done in every war in history, where all else has been equal. Here, let it be emphasized, we are dealing not in the realm of unsubstantial speculation, but in the solid lessons which experience both remote and recent has taught us. Let us for the moment speak only of precedents fresh in our mind. What the enemy accomplished with adequate forces aided by sufficient gun power against the Russian

fortified line on the Dunajec, against the Vistula fortresses, against Kovno, against Brest-Litovsk, or the French on a lesser scale in the Artois, in the Argonne, in Alsace and in Lorraine, or yet again the English at Neuve Chapelle and at Festubert, the Allies can repeat on a larger scale when they have completed their preparations. The factors that will produce certain success are now clearly known and will be acted upon. In other words, the organization of victory for the Allies has become an exact science as far as its military details are concerned. There remains only one inexact element in the situation upon which the enemy is speculating heavily. Will the public nerve stand the strain of the trials which the future has in store? To a certain extent this question applies to the enemy as well as to ourselves. On our part, until next summer we must be prepared for a continuance of trench warfare in the West and of the Russian defensive in the East. When the time for a forward movement comes, the bloodiest battle, or series of battles, which this war has yet witnessed will be fought. There can be no question of an advance on one front while a retreat is taking place on the other. The advance which is to carry the Allies to final victory must be from all sides, from East, West and South. At the most, together with the Russians, we can hope next year to thrust the enemy back into his own territory, and not until the following year will it be possible to begin that invasion of Austria and Germany which alone will bring about the end of the war. For many months yet public opinion in the Allied countries must be content to look with tranquillity upon a situation which outwardly appears unfavourable, but which from a strictly military point of view is far from being so. The enemy, too, will have the utmost need of all the spiritual strength that he can muster. For when it is seen that the victories on the East have brought peace no nearer, the German people will suffer from the severe strain imposed by their realization that, as yet, no success has been attained in the one theatre of war where a decision of the great

dispute is at all possible—namely, in the Western theatre. For them it will mean the beginning of the end; the abandonment of hope and the approach of despair. Meanwhile our final conclusion can only be that until the unquestionable supremacy which the Allies enjoy is translated into visible military conditions, as a consequence of sweeping victory on the battlefield, the issue must inevitably remain centred in a struggle of nerves, a test of endurance. Here, let us repeat, we have the only inexact element in the whole conflict. And this element will cease to be so as soon as we overcome our first shock of surprise at realizing the magnitude of a task the true dimensions of which should have been evident from the first, and so soon as we cease to ask ourselves the question, "When will the war be over?" and settle down, with patience and resignation, to a prolonged period of hard times and bitter suffering.

LANCELOT LAWTON

THE GUARANTEES OF INTERNATIONAL HONOUR

IT has probably passed out of the recollection of most people that at the time of the Vatican Council there was a strong movement even among non-Catholics to obtain from the Pope, as the obvious guardian of Christian morals, some official declaration of the principles which should guide the nations of Europe as to war and restrain them amid the passions likely to be aroused in any conflict of nations. In this regard some of the petitions presented to the Council have a special interest at this time, when " the fear that was feared has come upon us " and the peoples of Europe are engaged in the most terrible fratricidal conflict the world has ever seen. The documents in question foresee the possibility, and even the likelihood, of such a struggle. The petitioners view the ever-growing armaments of European nations with alarm and they point to them as tending to the coming of an Armageddon such as we are now witnessing.

The first of these documents is a petition signed by forty Bishops and presented to the Council on February 10, 1870. The petitioners earnestly begged the Pope and Council of the Vatican, in view of the fact that Europe was rapidly becoming one vast armed camp, to promulgate to the world the undoubted teachings of the Catholic Church in regard to war and to declare to the nations the principles upon which it should be conducted according to Christian morals, and thus mitigate as far as possible the horrors and cruelties so often attendant upon it. The demand thus made pointed to the immediate and imperative need of some such plain declaration of Christian principles, in view of the unrest visible even forty years ago in the world, and of the certainty of some great conflagration at no very distant time.

The Catholic Church, they say, alone of all other authorities in the world, is able to lay down these principles with any chance of being listened to with respect,

even by those who had separated from her spiritual jurisdiction, because not only were the principles she would inculcate those upon which the civilization of Europe had been founded in the process of the formation of Christian States, but she alone could count thousands of souls in every country who would attend to her moral teaching and be obedient to her voice. " To this voice," the petitioning Bishops say, " though perchance not all may hearken, still countless thousands will certainly attend, take the Church's declaration as their guide and follow its direction." Moreover, in their opinion, it was certain that some such plain declaration of Catholic principles would have a most beneficial effect as a restraining influence and be a worthy acknowledgment of the supreme authority of God in human affairs.

Almost at the same time a synod of the Bishops of the Armenian Church met and, on March 10, 1870, issued a long exposition on the same subject, which was also presented to the Fathers of the Vatican Council. They begged " that this grave and pressing question (as to war and the principles which should guide and restrain combatants) should be determined by the Council." The time had come, they said, when "something should be published as Catholic doctrine to the world." The rights of individual nations should be proclaimed and the tyrannical principle that might and force was right and just should be absolutely condemned " by the voice of authority," whilst the true meaning of the Divine commandment " Thou shalt not kill " should be proclaimed to the world, and unjust wars should be prohibited as against public morality.

Even before this time, and in preparation for the Vatican Council—that is to say, in the month of September, 1862—certain English Catholics had addressed a memorial to the Fathers of the coming assembly on the same subject. They petitioned that " the Christian basis of international law should be declared by the Holy See and the Council and that in particular the principles by which

a just war might be distinguished from an unjust aggression might be published to the world."

Moreover, it was not only certain English Catholics that were preoccupied at this time with the question. On January 1, 1869, Mr David Urquhart, an English Protestant, dedicated to the Pope a small book called *Appel d'un Protestant au Pape pour le rétablissement du droit public des nations.* This he sent to the Holy Father, and on April 7 of the same year, 1869, some other Protestants signed an appeal to the same effect, praying the Catholic Church to give the effective sanction of its authority to international law, which was based upon the principles of Christian morality.

The suspension of the Vatican Council prevented the discussion of these petitions, and the Fathers separated without the desired formal declaration of the moral principles which should guide Christians of every nation in regard to war. In view, however, of all that has happened since, the loss of this opportunity of publishing to the world what Christians should hold in regard to war, in its origin and conduct, must be deplored by all who have the well-being of civilization at heart.

From time to time since 1870, in view of the ever-immanent danger of a European conflagration, attempts have been made by the nations to formulate in treaties and conventions principles which should regulate war among civilized peoples and might mitigate the horrors which necessarily attend its prosecution, especially in days when science has furnished man with previously unheard of means for the wholesale destruction of life and property.

Nothing could be clearer, for instance, than the intention and terms of The Hague conventions of 1907 in this regard. The spirit of the legislation to which the signatory Powers pledged themselves is that of the Catholic Church, which presided over the formation of the Christian nations of Europe, and the terms in which many of the conventions are expressed may be found in the works of the Fathers of the Church, and so far as they

go have been accepted by modern theologians as setting forth the true principles of Christian morality. As such, they are regarded as binding on the consciences of all and are taught in the schools of Rome.

No outcome of the present conflict of nations is more certain than the entire failure of these solemn conventions. Principles of Christian morality and civilization have been simply swept aside, and the world has stood amazed to see reintroduced some of the worst horrors of savage and barbarous warfare, which it had fondly trusted were things of the past and which could never be known in our civilized days. At first it was difficult even to credit reports of the repudiation by any one of the contracting parties of the solemn engagements entered into by the treaties and conventions to which their national word was pledged.

To-day there can be no doubt whatever about the utter futility of such treaties and conventions when made under the old system. When it does not suit the purposes of a contracting party, as we have seen, they become mere "scraps of paper." Not only does honour and the word of a nation apparently in these days count for nothing in international politics, but even neutral nations, who have given their adhesion to such restraints of war and its horrors as are embodied in The Hague conventions, have not thought themselves morally called upon to protest to the world at the breaking of these laws by other contracting parties. What, then, is the value of such agreements? Is it not a mere absolute farce for nations to meet in solemn congresses and promise to respect the laws of humanity, when directly they are called upon to put them into execution they refuse to be bound by them?

This much at least is obvious: agreements and contracts of this kind have at present no binding force whatsoever. The name "international law" has been shown to be a mere misnomer and misleading. According to one interpretation of Kantian philosophy, when a man binds himself voluntarily he is only bound as long as he so pleases: at any moment, according to his pleasure or

advantage, he is at liberty to annul his obligation. In regard to contracts between individuals, the supreme authority of the State steps in to enforce agreements that have been made, as necessary for the well-being of society, and does not permit them to be lightly set aside at the whim of one or other of the contracting parties. But in regard to the solemn treaties and conventions of nations, there is no such general coercive authority and no moral power to enforce what has been agreed upon. This much has been made clear by the present war.

Without some authoritative voice and the power to enforce it, both philosophy and common sense teach that there can be no "law" properly so called. And, if we put aside any notion of "honour" and truth, which late experience has shown us are not worth much, treaties are mere "scraps of paper" and conventions have no permanent obligation whatever. Even if we regard solemn engagements such as those entered into by the nations of Europe in 1907 at The Hague as being the plain and certain directions of Christian morality, there is still required some moral power to recall this to the contracting parties when necessity may demand. What has happened in regard to this present war proves that no binding obligation can be secured by any conference of this kind. If the contracting parties in time of war elect to keep to their words given in times of peace, or if they are all actuated by high moral sentiments which have found their expression in the terms of the convention, well and good, but if not, there is no effective restraint to prevent them from going back upon their word, especially if "honour" has no value in comparison to possible advantage. One obvious result, as we have lately experienced, is that nations are badly handicapped which desire to abide by their pledges and are restrained by plain reasons of humanity and Christian morality from themselves abandoning conventions which were intended to give expression to them.

The use made in the present war of poison is a case in point. If one belligerent makes use of such an inhuman

method, it places others in a false and perilous position. It is obviously almost impossible to expect soldiers to face the unequal combat, with their hands tied by obligations which they have taken upon themselves, but which their adversaries, though equally pledged to their observance, have abandoned.

What is true to-day of the failure of conventions must also be said of international guarantees intended to safeguard the existence of small nations and peoples. Where honour is disregarded when it suits the politics of any one of the contracting parties, there can be no permanent safety in such guarantees. The violation of the neutrality of Belgium has shown this to the world quite conclusively. Even Germany confesses the injustice of which it has been guilty in regard to a small nation, which had done it no harm, which it had solemnly pledged itself to safeguard, but which unfortunately stood in the way of its chosen plan of attack upon France. The martyrdom of heroic Belgium to-day calls to heaven for vengeance, for no attack could be more unjust. Belgium has been made to suffer, as the child said, because, being a nation, it refused to be considered merely "a road" by one of the very Powers which had promised to protect its interests and existence. Moreover, it may be said that, in its resistance to the demands of Germany, backed up though they were by the overwhelming power of that great military nation, it was in part at least actuated by its loyalty to the other Powers, which had guaranteed its freedom. Moreover, its heroic but hopeless resistance in the first weeks of the present conflict probably saved Europe from the imposition of the "world-power" to which German militarism had long aspired, and in its agony and suffering it has vindicated the Catholic principle that *might* is not necessarily *right*, and that every unjust war is to be considered as an offence against Christian morals.

Here again those who considered their pledges to safeguard the liberty and existence of Belgium as binding on their honour were handicapped by their obligations, as against the Power, which to suit its own convenience

disregarded its promise. Whilst, as events have shown, Germany was long fully prepared for an attack on France by way of Belgium, France, relying upon the guarantees for Belgian neutrality, was wholly unprepared for an attack upon that frontier.

Recent lessons prove the absolute futility of treaties and conventions made on the old basis of mere international promises. The same must be said of another supposed safeguard for the peace of Europe. We have been frequently assured in the past years that what is called "International Socialism" would render war impossible. It was claimed that the common brotherhood of the workers united by their common interests in every country would afford a much more certain security against every fratricidal war than any convention or treaty of separate Governments. These governing classes were, it was pointed out, obviously concerned in the first instance with national rather than with international interests, whilst it was the boast of "International Socialism" that it could unite the peoples of every nation in one common bond. The present conflict has disposed of this claim and made it clear that Socialism can do nothing to avert the catastrophe of war or prevent in any way the disastrous consequences of any conflict of nations. Socialism has ceased to be international.

The point of interest at the present time is to see whether the lessons of the past teach us anything with regard to the future. When these terrible times are over and some sort of peace comes to the world again, is the civilization of Europe to find no better security than has been offered by futile conventions, treaties of nations or the empty promises of Socialism? There would appear to be few possible alternatives to chose from. There might conceivably be formed a sacred league amongst Christian nations pledging themselves to protect the rights, liberties and freedom of small and weak peoples and to resist, by force of their united arms if necessary, any violation of the principles of humanity. This would, of course, be something more solemn and effectual than any Hague

convention, which apparently entailed no obligation on the part of the contracting parties of actively supporting the principles of humanity and justice to which they had given academic assent. But in practice any such league and covenant would be open to the same objection as that which has brought about the failure of the Hague conventions. In the final result it must rest upon a mere voluntary consent of the nations, which at any time might be withdrawn, and on principles of honour, which sometimes, as experience has shown, are not always very strong. The inherent defect of any such league would be that it had nothing to back it up in the way of a strong moral authority, by which alone it could have any permanent binding force, since that alone can afford an international force constraining all nations alike, and itself independent of national interests, which tend to wreck all such agreements.

Another alternative to secure the peace of nations is worth careful consideration. It is not exclusive of the former, but completes it and would seem to give it the element of security and permanence which it lacks. What is needed besides the solemn pact of Christian nations is the sanction and authority of a moral authority which is recognized by all. To-day the world very generally looks to the Pope, as the natural defender of Christian morality and justice and as the guardian of the rights of nations. It is indeed most remarkable that, in the appalling catastrophe which has fallen on Europe in the past months, people of all kinds—those who reject his spiritual authority quite as much as those who acknowledge it—should be found claiming his judgment and guidance in matters so intimately connected with the civilization of Europe. They have even loudly blamed his silence in regard to many facts which he could not justly determine without inquiry. This attitude is all the more remarkable seeing that the papacy was expressly excluded from participation in the Congresses of The Hague by the nations which took part in them. It seems hardly too much to say that by this exclusion these conventions in

fact deprived themselves of the very element of moral authority which might have given them security and permanence and saved them from the failure which is now manifest to the world.

This much at least is obvious. Of all other powers in this world the Pope alone possesses some international authority and influence. In every country he has millions of subjects who acknowledge his rule in matters which pertain to his spiritual jurisdiction and listen with respect and obedience to his voice, not only in matters of faith, but in the broad domain of morals. He has supreme direction in this wide sphere over the consciences of his Catholic subjects in every quarter of the globe. He does not depend on the strength of his armies, nor on the number of his ships; neither has he any national interests to serve by his diplomacy, for he is of every nation and has the well-being of all peoples at heart. But, precisely because it is recognized that he has " no axe of his own to grind," so to speak, and no material power wherewith to enforce his directions, his voice, when he speaks to the Catholic millions of liberty and justice and morality, is listened to by the peoples of every nation with respect and attention. They feel and know that by virtue of his office he declares the eternal principles of justice and morality, and seeks to protect the weak from unjust aggression and to safeguard the civilization which has been slowly built up upon those principles under the fostering care of the Church in the course of the Christian centuries.

It is sometimes conveniently forgotten what the nations of modern Europe owe to the Popes in the past ages. Almost at any time between the middle of the eleventh century and the middle of the sixteenth it looked as if Europe was doomed sooner or later to become the prey of the Turkish hordes. The desolation of Asia was an object-lesson of the destruction which was ever threatening the civilized nations of the West. In those perilous times the Popes, by their energy and determination, undoubtedly saved Europe from the fate of Asia. They, and they alone, stirred up that opposition to the Turkish

invading, and hitherto invincible, hosts and by it first checked and then finally put an end to their intended advance. The Popes would have done more but for the constant quarrels of the Christians amongst themselves. Pope Boniface IX in his Bull proclaiming the Crusade in 1394, after speaking with horror of the massacres, the tortures and the slavery which had been inflicted upon multitudes of Christians, and of the necessity of checking the advancing Saracen hordes, which threatened the civilization and freedom of Christian nations, continues: "The mind is horrified at the very mention of these miseries; but it crowns our anguish to reflect that the whole of Christendom, which, if in concord, might put an end to these and even greater evils, is either in open war, country with country, or, if in apparent peace, is secretly wasted by mutual jealousies and animosities."

Still, in spite of the greatest difficulties, the fact remains that the Popes succeeded in saving European civilization by their watchful care and their constant call to the Christian nations. It was certainly by no force of their own that this was effected, but by the recognition of the peoples of Europe that the Pope was, in fact, by his office the great moral power of the world, and they came at his bidding to save from destruction the civilization which was in danger and which had been the work of the Christian centuries. What was done by the Papacy in the past to save Europe may be done in the future. The Pope, by his office, affords to the nations precisely that international principle of morality which the world seeks for to-day to save it from the horrors which it has witnessed in the past months and which, unless the tendency to lawlessness be checked, must result in a relapse into barbarism and the triumph of the principles of paganism over those of Christianity. There is here no question of spiritual jurisdiction, but of authority to speak on questions of morality and justice, and of the right in God's name to protect the weak from the aggression of the powerful. No combination of nations, directed by treaties and conventions, as has been abundantly proved of late,

can secure this, for it lacks that international moral authority which the Papacy certainly possesses.

The office of the Pope in this regard would not, of course, supersede in any way the armed forces of the nations which would be pledged to support these principles of justice and humanity, but it would afford them the moral sanction needed to make these powers irresistible in maintaining the civilization established under Christian teaching. We have, let us hope, learnt from the present war the lesson that the world cannot without peril abandon the spiritual values of religion and morality. We have come to see clearly that the Ten Commandments of God, with all that they imply, must still rule the world for the world's sake, and that for nations as well as for individuals the same eternal principles of justice and morality must be the supreme law if civilization as we know it is to be saved for the coming generations.

From what we have witnessed during the past months we must acknowledge that even from the lowest point of view it is unsafe for any people to abandon or neglect anything which makes for law and order in society. To-day the very foundations of society are shaken and the necessary restraints of religious and moral principles are stretched to the breaking point. The war with all its horrors and losses may be a blessing in disguise if it rouses us to the claims of the eternal principles which rule the destinies of individuals and nations. Anything which will tend to strengthen the hold of religion and morality over the consciences of men should be welcomed by all who have the well-being of society at heart, and any moral power, recognized as such by Christian nations, cannot but have a beneficial action on civilized society.

The teachings of Christianity in regard to many of the great questions brought prominently before the world by the present struggle of nations are certain, and have only been obscured by the abandonment of those principles in favour of those of a materialistic and pagan philosophy. The Christian centuries have taught, for example, in regard to war that, though it may at times be a necessity,

it must ever be regarded as an evil and under no circumstances may it be upheld as a "good" in itself. The commandment "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods" is binding on nations as well as on individuals, and according to all Christian teaching prohibits unjust and unprovoked wars of aggression by a strong Power against a weaker nation. So too: "Thou shalt not kill" is still a law of God, and finds its application, in war as in peace, in the condemnation of all unnecessary and wanton killing of non-combatants, women and children, etc. This all Christian teaching brands as plain murder. In the same way all useless destruction of private or public property, the sacking and burning of towns and villages, except when required by strict military necessity, is declared by Christian teaching as against the supreme law of God, whilst all attempt to foster "hate" against an enemy cannot be reconciled to the absolute command of our Lord "to love our neighbours as ourselves."

It seems, therefore, obviously of the most supreme importance, if the world's civilization is to be saved from destruction, that in the future these great moral principles should be universally recognized by civilized nations. They should be upheld and maintained by every means possible, and for this there is not only required a sacred league of all Christian peoples, to enforce them by arms if necessary, but the association with those of the supreme moral authority, recognized as such by the world and able to speak to its subjects in every Christian nation.

AIDAN, CARDINAL GASQUET

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

WE have before now in these columns pointed out that the modern doctrine of the mandate of the people was absolutely alien to the thought of the founders of our English democracy. No man either in theory or in practice opposed it more strongly than John Stuart Mill. His ideal of a democracy was a form of representative government in which the people should trust the men they elect to legislate for them wisely. De Tocqueville's use of the word is much the same. Therefore it is somewhat surprising to find Mr Oliver in his much-read book (*Ordeal by Battle*. By Frederick Scott Oliver. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 1915. Price 6s. net) stating that "until times not so very remote it was only the enemies of Representative Government or its most cringing flatterers who spoke of it by the title of Democracy," and that formerly the term "democracy" was synonymous with mob-rule. The essential idea of democracy has always been opposition to privilege. It was in this sense that the term was used in ancient Athens; it was in this sense that John Mill employed it. Among the Greeks, from whom we derive the name of democracy, by no means all citizens had a share in the government. Democracy simply meant a commonwealth in which the ruling power was exercised by the body of the citizens, the "demos" and not by an individual or a dominant caste. Mob-rule is called by Aristotle "ochlocracy" not "democracy." The modern doctrine of the mandate of the people even now by no means prevails absolutely in practice.

To our minds a certain confusion arising from this statement of Mr Oliver's somewhat damages his treatment of the conflict of systems apparent in the present war. He regards it, rightly, as a contest between "democracy" and "autocracy." But the democracy which he seems to hold to be at stake is the English Constitution as interpreted by the extremest democrats. Surely it is in

reality a contest between autocracy and the whole democratic system, not merely its excesses? It would be a benefit to the world, and not an evil, if the impracticable character of extreme democracy were proved by the war. If the war administered a wholesome reminder to us that representative government exercised on the most extreme democratic principles is not equal to the preservation of a nation in the struggle for its existence or to its equipment for war, we should not regret the result. If, on the other hand, it discredited the whole principle of representative government and issued in the universal prevalence of the present German autocracy and bureaucracy, it would be a disaster which it is hard to exaggerate.

What Mr Oliver really feels to be amiss in our existing system, and would be as glad to discredit as we should be, is ably stated in the following passage:—

> When a people becomes so self-complacent that it mistakes its own ignorance for omniscience—so jealous of authority and impatient of contradiction that it refuses to invest with more than a mere shadow of power those whose business it is to govern—when the stock of leadership gives out, or remains hidden and undiscovered under a litter of showy refuse—when those who succeed in pushing themselves to the front are chiefly concerned not to lead, but merely to act the parts of leaders " in silver slippers and amid applause "—when the chiefs of parties are so fearful of unpopularity that they will not assert their own opinion, or utter timely warnings, or proclaim what they know to be the truth—when such things as these come to pass the nation has reached that state which was dreaded by the framers of the American Constitution, and which—intending to warn mankind against it—they branded as " Democracy."

In his treatment of the conflict of ethical ideals Mr Oliver is more convincing and more precise. He publishes an exceedingly interesting exposition of the German case by Freiherr von Hexenkuchen, and takes full account of this statement in his own summary of the situation. He does ample justice to the fact which, though tacitly admitted among us, is seldom fully realized, that to the

mass of the German people a great deal of the Nietzscheism and Treitschkeism which are responsible for the war is unknown. They are Christians as their forefathers were. They have undertaken the war with an enthusiasm begotten simply of trust in the Kaiser. The Kaiser said that their country was attacked by treacherous foes. That was enough. Nevertheless it remains true that what Mr Oliver calls the "priesthood," who preached the awful crusade we are witnessing, did formulate the atrocious principles of diplomacy and of warfare which have been apparent in the inception and the conduct of the campaign. Among the Germans, as among ourselves, there has been much nobility of self-devotion. In many civilians and even among private soldiers Christian principle is not extinct. But in spite of this the thoroughness of their organization and the unquestioning obedience of the rank and file have made it possible both in diplomatic negotiations and in the conduct of the soldiery to carry out pagan principles, which if nakedly stated would be disavowed by numbers who have taken their share in the campaign. Mr Oliver's book has been so widely approved and read that it is hardly worth while to quote further from its pages, with which our readers are probably already familiar. His work has not as much dramatic interest as Sir Gilbert Parker's *World in the Crucible*, but it is remarkable for its scrupulous fairness and balance of treatment.

G. K.

"IN philosophy equally as in poetry," wrote Coleridge, "it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission." Father Martindale has endeavoured in many brilliant works of fiction to present in a modern setting the eternal theme of the Christian life as the one final satisfaction of human needs. In the *Goddess of Ghosts* (Burns & Oates. 3s. 6d. net.) he presents to us, with true scholarship and much literary facility, a series of short stories taken from

the lives of men, women and children of various periods, at those critical moments when reflection is awakened and the mysteriousness of life is keenly realized. It is at such moments, when we come suddenly face to face with Reality, that we are most genuinely ourselves; and it is then that we feel the universal needs of mankind in the consciousness of possibilities in us which are apparently beyond our realization. This temper of mind produces a depressing state of doubt and indecision in which the speculative faculties are allowed free play. Such a state of mind is usually produced by the failure of some previous ideal of life, whether conscious or unconscious, which proves after all an unsatisfying delusion. "Circe gave her lovers *a* life, yet Elphenor never came to anything. The childish Greek stared into the sphinx's face; but the riddle remained unsolved." Was then all this history mere waste of effort? No. "*Ascendentibus di manum porrigunt*. . . . The Word was made Flesh." All that is noblest in human effort finds its plan and completion in the life of communion with the Incarnate God —the life "in Christ." Christianity solved the mysteries of life, not by a theory (for theory selects and therefore excludes), but by a fuller and more comprehensive life. That is the theme of this book, or rather it is the suggestion which is implied in a series of brilliant pictures of Greek and Roman men and women and of modern men and women whose lot is cast in an age of doubt and who are still looking for the "fullness of life" which is found only in the Christian faith. There are many delightful passages in the book, and the style in which it is written is always brilliant, though perhaps not always beautiful. We must, however, enter a protest against certain eccentricities, especially in the Preface, which show a curious contempt for some of the conventions of literary tradition. L. P.

BLESSED Agnes of Bohemia was the most illustrious of the disciples of St Clare, whether we have regard to her family origin and connexions, or to her spiritual

Blessed Agnes of Bohemia

character and the part she played in early Franciscan history: yet, as Dr Walter Seton reminds us, she is "a figure but slightly known in Franciscan story. . . . Even to Franciscan students she is known only through the occasional references in the sources and especially by the reflected glory of having had four letters addressed to her by Saint Clare." This is perhaps too sweeping a statement. Few students of the origins of the Franciscan Order can have failed to make themselves acquainted with the delightful legend of the saint given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, under March 6. Still it is true that the materials for the study of the story of Blessed Agnes have hitherto "been scanty and inaccessible." Nor does Dr Seton in *Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia* (Longmans. 6s. net.) add very much to our knowledge. What he has done is to give us two more ancient texts of the legend—one in Latin, the other in German—and a more ancient, German, version of the letters of Saint Clare to the Blessed Agnes. He has moreover been fortunate in discovering a fourteenth-century version of Saint Clare's "Blessing"—the importance of which discovery Franciscan students will readily appreciate. But if Dr Seton's researches have added but little to our knowledge of the Bohemian saint's life-story, they have nevertheless given us a far more critical and reliable text than any hitherto existing, and incidentally have definitely settled several points of controversy. Thus, as against the Bollandists, the new evidence proves the correctness of the Franciscan tradition which assigned March 2 as the saint's death-day. In the course of his research, Dr Seton came across seven manuscripts containing either the legend or the letters or both. The Latin version of the legend now published was found in the Royal Library of Bamberg (Misc. Hist., 146, E. VII, 19). It is a fourteenth-century MS. written, as appears in the colophon, by Sister Katherin Hofmenin, a Poor Clare in Nürnberg. She was Abbess of this community from 1380–82 and again from 1389–93. Dr Seton conjectures that she wrote the MS. before she became Abbess in 1380. The question arises:

Some Recent Books

Is this the original text of the Latin legend written in 1328 at the instance of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia? A comparison of the various texts discovered by Dr Seton leads him to the conclusion that the original text is yet to be found; and that the version now published is derived from the original not directly but through an intermediary version. The German text, from a fifteenth-century MS. in the Königl. Bibliothek, Berlin, would seem to be derived from the original Latin through the same intermediary version once removed. There is still room, therefore, for further research. As to the letters of Saint Clare, the German fourteenth-century translation here given stands in the same relationship to the original Latin text as does the Latin text of the legend above referred to to its original. With the exception of the first letter, the pedigree of St Clare's letters to Blessed Agnes is now, thanks to Dr Seton's discovery, carried back three hundred years. In like manner the pedigree of Saint Clare's " Blessing " is carried back two hundred years. We have said enough to show to students of early Franciscan days the value of the discoveries made by Dr Seton. The introduction to the texts is all that could be desired: it reveals, in addition to painstaking labour, critical acumen and well-balanced judgment; and, too, a fine enthusiasm for his subject which lightens the critical discussion. There is, we believe, one lapse from accuracy on page 2. The Landgrave Louis, husband of St Elizabeth of Hungary, is not on the roll of canonized saints. FR. C.

NOT so long ago Dr Adrian Fortescue brought out a useful book on the Orthodox Eastern Church—that is, on the group of Churches now for centuries separated from the Holy See which in ancient times formed the patriarchate of Constantinople and its adjuncts. The volume by the same writer on the Lesser Eastern Churches which is now before us (*The Lesser Eastern Churches*. By Adrian Fortescue, Ph.D., D.D. With Illustrations. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1913.

Price 5s.) is to be regarded as a continuation of that former work, and another volume is to follow on the Uniat Eastern Churches—that is, on those which, whilst retaining with the full sanction of the Holy See their ancient rites, have returned to its communion and conformed their creed to its teaching.

By the Lesser Eastern Churches, so called because of the smallness of their numbers, as compared with those of the Orthodox Church, are meant the two main groups of Eastern Churches which separated from the unity of Christendom, the one after the Council of Ephesus (431) in the direction of Nestorianism, the other after the Council of Chalcedon (451) in the direction of Monophysism. The Nestorians on their secession found their first home at Edessa, where there was a theological school impregnated with the theological ideas of Theodore of Mopsuestia. From thence, when the Emperor Zeno in 489 banished all Nestorians from the territory of the Empire, they fled across the Persian frontier, where, just because they had incurred the displeasure of the Byzantine Emperor, they were welcomed by the Persian Kings, and were enabled to spread the contagion of their errors among the Persian Christians. From this centre also they succeeded in establishing during the course of the following centuries a whole chain of mission stations reaching as far as India towards the south-east, and through central Asia up to China in the Far East. All this missionary work, however, was destroyed by Timour Leng in the fifteenth century, and the Nestorians are now represented only by a small remnant of a few thousands in Kurdistan, who dwell near Lake Urmi. The Monophysites have left more traces of their past existence. They are divided into several groups, of which the first to be mentioned are the Copts, who, to the number of some nine hundred thousand, dwell in Egypt, mostly about Cairo. These are the descendants of the native population of ancient Egypt, who never took kindly to the yoke of the Byzantines, and welcomed the occasion offered by the condemnation of their patriarch

Dioscur at Chalcedon to separate themselves from a Church which in their eyes was the Church of the Byzantine Emperor. The Abyssinians were evangelized from Alexandria in days previous to the Council of Chalcedon. Hence after the Council it was in some degree natural that they should take over the errors of those from whom to this day they receive their Orders. A third group of Monophysites are the Jacobites, a section of Syrian Christians who look back to one James Barradai as their founder in Monophysism. They, like the Nestorians, have seen better days, but are now represented by a few thousands who dwell in the neighbourhood of Diabekr, on the Upper Tigris. Then there are the Christians of Malabar, who have passed through some strange vicissitudes. Originally founded from Bagdad, they received the Nestorian creed. Then, at the end of the sixteenth century, under the influence of the Portuguese, who had annexed their country, they became Uniats, and the largest of the sections into which they have been since divided still remains such. Another section, repelled by Portuguese harshness and want of tact in dealing with them, got a Monophysite Bishop to consecrate one of their priests and so became Monophysites. At the present day they are split up into many schisms, and some of them are considerably Protestantised. The last of the sub-groups into which the Monophysites are divided are the Armenians. These dwelt in former days in the province of that name. They were converted from Cæsarea in Cappadocia by Gregory the Illuminator in the second or third century, and for some while used to receive their Catholicus from Cæsarea. But, after the manner of Easterns, they withdrew from the jurisdiction of Cæsarea, and declared themselves autonomous in the fourth century; and in the sixth they embraced Monophysism. Later on they came into somewhat friendly relations with the Crusaders, which perhaps explains their subsequent reunion with the Holy See at the Council of Florence. There is still a section of them who remain Uniats, but the majority soon relapsed.

Lesser Eastern Churches

The Armenians are the most numerous of the Monophysite Churches, but they have long since become a race scattered through various countries. They have been the victims of most cruel persecutions, but their history is a bad record of schisms and quarrels.

These are the Churches about which Dr Fortescue writes in his new volume, and it will be admitted that he has thrown a flood of light on their character and history. In his book on the Orthodox Church he could avail himself of the very considerable literature that has accumulated around that question. But, owing to the difficulty of the languages in which their records are preserved and to other causes, there is very little accessible literature bearing on these lesser Churches. Accordingly, here Dr Fortescue has had to rely much more on original research, on his own notes taken during the time when he visited the East and was brought into intimate contact with the clergy and members of the Churches in question, and on the full letters which his friends out there have sent him in response to his inquiries. In thus explaining the nature of his sources, Dr Fortescue seems to fear lest his book should be found less satisfactory on that account. But students of Eastern Christianity are more likely to feel themselves deeply indebted to him for furnishing so much new and rich material for the elucidation of an obscure subject. Moreover, they will not fail to be impressed by his perfect mastery of this out-of-the-way history and the able way in which he can compress a very complicated story within the compass of comparatively few pages, without sacrifice of clearness or correctness of detail, and without losing hold of the racial continuity which gives to each narrative its unity of movement.

Just to indicate two points which ought not to be overlooked by readers of this history. One is the general witness which these schismatics bear to the necessity of a divinely instituted primacy, by the hopeless and ever-multiplying divisions in which they have become involved by their lack of recognition of any binding principle of

ecclesiastical order. The other is one which Dr Fortescue has, perhaps, not sufficiently observed, or at all events does not refer to. Have these schismatics any real spiritual life? One does not see the signs of it in what is recorded of them. All seems mere outward observance, and, if they display a remarkable tenacity in holding to the doctrinal formulas inherited from the founders of their schisms, and even in facing persecution and death rather than abandon them, what evidence is there that this springs from appreciation of their spiritual importance, or that they are more to their upholders than formulas that their history has caused to become the badges of their race? S. S.

IF we feel as we lay down the great Russian novelist's letters (*Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky*. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) a sense of depression that so great a mind should have been preoccupied by such persistent poverty, debt and overwork, we must remember that he is, in these things, in very good company. Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Sir Walter Scott are some great instances of this. We must remind ourselves that whilst, in the very human utterance of letters, the tale of these things seems sordid enough, the titanic struggle of such giants in a world unworthy of their genius has undoubtedly enriched their art as no peaceful, prosperous life could have done. In Fyodor Dostoevsky's life there was trouble enough. His imprisonment and exile in Siberia he has immortalized in his *House of the Dead*; the epilepsy which shattered his nervous system he has made a profound study of in his *Idiot;* as for his poverty, with its gnawing humiliation of debt and flight from creditors, the theme is in all his books. Besides, though the recital of financial difficulties is very persistent, there is another note that is as constantly struck, and this is the true keynote of Dostoevsky's genius—his passionate love of, and belief in, Russia.

"In Russia Europe will find her final account; it is Russia's true mission," he explains. He speaks, too, in

several passages of his profound love of Christ—" the Russian Christ." His deeply religious nature was preoccupied, it would seem, with the human side of our Lord. It is very Russian, this sentiment. It is this strong inborn sense of the Divine stooping to the Human that gives the Russian his wonderful love and charity towards his fellow-creatures—the spirit that has made those two very English types, the snob and the hypocrite, almost unknown in Russian life.

Again and again, in his terrible home sickness during the exile that his creditors imposed upon him and his wife in Switzerland, in Italy and elsewhere, he passionately asserts that the hardships of Siberia were as nothing to his sufferings now, for then he was amongst Russians.

> What a number of national types and characters I became familiar with in the prison! I lived *into* their lives and so believe I knew them really well. Many tramps' and thieves' careers were laid bare to me, and, above all, the wretched existence of the common people. I have learnt to know the Russian people as only a few know them.

It was this knowledge of the poorest, " the injured and humiliated," that gives such weight to his reproach to the young revolutionary spirits of Moscow. This reproach, it will be remembered, was echoed in this REVIEW some years ago in an article by Mr Maurice Baring, who also may claim to know the Russian people as few know them. Mr Baring expressed his opinion that the Revolution of 1906 failed because the young Intellectuals—the " Intelligenzia "—failed to appreciate the profound religious feeling of the Russian peasant. The atheism of the young revolutionaries forbade their allegiance, though their anarchic doctrines might attract that spirit of anarchy that every Russian confesses to.

In a letter to " a group of Moscow students " Dostoevsky expresses the same thought.

> Instead of living the life of the people, these young men, who understand the people in no wise, and profoundly scorn *its very*

fundamental principle—its religion—go to the people not to learn to know it, but condescendingly to instruct and patronize it. . . . They go amongst the people "to do it good," while scorning all its customs and ideals. . . . At your demonstration before the Kazan Cathedral the rank and file forced their way into the church, smoked cigarettes, desecrated the temple and made a scandal. I should have said to those students, "You do not believe in God, that is your own affair; but why do you insult the people by desecrating its temple?" . . . For if one wants to go to the people and remain with the people one must first of all learn not to scorn the people. In the second place, one must believe in God, which, he adds in his Russo-phil note, is impossible for *Russian Europeans*, though genuine Europeans of Europe do believe in God.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is the account that Sophie Kavalevsky (the woman mathematical genius) gives of the friendship of her family with Dostoevsky. It reminds one all through of one of his own novels—those fascinating discussions of everything under heaven and earth—the violent quarrels and reconciliations: Sophie was in love with Dostoevsky, whilst he was in love with her sister. It is all very Russian; and if a good deal of abnormality is there, anything like mediocrity or commonplaceness is wonderfully and refreshingly absent. C. B.

DR BERRY'S handsome and admirably illustrated work, *A History of the Royal Dublin Society* (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1915. Price 15s. net.), is rather in the nature of a *mémoire pour servir* than of a book for general reading. It is a careful and, we are sure, exhaustive account of the Society and its doings, drawn from its minute-books and other sources, and as such of priceless value to the historian of Ireland, but it is not the sort of book which can be, or perhaps was even meant to be, read from cover to cover. Those who consult it—and, as we have said, it is and will long remain indispensable to real students of history—will find a full account of a singularly interesting body, too little known in England, perhaps too

little respected and valued in its own country. In both it would not be too much to say that it is best known to the general public as the "onlie begetter" of the great Horse Show which annually draws such crowds to Dublin, and as the promoter of the various agricultural exhibitions which take place in the Society's buildings at Ballsbridge. As a matter of fact, however, the Society during its long existence has been the fruitful mother of children, since the National Library, the Art School, the Veterinary College, not to speak of other organizations now more or less separated from it, all took origin in and were first conducted by the Royal Dublin Society. It began its existence in the early part of the eighteenth century, very much as The Royal Society did, as an occasional meeting of persons interested in science and in the progress of their country. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that these were Protestants, for at that time Catholics were in no position to take part in such an organization, and, indeed, it was for many years conducted almost entirely, if not entirely, by those belonging to the religious minority. This more or less informal gathering gradually grew into the great Society which exists to-day, and it may at once be said that, though its constitution was as above indicated, that did not prevent it from endeavouring to do its best for all parts of the country. It is in a sense a painful task to read the accounts of the efforts to foster invention, industry and progress in manufactures in Ireland and to note the sums expended thereon and to consider how many of the efforts came to nothing and how much of the money would seem to have been spent in vain. Yet there is another side to the picture, for no one can study the pages of this book without seeing how great a work the Society has done for the country to which it belongs, nor without wishing it still greater triumphs in the future. B. C. A. W.

THOSE who have read the distinguished German convert, Professor von Ruville's, two earlier works dealing with the Catholic Faith must have been looking

out with no little eagerness to anything new proceeding from that gifted author's pen. In his first two works it was the religious point of view which predominated. The author's object was to prove the impregnable foundation of the Catholic Faith; but the connexion between the Faith and the Science of History was only incidentally touched on, not thoroughly investigated. In this his latest work, *Der Goldgrund der Weltgeschichte.* (Freiburg.Herder) the author explains how a lecture, given by him at the Catholic Congress of Mayence, in 1911, was the happy occasion of his doing what had long been his intention—*i.e.*, to establish a transition from the Catholic Faith to the Science of History and to put the two into their right relations to one another.

In reviewing the ancient Pagan religions of the world, Professor von Ruville shows that, although many of them possessed truth of great value, yet no one owned the whole truth and that they all lacked " the supernatural connexion between the diverse doctrines promulgated by them " as well as the " supernatural guarantee against the possibility of error." The same defects are shown to be inherent in the monotheistic religions of Judaism and Mohammedanism. The author then goes on to prove that in the Catholic Church alone this perfect harmony between the various doctrines of the Faith and the impossibility of error are to be found, owing to the Divine promise given to St Peter and his successors, and that the beliefs of the different Protestant denominations are all found to be wanting when examined by these two supernatural tests.

As regards the connexion between the Catholic Faith and the Science of History, Ruville insists on the necessity of constantly impressing on men of science what great and inestimably precious treasures humanity owes to the Catholic Church, and that our Lord brought into the world Truth, not only of an ideal, but of a historic, practical nature. The world has to be reminded again and again that His Truth, brought from Heaven, has to be given a place in researches of every kind and quite

particularly in historical investigations. To ignore His Truth, Ruville contends, does not leave a harmless vacuum, but leads to the adoption of wrong principles, which to a greater or lesser degree poison historical work.

There is no such thing, in the case of an historian, as indifference to religion. There can be only true or false religious views. The tendency of too many historians of our time is to exclude religion from their researches, to treat it as if it were a hurtful prejudice, from which the cause of truth would suffer, if allowed to be influenced by it. It is they, on the contrary, who by their attitude damage the cause of truth by putting their individual ideas as to the basis of science in the place of the supernatural foundation which has been given by the Governor of the world. C. Z.

IN *The English Rite* (Being a Synopsis of the Sources and Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer. With an Introduction and an Appendix by F. E. Brightman, M.A., Hon.D.D., Durham, etc. 2 vols. ccxxix, 455; 456–1068. Price 42s. net. Rivington's.) two ponderous volumes are added to the large existing literature on the Book of Common Prayer and its history. The labour of compilation must have been enormous, the sources, or what Mr Brightman judges to have been such, and the successive revisions are set forth in parallel columns with the most minute accuracy. Everything that is unimportant is reproduced with the greatest care. The spelling of the various sixteenth-century publications is always scrupulously adhered to. The stops and even the misprints are all accurately preserved. The " sources " are printed in full to an extent which in some cases seems quite needless. There can be no reason, for instance, for reprinting from the Sarum Missal the whole of the Latin for all the Epistles and Gospels. The Latin of the Missal is in no sense the " source " of the English liturgical Lessons, but both alike are drawn from the " source " of the Greek historical Gospels. Where the reproduction of the Latin might have been of interest and value, as, for in-

stance, where the English passage is shorter than the Latin, and the question arises why the omission was made, the text is not given, and the fact that the Latin lection was longer is only indicated thus (+ vers. 18, 19).

To the Synopsis Mr Brightman contributes a long historical introduction of 230 pages of considerable value. It gives details about every publication that was issued which could have had any effect upon the compilation of the Prayer Book, and is done, as far as we can see, quite accurately and fairly. At the same time it does not afford much help as to the tendencies which were at work. It duly notes the influence of the Lutheran books in 1548, but it minimizes the importance of that influence. Indeed, Mr Brightman can allow himself to say that "the debt of the English book to the Lutheran Orders is in matter of practice, not of doctrine." He has not a word on the significance of the *omissions* which were made in the Book of 1549, nor on the Lutheran influence which led to those omissions.

He duly notes the "threefold conception of the Eucharistic Sacrifice" in that Book, viz.:—

> (*a*) As a commemoration of our Lord's *historical* self-oblation, in His death upon the Cross; (*b*) as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for the benefits of the redemption so secured; and (*c*) as the offering of the Church, of ourselves, our souls and bodies: and concentrating all sacrificial language on these three moments. (p. cvi.)

But he does not mention that such a conception of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is really Lutheran, inasmuch as Luther's instructions have been followed in leaving out of the book "all that stinks of oblation and the abominable Canon of the Mass." Nor does he point out how complete is the break with the Catholic doctrine. The real question is not whether the Eucharist may be improperly termed a Sacrifice for the three reasons given, but whether it is a real Sacrifice because in it Christ is offered for the living and the dead. But of this we have not a word, and we

think that here Mr Brightman may fairly be charged with a certain disingenuousness. While we give him full credit for the laborious accuracy of his work, the fact remains that for practical knowledge of the real meaning of the Book of Common Prayer it would be easy to put more information into a fifty-page pamphlet than is to be found in the whole of these two immense volumes. The facts are doubtless all here contained and honestly set forth, but there is no distinction between what is important and what is merely trivial, and no guidance given towards understanding what was the real meaning of the various changes which were made. The essential features of the wood are obscured among the bewildering variety of the trees and undergrowth. It is duly noted that the word Archbishop was in 1662 written ArchBishop, in 1552 Archebisshoppe and in 1549 Archebishop, but it would be hard to discover from the book that there had been any change in such matters as the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament or the vestments worn at the Holy Eucharist. There is no reference, for instance, to either of these subjects in the Index.

Some of the passages printed as "sources" can only be so regarded by stretching the meaning of the word. For instance, in the Ordination of Priests the passage from the Sarum Ordinal, *Accipe potestatem offerre sacrificium Deo, missamque celebrare tam pro vivis quam pro defunctis*, can scarcely be regarded as the "source" of the passage in the first Prayer Book "Take thou auctho-ritie to Preache the worde of God, and to minister the holy Sacramẽtes in this Congregacion." But it is so given, without a word of comment. Nor again, except to an Anglican mind, can the "form" of the Sacrament of Confirmation, *Consigno te N. signo crucis* ✠ *et confirmo te chrismate salutis*, be considered the "source" of the prayer "Defend O Lord this thy child" which has taken its place in the Anglican service. But it appears as such in this book, and doubtless will be welcomed by one class of its readers as clear proof of unbroken continuity.

A. B.

Some Recent Books

THE literary output from Maynooth has of late years been considerable both in quantity and quality, and the work of Fr. MacCaffrey in the domain of Ecclesiastical History has not been the least remarkable. He has followed up his valuable book on the History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century by two more volumes on the *History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution* (M. H. Gill & Son. pp. xx, 419; xiv, 470. Price 12s. 6d. net). In the first he deals with the general history of Europe, in the second with the history of Catholicism within the British Isles. He has also a valuable and interesting chapter on the foreign missions of the Church up to the end of the eighteenth century. In the Preface to the first volume he has a masterly summary of the history on which he is going to treat, dealing with the unrest caused by the fall of Scholasticism and the rise of the Humanist movement, and with Luther and his work as the expression of the tendencies of the time.

> Though fundamentally the issue raised by him was a religious one, yet it is remarkable what a small part religion played in deciding the result of the struggle. The world-wide jealousy of the House of Habsburg, the danger of a Turkish invasion, the long-drawn-out struggle between France and the Empire . . . contributed much more to his success than the question of justification or the principle of private judgment. Without doubt in Germany, in Switzerland, in England, in the Netherlands, and in the Scandinavian countries, the Reformation was much more a political than a religious movement.

If Fr. MacCaffrey could see his way to republishing in a separate form, and at a low price, the chapters which deal with Catholicism in Ireland and which form practically a complete whole in themselves, he would do a work for which many would be grateful, and which would reach an audience which would be unable to afford the price of the large book.

St Ignatius Loyola

VERY many will be grateful to Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., for his beautiful edition of *The Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius Loyola*, in Spanish and English, with a continuous Commentary. (Burns & Oates. pp. 234. 5s. net). In the Commentary, which, as Fr. Rickaby remarks, " is not a compilation " and owes little to previous writers on the subject, the author gives a thoroughly unconventional and characteristic running explanation, which is full of luminous exposition. We cannot resist extracting the story of the sailor-boy who came to a Jesuit house to make a retreat. He was given a paper with the " Principal and Foundation " printed on it and then with some brief explanation was left to himself. When the Father who had charge of him returned he found him in a state of violent agitation. Asked " what did you do at meditation? " " Do," he said, " I stamped up and down the room, saying, *d—n it, it's true, d—n it, it's true.*" He was told that he had made just the meditation St Ignatius wanted.

FROM the same author comes another book which will be very welcome. He has chosen for it the Oxford motto, *The Lord My Light* (Burns & Oates. pp. 323. Price 6s. net), *Dominus Illuminatio Mea*, and it consists of a reprint of the Conferences given by him since 1897 at either Oxford or Cambridge to the Catholic Undergraduates. There is no one who has quite the same power as Fr. Rickaby in being able to hold the attention of the frivolous and less clever of his hearers while at the same time providing matter for the ablest among them. Those who listened to the Conferences will be glad to have them in this attractive form, while many also beyond University circles will find them full of interest and of solid merit. They aim, as he tells us in the Preface, at removing current prejudices and misconceptions concerning the Catholic Church and at instructing the layman on points of theology that he ought to know.

A. B.

Some Recent Books

TO be included in the series known as "The Antiquary's Books" is a certificate of merit and Mr A. F. Leach's volume on *The Schools of Medieval England* (pp. xv, 349. 7s. 6d. net. Methuen) is fully up to the standard of the rest. For the general lines of its treatment Mr Leach has prepared us by many preliminary publications, for there is no one to whom the history of education in England owes so much. He it was who taught us the truth about Edward VI, Spoiler of Schools, and it was he again who first proved to the world how liberal and effective a provision for education was made by our ancestors in the Free Grammar Schools which existed in connexion with almost every large or Collegiate Church in medieval times. In this volume he gives the history of these schools in greater detail than has till now been attempted, and it will surprise many to learn how ancient some of those which are still existing can be proved to be. He gives the credit of being the oldest school to Canterbury, which was certainly flourishing and well established in 631, and may reasonably assume that it was founded by St Augustine. Dunwich was founded from Canterbury in 631 and York apparently in 633. The model followed, in Mr Leach's opinion, was the school of classical and later times at Rome, "the very same institutions in which Horace and Juvenal, Jerome and St Augustine had learnt the scansion of hexameters and the accredited methods of speech-making and argument."

By the eighth century York had become the centre of educational interest in England, for it had as master of its school the famous Alcuin himself, who taught there under Archbishop Ethelbert. Here it is that we first get any idea of the subjects taught in these schools, and the list is a striking one.

> Busily he gave to some the rules of the science of grammar, pouring into others the stream of oratory. Some he polished on the whetstone of law, others he taught to sing in Æonian chant. . . . But others the said master made to know the harmony of the heaven and the sun, the labours of the moon, the five belts of the sky . . . the nature of men, cattle, birds and beasts; the different kinds of number and of (geometrical) figures . . . above all revealing

the mysteries of holy writ, for he opened the abysses of the old and rude law.

So the story goes on and grows in interest and detail until the Reformation began. Many schools suffered in the fall of the monasteries, but these were for the most part small, and the schools in the Cathedral towns were enlarged and given fresh endowments. It is in the reign of Edward VI only that the spoiling of the schools succeeded to the spoiling of the monasteries, and that lies outside Mr Leach's scheme, for he ends his history with the death of Henry VIII.

The plan of the Antiquary's Books excludes the quoting of authorities and this seriously diminishes the value of the volumes. In such a case if it is desired to keep the page clear of notes, the plan, adopted by Mr Andrew Lang in his *Maid of France*, of relegating the references to an Appendix, seems worthy to be followed, and these books would gain very much in value if that plan could be adopted. A. B.

PRE-REFORMATION Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century, by W. Forbes Leith, S.J.

Father Forbes Leith in his very interesting book has contributed a much-needed chapter to the literary history of Scotland. If Maitland's *Dark Ages* opened a new vista to the readers of English history, so will this record of the Pre-Reformation Scholars in the North abundantly bear witness to the learning and literary talent of the last Catholic generation of that mediaeval Scotland which, we are told, is " generally pictured as the blackest spot in Christendom."

Although the biographical details are often necessarily scanty, no Scotsman can read without pride this *Roll Call* of the famous men, ecclesiastics and laymen, who laboured in every field of knowledge at home and abroad. France, then as ever, was a second home to Scottish talent, but, indeed, to use Sir William Hamilton's words—" During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was hardly to be found a Continental University without a Scotch Professor."

Some Recent Books

The illustrations lend a particular interest to the book, from the fine frontispiece taken from the great window in Parliament House, which represents the Institution of the Court of Session by James V in 1532, to the closing picture of the University of Orleans, whose records bear a long list of Scotsmen.

The portraits include those of William Elphinston, Bishop of Aberdeen, William Barclay, the Admirable Crichton, Adam Blackwood, while the pictures of the ancient Sorbonne and of mediaeval scenes in Paris are of special interest. We earnestly hope that Father Forbes Leith will give us a record of the great Scottish Bishops and Priests of the same period—to whom we owe so much in the world of learning—to complete his work.

M. M. M.S.

IN a dramatic poem in the second issue of *New Numbers* (published by the authors at Ryton, Dymock, Gloucester), Mr Lascelles Abercrombie joins those young writers who have lately sought the simple life of the villager and the tramp, as it were, on the equal terms of their own narrow utterance. He joins them in the place and the company; but as to the utterance he will keep it for the use of one or two of his dramatis personæ, while to others he will give his own just and mighty words. In all his rustics he will recognize an obscure strength of imagination: the implicit imagination of all mankind in one man who remembers his own love of life as a boy; the imagination of the married rustic in another who, convinced of the near destruction of the world by a comet, looks forward to telling his deceased wife that he had the luck to see monstrous things and the earth on fire. (And who has not observed the husband who knows no eagerness like the eagerness to astonish his wife with news? It is the ruling impulse of the married man.) In yet another of the little company all anticipation is absorbed by the hope of one satisfying sight—the agony of the two who have injured him; and one man weeps vaguely for love of the beautiful moon, to be put out for ever. And in all

these speakers of English there is no seed of the love of moral good. Will the Calabrian village, peopled, according to our journalists, with "savages," or will any little Malay island town under the terror of some alien Mohammedan tyrant, or will the huts of cowering Sudanese, show seven men thus incapable of the love of God? Into the grotesque mouths of these English villagers the genius of a most notable poet has put the utterance of what imagination he has found possible to assign to them; and it is a conjecture that brings the reader dismay.

X.

THE work of the Rev. H. F. Stewart, B.D., entitled *The Holiness of Pascal* (Cambridge University Press), owes its name probably to the manner of its first publication. In reality it is not primarily a book, but a series of addresses, half-lecture half-sermon, suggestive of the category of holiness. It would have been more accurate to have named it *The Thought of Pascal*, if the chief contents of a book have a right to impose the title. The preacher of these Lecture-Sermons has given us a valuable study of a perplexing and fascinating genius. We are not sure that he has justified his title; but we are quite sure he has justified his book. Better than most of Pascal's admirers, he shows us what in his hero we should admire most. From first to last the mind and soul of Pascal were growing. Perhaps this does not seem a great thing to say of one who died in his fortieth year. But it is in truth a notable thing to say of a genius who even in childhood had found out the greater part of the first book of Euclid.

Mr Stewart makes it clear that Pascal's first definite religious impressions were those of Jansenism. These impressions did not at first come into the sovereignty that later on they assumed in his soul. Whilst they gave him an insight into the "weightier things of the law," and even a desire to pursue them, they could not wean the brilliant young mathematician from the career of conquest which was now before him. As time went on,

however, he grew into something like a contempt for the intellectualism which had for years been sovereign in his life. He has begun to shake himself free from the thraldom of his mathematical spirit when he gives a certain date and event—an accident from runaway horses on the bridge of Neuilly, 1653—as the turning point of his life. Whether his diagnosis of the date is accurate or not, it is certain that from his thirtieth year onward the intellectualism of his youth was hardly more than a stammer in his philosophical speech.

It is good to read in these scholarly pages of a Hulsean lecturer how every year of Pascal's later life was a progress towards the truth. The gifted and mordant writer of the *Lettres Provinciales* lived long enough to disown, not the *Lettres*, but the "bitter zeal" of controversy. The champion of Jansenism unsaid his youth by recognizing the See of Rome as the keystone of revealed religion. The first mathematician of France was glad to go to God by the same broad human way as the "maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom." Perhaps Pascal hereby reached a height of humility which entitles him to the rare quality of holiness.

V. McN.

PART of the cause of the popularity of small attempts in art or literature is the greater facility with which we can judge of them. It is more comfortable to be able to decide at once our opinion of the workman's merits, and a more distinct pleasure can be obtained from what is obviously within our purview than from what must, to a great extent, stretch uncomfortably beyond our small field of vision. Such a novel as *The Man of Iron* (By Richard Dehan. Heinemann. London. 6s.), written on the heroic scale, dealing with the latest and one of the greatest of European convulsions, the war of 1870, was a task from which the boldest might have shrunk. It is not easy reading, except in the very delightful opening chapters. The characters in it make little appeal to our

affections. We have not made any friends among such acquaintance. But the power and grasp of the book is undoubtedly very remarkable. The horrors of war, indeed, are unbearably vivid reading at this moment. The giant figures of Bismarck and von Moltke are living and awe-inspiring. They present an outline sketch of a terrible mentality, from the awful developments of which Europe is suffering in agony to-day. The novelist has grasped and presented them in great rough strokes with marked success. But though really remarkable powers are displayed in this book, even the immense industry shown in it has not the quality of the "infinite power of taking pains," which is one definition of genius. The literary gift, the choice of words, the tone of mellow wisdom are qualities that are conspicuous by their absence. It is more usual in these days to find writers possessed of more culture and less strength than the author of *The Man of Iron.*

S.

THERE is a certain charm in the novels that treat of the writing of novels, because it is natural to feel that it is a subject on which any able novelist may be trusted to give us a reliable view. But in *Jaffery* (By W. J. Locke. John Lane, The Bodley Head. Price 6s.), a brilliant and delightful story full of interest from first to last, we are asked to accept the impossible as to the novelist's craft.

First of all, the villain of the story, being in possession of his dead friend's MS., publishes it as his own, and is accepted at once by the public as a genius of the first order. His frantic self-confidence makes him undertake to produce another novel and the awful struggle, hidden even from his wife, to do the impossible ends in his death from exhaustion of the brain. But then comes the enormous claim on our credulity. The hero of the book, who is in love with the widow, discovers the original MS. and the fraud that has been enacted. He thereupon decides to save the widow from disillusion and himself

to produce the novel she supposes that her husband had almost finished when he died! And the hero *succeeds* and produces a novel that is accepted by the public as having been written by their favourite author, only that it is considered to be in rather a different style. Is not this supposition almost an insult to his fellow-craftsmen and to the public ? However, it will probably be swallowed quietly by both on account of the enjoyment they will experience in reading the book. The characterisation is admirable and it is no small thing to have made the acquaintance of Barbara.

S.

MISS UNDERHILL has deservedly attained a high place among non-Catholic writers upon mysticism (*Practical Mysticism.* Evelyn Underhill. Dent. 2s. 6d.). In this book she attempts to bring mysticism within the interest, even the practical aim, of the man in the street—or, as she terms him, the practical man. The book witnesses to the erudition of its authoress, and renders the general principles of mysticism as intelligible as is possible. Miss Underhill has made it her aim to detach from the various phraseology of the mystics what she considers the essential experience common to them all.

The mysticism of the Catholic saint differs from the undenominational mysticism of this book as a picture from its photograph. The suffering, the love, and the joy of the mystical experience are skilfully analyzed by Miss Underhill, but their intense heat has cooled into a comparative lukewarmness. Moreover, Miss Underhill, in attempting to present pure mystical experience apart from any theological or metaphysical explanation, has attempted a task as impossible as the kindred attempt of pragmatism to set out from pure experience. Though she carries this attempt so far as to prefer Reality to God as the name of the Object of mysticism, her presentation of mysticism is deeply coloured by the Bergsonian philosophy. There is metaphysical dogmatism in the baseless distinction on p. 38 between the Metaphysical World of Being, as the

object of one stage of contemplation, and a higher "Divine Reality," the object of another. Surely the object of all distinctively mystical contemplation is God whether as immanent, nature mysticism, or as transcendant, supernatural mysticism. To Bergson is due a certain confusion between the infrarational sensation of the animal and the superrational intuition of the mystic. To this cause is due the unfair depreciation of reason throughout the book, e.g., on p. 33. Reason gives us a deeper, if more indirect knowledge of reality than sensation. Discursive reasoning is often a stage on the mystical way. The Neoplatonists were philosophers, and many Christian mystics, e.g., Gerson; St. Bonaventura, and St Thomas, dogmatic theologians. This depreciation of reasoning is a fallacy of modern undenominational mysticism.

On p. 150 contemplation is subordinated to action, a typical modern error, opposed to the teaching of all the great mystics. The root of this error is the illusion of a this-worldly kingdom of heaven, proclaimed as the goal of mysticism on pp. 158-9. The kingdom is not of this world. It is a pity that this book seems to assume throughout that the practical man can at will become a mystic. Mystical experience *on this side the grave* is for the few. The average man could sooner become an artist than a mystic. Moreover, mysticism is the effect of grace. Miss Underhill ascribes it for the most part to works. But despite these serious and indeed fundamental disagreements we have found this a most interesting book.

E. I. W.

M LOUIS COLIN is well known to the Catholic public of France as a writer of *œuvres de vulgarisation* of the more popular kind. In *Les Barbares à la Trouée des Vosges* (Bloud and Gay. Price 3.50 francs) he is himself—and something more. We expect from him a certain exuberance of style and a certain lack of balance and restraint, and we are not disappointed. Much indeed is to be pardoned to a Frenchman who has followed in the tracks of the "bosches" and seen with his own eyes the traces

of their handiwork. But what we get further in this work, and what makes it a document of grave importance, when all discount is allowed on the score of personality, is first-hand evidence of eye-witnesses—mostly clergy and persons of unimpeachable position—as to the behaviour of the Germans, and particularly the Bavarians, when they poured through the *cols* of the Vosges after the first and abortive French descent and the rapid retreat. The story is a shocking one when all allowances are made for possible exaggerations, and the photographs at least cannot lie. We should not care to go into details even had we space; suffice it to say that here is a heavy addition to that dossier which is being compiled for the day of reckoning. And in addition to the execrated names of Manteuffel and his kind there are other names here set on record further south, unfortunately of Bavarians and Catholics. There can be little doubt as to the fact, when Soeur Julie, a woman little given either to hallucination or to false witness, testifies to the conduct of General Clauss, commanding the 60th Bavarian Infantry, who had fifteen civilians shot at Gerbéviller on August 24, 1914, himself sitting drinking champagne, and making the order to fire on each batch of five consist in the lifting of his glass to his lips. To all who know the *cols* of the Vosges this book will have a sad additional interest, but it is good to feel that already the " barbares " are being forced back, and that sooner or later they, or a good portion of them, will meet the same fate as in Caesar's time the hordes of Ariovistus experienced below the Hartmannsweilerkopf, at the hands of Latin civilization destined so soon to become Christian.

H. S. D.

A LITTLE book very welcome after the lurid story of M Colin is the *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne pendant la Guerre* (Beauchesne. Price 3 francs), by " Jean Quercy." In manner it recalls the famous volumes of similar title by " Yves le Querdec "; its style is as charming, its psychological touch as sure. But, of course, it is

Mgr Baudrillart's Publications

fact instead of fiction, the names alone and certain revealing touches of local colour being suppressed. In leisurely wise the whole life of the country parish is unfolded, from the premonitions of trouble and the first decrees of mobilization to the sigh of relief that followed the "miracle of the Marne," and the subsequent stern settling down to the long, trying contest of endurance. Priest and people alike live in these brilliant pages; soldiers, too, returned from the front; refugees, French or Belgian, some of them frankly trying specimens of humanity; functionaries and officials, and all the types that go to make up provincial France. We see, too, something of the working of "L'Union Sacrée," and something also of the imperfections of its working. The impression, however, predominates of a France raised to a new moral and spiritual life, though blood and tears be the price. We have to thank this country curé for what is at once a work of delightful art, and a convincing *tranche de vie*.

H. S. D.

WE have taken for the text of one of the articles in our present issue the most important of the publications of Mgr Baudrillart's "Comité Catholique de Propagande Française à l'Etranger," for whom Messrs Bloud & Gay, of Paris, act as publishers. It remains to notice some of the further issues of this important organisation, which has already done much greatly-needed work. Its *Pages Actuelles* is a series of *brochures*, published at 60 centimes each, comparable both in scope and in authority to our own "Oxford Pamphlets, 1914–1915." We are glad to have noticed them on sale in many of the London shops, and strongly recommend their purchase in completion of the Oxford series. Several, of course, like the issue of Cardinal Mercier's *Pastoral*, are obtainable in English form, but others, like Cardinal Amette's *Pendant la Guerre*, and the biographical numbers, add substantially to what is available from our own press. To one number, however,

we must direct special attention—the three letters on the war, *Confiance*, *Prière*, *Espoir*, by the famous Archbishop of Albi, Mgr Mignot. Anything written by this great pastor, theologian and philosopher demands the attention of all Catholics, and these letters are as weighty as anything he has produced. The difficult questions of theology and the delicate questions of national psychology which his Grace here touches with such firmness, press as hard on the consciousness of devout Englishmen to-day as they do in France, and to read Mgr Mignot's letters is to experience both enlightenment and heartening in their regard.

Of other "pages" which are still more *actuelles* we may mention those on *Le Martyre du Clergé Belge*, by the Belgian statesman M Auguste Mélot; and *Le Martyre du Clergé Français*, by M Abbé Griselle, formerly professor at Lille. The latter especially will bring many new facts to the knowledge of English readers, of events in the invaded districts of France scarcely less terrible than those we are more familiar with in connection with Belgium. *La Basilique Devastée*, by "Vindex," dealing with the wanton outrages upon the Cathedral at Rheims, is open to considerable improvement in the future editions which we trust will be called for. In regard to the actual destruction wrought, one very sketchy extract from the *Daily Mail* is given in translation, but we find no reference to the important professional examination made by Mr Whitney Warren, the American architect, and reported fully in *The Times* of October 5 last, nor to other documents of importance equally available. The twenty-one pages of messages of condolence might well be replaced by a far fuller statement, from materials now amply available, of the facts of the case.

Another and larger publication of the Committee is M Raoul Narsy's *Le Supplice de Louvain*. This, too, though a compilation of value, specially interesting for its revealing illustrations, bears some signs of hasty preparation, and is capable of expansion in future

editions. There has been a good deal of evidence published in England which might be added to the useful bibliography given on pages 192 and 193; and here, as in the Rheims *brochure*, there is rather an undue allowance of matter not strictly to the point. *Le Supplice de Louvain*, however, is a volume which no one who is concerned to know what really happened in Belgium can afford to neglect. It is greatly to be desired that the tract of the famous German Jesuit Fr Duhr, *Der Lügengeist in Voelkerkrieg*, of which M Narsy is able to make use, could be rendered available for English readers. It is a document significant of much.

WE are glad to extend a word of welcome to the reissue in a new edition of the late Mr W. Carew Hazlitt's monumental work on *The Venetian Republic, its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall* (409 to 1797). (A. & C. Black. 2 vols. Price £2 2s. net.) It is a book of great learning on a subject the interest of which can never be exhausted, and will remain the standard work in English on everything connected with the history of Venice; and Venetian life and customs. The illustrations and maps are well selected and of great interest. Our chief quarrel with the book is that the volumes are of inordinate length and consequently very bulky. It would have been better, we should have thought, to have issued the book in four volumes instead of only two.

THE Latin Church in the Middle Ages (By André Lagarde, translated by Archibald Alexander, Ph.D. International Theological Library. T. & T. Clark. pp. 600. Price 12s. 6d. net.) is a little difficult to place. The Preface and some pages elsewhere might have been written by a Catholic, and the inclusion of all the Reformers as "anti-sacerdotal heretics" would lead in the same direction. On the other hand the book as a whole is strongly anti-Catholic, as we should expect from its being included in the International Theological Library. How little competent the author is to judge of Catholic

Theology may be gathered from his description of the Mass. "The Holy Ghost or the Word—here there was some fluctuation of opinion—descended into the bread and wine, impregnated it with His substance. Thus being deified, the bread and the wine deified all those who communicated." His account of the morals of the clergy in the chapter on Ecclesiastical Celibacy is black enough to satisfy even those writers who confine their studies of the past to raking among the records of the disciplinary Courts, and hope to gain from such a method a fair picture of what actually occurred among the clergy as a whole.

WE have on several occasions been struck lately by the immense improvement in typography to be seen in the books recently published by the firm of Burns & Oates. The new edition of the *Ordo Administrandi* (pp. xii, 320. Cloth 5s. net) is perhaps the best piece of work in this direction that they have yet achieved. Its issue has been rendered necessary by the publication of the new typical edition of the Roman Ritual, and to this it is throughout conformed. It contains also the new Form for the reconciliation of Converts, and also the Nuptial Benediction outside of Mass, and the Prayers to be recited at marriages when the Nuptial Benediction is not permitted. The book is printed at the Clarendon Press and the famous "Fell" fount of type, which was acquired by Oxford University in 1660, has been employed. A. B.

IN these notes, gathered at first hand in the American Hospital at Neuilly (*La Guerre vue d'une Ambulance*. Librairie Colin, 3 frs. 50) the Abbé Félix Klein, its chaplain, gives us an interesting collection of anecdotes. From the Breton, the Turco, the Senegalese, as well as from wounded allies (we like to find all these gathered together), the Abbé gathers many an illustration of patient, brave, cheerful suffering, though there are some stories of what happened at the Hospital, which have not found their way into the book—for instance, that of the

La Guerre

Algerian who visiting the chapel attempted a rough sign of the Cross and said: " Maintenant; moi tout Français, Grigri et tout! " Grigri being the divinity they worship. Of special interest is the record of those days of hope and anxiety, wild rumour and swaying expectation which the Parisian population passed through in August last year. The Abbé Klein writes in his well-known pleasing style, not without a pretty note of sentiment. The admiration he entertains for both America and England appears as prominently here as in his former works. M. A.

CHRONICLE OF BIBLICAL WORKS

IN the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (October, 1914, January, April, 1915) H. Wiener continues his fascinating studies on "The Historical Criticism of the Pentateuch." The term fascinating is not a mere *cliché* of a weary reviewer at a loss for a word, for those who have with keen interest followed the recent attack on the modern theory of the origin of the Pentateuch, find the tenacity and lawyer-like acumen with which Mr Wiener pursues his aims, an object of fascination. These extensive articles covering some 180 pages deal indeed with a great number of subjects, but they are all intended as a reply to Dr Koenig's *Die Moderne Pentateuch Kritik und ihre neueste Bekaempfung* which itself was a reply to Mr Wiener and others. The first article contains the shrewd suggestion that Exod. xxxiii, 7–11 is misplaced and should stand immediately after xiii, 22. This transposition would do away with the apparent inconsistency in the descriptions of the positions of the Tent of Meeting emphasized by Dr Koenig, but which his theory of the J.E.P.H.R., etc., does not explain. True, transpositions of passages ought not to be resorted to without the gravest grounds, but in this case Mr Wiener's arguments are very persuasive and the passage where it stands at present has no connection either with the preceding or the following. In the same article his discussion on Exodus xx, 24 very clearly brings out the character of laymen's sacrifices allowed in Jewish law and he disposes of the theory that in Israel the place of sacrifice had to be hallowed by the traditions of a theophany. Having enumerated cases where no theophany whatever is mentioned he pertinently asks: Did every Israelitish householder have a theophany in his back garden? The remainder of the first article is devoted to a direct study of the history and the value of the Massoretic text. The light thrown on this problem from the Talmudic Tract, Sopherim VI, 4, from the Nash Papyrus, the Codex Petropolitanus and especially St Jerome's Latin is again discussed. The conviction borne in upon the reader is that the vast speculations of the modern critical school, based on the Massoretic text as something "intangibile," an absolute fixed value, are at least utterly premature, and all arguments based on the use of Elohim and Jahve, or Israel and Jacob or small minutiae of nomenclature or grammar must be indefinitely postponed.

The second article once more faces the problem of the Samaritan Pentateuch versus the Hebrew of LXX and is largely a polemic against Dr Skinner's *The Divine Names in Genesis*. The outline of the history of the text of the Pentateuch from the four centuries B.C. to the final settlement of the Massoretic text in the Middle Ages, however brief (pp. 123-125) will prove to be substantially correct as more and more information on this obscure and intricate subject is being gathered. His sketch of the influences at work in the gradual formation of variants regarding the Holy Name, of the transition from Baal to Adonay, from Adonay to Elohim and the substitution of one for the other, at first at haphazard, finally systematized by the Massoretics on merely theological

grounds, this sketch, I say, is so convincing that few will be found to endorse Skinner's contention that " the divine names are a remarkably stable element of the text. The reader will conclude that once for all the argument based on the use of the divine names must go. Wiener's last article deals with the use of Elohim outside the Pentateuch and Baumgarten's investigation on this subject. He reviews this dissertation for the doctorate in theology at Leipzic (*Elohim ausserhalb des Pentateuch. Heft* 19 of *Kittel's Beitrage*. Hinrichs. Leipzig. 1914.) Although Mr Wiener's vehemence of style sometimes excites surprise, it is in great measure accounted for by what he calls " the attempts to kill conservative work by silence." Here I wish fully to endorse his statements. A long acquaintance with German biblical work has convinced me that amongst the " advanced " school of that country the method to rid oneself of a conservative opponent has all too often been to pass him over in reviews, or if that be impossible to damn him with faint praise. As Catholics are mostly on the Conservative side we have suffered severely from this evil. Here in this country we have been flooded with translations of the productions of only one school of German thought, to the utter exclusion almost of the other. It is gratifying to find in Mr Wiener someone, who is perfectly free from all prejudice in this quarter and who after some very strong passages on the historical and legal incompetence of the " higher critics " has the courtesy and candour to write: " I expressly exclude Roman Catholic theologians from this remark, since they are favorably distinguished by the superior clearness of thought which characterizes their Old Testament work."

Die religiosen und Sittlichen Ideen des Spruchbuches. Alois Hudal. Scripta Pont. Instit. Bibl. Rome, Bretschneider, 1914. It is almost a commonplace amongst many recent biblical scholars that the Book of Proverbs was compiled after the Exile and thus pictures the Jewish mind of, say, the third century before Christ. Father Hudal, the vice-president of the Seminary of the diocese of Graz, writes to vindicate the older thesis, not merely that some parts of the compilation may possibly be pre-exilic, but that the book as we have it dates substantially from before the exile. His proofs are not drawn from philology or from the peculiarities of the Hebrew text but from the state of religion and ethics mirrored in this manual of Hebraic wisdom and he concludes that this book in dogma and morals portrays the state of the people under the monarchy and not afterwards. He most clearly brings out the difference of the idea of Wisdom in Proverbs and the later idea of Wisdom amongst the Greeks and sets aside the often emphasized influence of Hellenism said to be perceptible in this product of Palestine. A large part of the work is naturally devoted to a discussion of the famous passage beginning " Dominus possedit me in initio viarum Suarum" (Prov. viii, 22-31). The textual and the patristic authorities as well as the exegetical grounds for the rendering ἐκτήσατο instead of ἔκτισεν are well and clearly set out. There is no doubt that if Father Leopold Fonck can train more students of the type of Schumacher

and Hudal the Biblical Institute at Rome will carry out the ultimate purpose for which its Papal Founder brought it into being.

This reference to the Biblical Institute carries one's thoughts to the older and more important institution, the Ecole de Saint Etienne in Jerusalem which for so many years has rendered signal services to the cause of Biblical Studies. Alas this school has now fallen on evil days! With admirable pluck the *Revue Biblique* still continues to appear, at least the April number 1915 lies before me. The article "Après vingt-cinq ans" describing the fortunes of the Dominican School of Saint Stephen during the quarter of a century that has just elapsed is sad reading. November 15 1915 was to be a day of jubilee to them and it is to be a day of sorrow. "L'école biblique de Jerusalem n'est déja plus qu'un souvenir" writes Père Lagrange who, with Van Hoonacker of Louvain and Bardenhewer of Munich, may claim to be one of the most respected figures amongst Catholic Bible Scholars. The staff and the students of St Stephen's are scattered, the buildings occupied by the Turks. The sons of St Dominic however have fought so valiantly in the past and against such overwhelming odds that even should this Great War prove a death-blow to the Institution in Jerusalem, and a school of another Order and another nationality take its place, the Dominicans will not easily lose that eminence in Biblical studies which they have secured of recent years principally through the efforts of Père Lagrange and his companions.

Jeremiah together with the Lamentations. (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges). A. W. Streane. Camb. Univ. Press. This volume differs not merely from that which appeared thirty-two years ago in this series by substituting the Revised Version for the Authorized but the commentary is so thoroughly revised and enlarged that it may be counted as a new work. It should have been mentioned earlier in this chronicle, but it is still useful to call attention to it as this volume will prove of more permanent value than many others which, dealing with the Old Testament, advocate some definite critical theory regarding the book they discuss and make this theory the touchstone of all their views. A commentary on Genesis, or Isaias or Daniel or Judges loses the greater part of its value as the precarious theories on which they are built are found to be idle. The last-named commentary by H. C. O. Lanchester is just issued and fully merits the condemnation of the critic in the *Month*, who considers it a piece of "exegetic frightfulness," and asks why in a series intended for young students advantage should be taken of their inexperience to inoculate them with the idea that the Bible is a hoax? But the book of Jeremiah presents no such difficulties. The most interesting problem, perhaps, is that of the relation of the Hebrew text to that of the Septuagint which is about one-eighth shorter. Dr Streane writes on it briefly, with the moderation and precision of one who has made this problem his own. Chapters l and li are not considered to be of Jeremiah; in case of the Lamentations the question of authorship is not decided, but

the arguments are given with lucidity and fairness. We have noticed no reference to a Catholic commentary, even that monumental production in the Jesuit Cursus Completus by Knabenbauer is apparently not mentioned. The note on Chapter xxxi, 22: "The Lord hath created a new thing in the earth. A woman shall encompass a man" is somewhat too curt for so interesting a passage.—Van Hoonacker's "Expository Notes" in the *Expositor* contain some of those happy surmises in rendering and reading the Hebrew text by which he is so well known. He suggests in Gen. iv, 7, "thou art couching at the door of sin" instead of "sin coucheth at the door" (het' tirbos instead of hatath robes). In Gen. xliv 5, the so-called "divination cup" of Joseph is shown to be based on a mistaken translation. Joseph's messengers have to make their swift recovery of their master's cup plausible and avoid the suspicion that the whole thing is a mere ruse, so they say that the missing cup was the actual drinking cup of their master, hence he noticed its absence at once, and by divination he ascertained that it was somewhere in the caravan of the ten sons of Jacob. 1 Samuel x, 12, receives a better meaning: And who is their (his?) father? is asked about Saul prophesying. Van Hoonacker interprets: Who trained him for the prophetical office? Who is his spiritual father?

The Fourfold Gospel. Section III. The Proclamation of the New Kingdom. Edwin A. Abbot. Cambridge Univ. Press. 1915. 12s. 6d. This is the twelfth volume of the Diatessarica (Part X, Sect. III.). The veteran scholar gives us in this new volume a further instance of his marvellous and disconcerting ingenuity. I had almost written mistaken ingenuity, were it not that the brilliancy of some of his suggestions makes one feel grateful for a great deal which he gives us. A good instance of the almost weird acumen to find phonetic similarities between texts is his interpretation of Mark i, 20, "they left their father Zebedee in the boat with the hired servants." The name Zebedee is supposed to contain an allusion to Genesis xxx, 20, giving the words of Leah at the birth of Zebulon: God hath endowed me with a good endowment, etc. The Hebrew verb for to endow is Zabad, i.e., the radicals of the name Zebedee. The hired servants hide an allusion to the name of Issachar which "means either a man of hire" or "there is hire." Now note, the mention of Zebedee and hired servants occurs only in St Mark, which evangelist does not quote Isaias ix, 1, which serves as ground for this extraordinary supposed allusion. Note that Issachar's name does not occur in Isaias and in Genesis not in the same context but "shortly before" the passage giving the birth of Zebulon. Now the mother of the children of Zebedee was probably the same woman as Salome and Salome was probably related to the Mother of God and her name contains a cryptogram on this relationship, for Salome stands for the Hebrew "Shel immo," i.e., she who belongs to his mother! I doubt whether the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has produced anything quite so clever as this. The whole volume deals with the first three chapters of St Mark, which are com-

pared with the parallel accounts in St Matthew and St Luke and considered especially in the light of St John's Gospel. The fourth Evangelist is pictured as changing, implicitly correcting and explaining the Marcan account in hundreds of instances. A number of these explanations and illustrations are truly valuable, but more than half are so laboured and over subtle that commonsense brushes them aside. For Dr Abbott all is metaphor, allegory, mystic allusion to such an extent that Philo, Clement and Origen must yield to a twentieth century disciple the palm of mystical exegesis. On the other hand, there is such an abundance of critical minutiae, the outcome of the modern critical school, that one is ever confronted with painstaking erudition, and thus Cambridge and Alexandria combined stand sponsor for this strange book. No doubt in years to come some one will gather out of this treasure house of the wayward thoughts of a fanciful scholar much that is of permanent value for New Testament exegesis.

Another instance of the waywardness of mere erudition can be found in *The four Gospels from the Irish Codex Harleianus* 1023. Edited by E. S. Buchanan. (Heath, Cranton and Ousely. 21s. and 3s. 6d.) This manuscript of the Vulgate text of the Gospels written at Armagh eight hundred years ago contains many readings which may be those of the Old Latin, at least in a number of instances. It is indeed well worth editing but it ought to be done with a sense of responsibility and with anxious sobriety, not with violent inventiveness and prejudice. E. S. Buchanan has an almost personal grudge against the Roman Ecclesiastics, who furthered the spread of the Vulgate—it is only a further instance of Papal aggression of course—and such a burning wish to see the marvellous in his manuscript that his judgement is not staid enough to be trusted. A series of facsimile plates of this manuscript would in the end have proved hardly more costly, for the sale would have been more extensive, and it would have been more useful. Even a mere careful collation of the manuscript which gave us a trustworthy list of variants, would have been of real utility. As it is, the Benedictines entrusted with the editing of St Jerome's Vulgate, are not likely to confide unreservedly in Mr Buchanan's readings of *Harleianus* 1023. Perhaps some friends may persuade Mr Buchanan to add some discretion to the abundance of his laudable zeal and thus further the usefulness of "the Sacred Latin Texts."

The Gospel according to St Matthew. A. H. M'Neile. (Macmillan. London. 1915.) This new volume in Macmillan's series of New Testament commentaries is a solid piece of scholarship. Although modern literature on the Gospels is so vast, what is really important is laid under tribute to compile the careful and extensive notes on the Greek text. It is to be regretted that notwithstanding a first impression of Conservativism, the author's views are still far removed from the Catholic and Christian standpoint, for instance, the Visit of the Magi may possibly be a Christian "Midrash," the Vision and the Voice at Christ's baptism is a "real

subjective experience"; the words, "I shall give thee the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," etc. (xvi, 19) are of "very doubtful" genuineness. Surely this doubt is evolved purely out of the inner consciousness of the critic, for there is nothing whatever in textual, historical or literary criticism that can give rise to it. Dr M'Neile allows that "upon this rock" *can* refer to Peter and quotes the remarkable legend in the "Jewish Fathers" wherein God calls Abraham the rock upon which the world is built. However "in this case the words are addressed to Peter as an individual not as Bishop of Rome." On what exegetical grounds this remark rests he does not state. He considers that the reference is probably to the truth of Our Lord's Messiahship just proclaimed. In commenting on the words of the institution of the Eucharist: "Drink ye all of this," he says: "The words have been used in support of the Roman practice of withholding the Cup from the laity, since those who drank were all priests. But the same consideration would serve to prove that the sacrament was not intended for the laity at all." There is surely some confusion here, for the words "drink ye *all*" have never been used in confirmation of the practice of Communion under one kind. They have on the contrary been often used to prove the opposite, viz., the necessity of giving the Cup to the Laity, as Our Lord apparently seems to forestall and forbid the practice of withholding the Cup from communicants, by the emphasis laid on the word "all." We do not consider the argument a cogent one, but the fact remains that it is often used by Non-Catholics against the Roman practice and could not possibly be adduced to prove the opposite. "With regard to the words 'This is my body,' no explanation," so says the author, "can be offered in a commentary; its meaning varies for Christians with their varieties of spiritual experience." Nonetheless the author's interpretation of the words is obviously not that of historic Christianity. The genuineness of the command "Do this in commemoration of me" is according to him open to question, the Church's custom of repeating the act may have led St Paul to ascribe its origin to a definite command. The author again and again emphasizes the sacrificial character of the words of the Institution, and concludes his additional note by saying that to exclude the sacrificial element from His words is "to produce the falsity of a half truth." So far so good, but with the words "This is my Body" deliberately left unexplained, the reader is driven to ask, What then was sacrificed at the Last Supper?

With regard to Matthew xxviii, 13-20, the author writes: "this section must probably be regarded as the expression by the evangelist of truths which the Church learnt as a result of the Resurrection, and on which it still rests its faith." Does this mean that Christ probably never said these words? No grounds for this assertion are given and none exist, for surely the mere fact that a dozen recent commentators deny the genuineness of the command to baptize is not a scientific basis for the rejection of the passage. The author's views on the Resurrection can best be gauged by the following note: "If the rolling away of the stone is an

historical fact, the explanation that 'it was not to let the Lord out but to let the women in' is the only possible; it was divinely permitted in order gradually to prepare the minds of those who were to see the Lord. But, like the appearance of the Angel, or angels and the earthquake, it is in no way necessary for a full belief in the Resurrection, the truth of which does not depend upon the form which the narratives took in the growth of Christian tradition." Dr M'Neile is examining chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, one would have thought that a canonry in the diocese of Hereford would be more appropriate for him.

The Literary Man's New Testament. W. L. Courtney. (Chapman and Hall. 1915.) This is merely the Authorized version printed in a not very attractive or readable form, the books being arranged in what is considered their chronological order, and preceded by thirty pages of Introductory Essays. The essays "Growth of a Creed," "The Messiah of Eschatology" and others are somewhat slight and superficial. The author seems to know the current literature on New Testament problems, he just touches upon these in a non-committal way and leaves the ordinary reader utterly bewildered what to conclude and what to hold. The upshot, for instance, of the essay on eschatology is that Christ cannot be understood except in the light of the apocalyptic literature of the period, but what precise idea the literary man has to form for himself about Christ in consequence of Jewish Apocalyptic work is nowhere indicated.

A more useful work for the popularization of the scriptures amongst literary classes is proceeding in the *Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures*, which has recently published Dr Gigot's rendering of the *Apocalypse of St John* (Longmans. 1s.) The notes on the text are certainly reduced to the minimum in this case, but the very setting out of the text, with conspicuous headings and new paragraphs and marginal summaries is a powerful aid to the understanding. The translation is very close. In viii, 4, "he was given all sorts (kinds) of incense to put to the prayers of all the saints" would have rendered the plural of θυμίαμα and would have avoided the rendering of δώσει by to mingle. The introduction shows Dr Gigot's well-known talent of precision and clearness in summarizing. The same author in *The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism* (Benziger. 1915. 9d.), a lecture covering but thirty-five pages, tries to give us a summary of our true position towards Pentateuchal Criticism. A praiseworthy effort, but so great a subject can hardly be dealt with satisfactorily in so small a compass.

The Epistles of St Paul to the Corinthians. (J. MacRory. Dublin. Gill and Son. 7s. 6d.) This is a good and substantial commentary on the most attractive epistles of the New Testament. The commentary takes the form of notes on the double column text (Vulgate and Douay) at the top of each page. It represents the lectures given to the students of Maynooth by their Vice-President, who is at the same time their Professor of Scripture. These notes, it is true, do not go far afield in matters of critical

details, but they are such as to inspire respect for the Scripture course followed by the students of that great Irish College. It seems a pity that instead of the English version the original Greek is not given with the Latin Vulgate. One does not quite see what use the English text can be to the student, or how it is supposed to further his understanding of the mind of St Paul, and the many and often excellent remarks on the Greek text in the notes are impracticable and unenjoyable without the Greek text before one on the same page. The introductions are brief but sufficient, the author sometimes gives the impression as if he were not closely acquainted with the work he quotes, v. gr. Ramsay (in the *Expositor*, sixth series) is a somewhat quaint reference. More, perhaps, than any other New Testament writings the two epistles contain passages of a practical historical nature which have been and are the crux of interpreters, consequently one naturally looks up a dozen texts which are objects of keen contention between commentators to see how our author treats them. Baptism for the dead I. Cor. xv, 29, is naturally one of them. Personally I have never been able to persuade myself that after a passage of rare sublimity (vv. 17-28), St Paul should head his arguments for the resurrection of our body with an argumentum ad hominem, which would be an appeal to a foolish and superstitions custom which might have been practised by some ignorant Christians. It seems incredible in itself, and there seems so little historical likelihood of such a custom having arisen in the Christian community at Corinth which was less than a decennium old. When in verse thirty St Paul recommences, Why also are we in danger every hour? he surely means to indicate the Christian dispensation of which he was the evangelist, and contrast this with the ideas referred to in verse twenty-nine, which are connected with the Old Testament, and thus the Resurrection as revealed in the two Covenants is alluded to in the two verses. According to the Jewish Law (Numb. xix, 19) the person who had touched a corpse should on the seventh day purify himself and wash himself and bathe himself in water and then be clean at even, if on the third and seventh day he had been sprinkled with the waters of separation and the ashes of a heifer. The comparison between this Mosaic Ritual and the death of Christ is made in Heb. IX, 13, may there be no allusion to this Ritual here? A corpse caused legal " uncleanness " because it was something holy and sacred, just as according to rabbinic law the Scriptures " defile the hands," in fact, " causing uncleanness," could be used as synonym for " sacred." This bathing of yourself on the seventh day after touching the dead indicates that the body is something holy and sacred and is unintelligible unless the body rise from the dead. Such an argument though rabbinic is based on the Scriptures and worthy of St Paul, whereas the foolish practice of vicarious baptism for the dead seems hardly such. In discussing the veiling of the women in Church because of the angels, the author should have referred to the proclamation of the deacon at the Eucharist in the Testamentum Domini which proclamation is of earliest antiquity viz: " The angels are looking on." On the difficult

Chapter vii of the First Epistle the author's notes are particularly full and precise and form an excellent commentary. On verse twelve the author holds with Cornely and others that it contains a counsel not a precept. We congratulate Dr MacRory, his present work is so much more valuable than that of some years ago.

The Gospel Miracles. J. R. Illingworth. Macmillan. 1915. The title of this little volume would lead one to believe that it was an exegetical study, as a matter of fact, it is purely apologetic of Christ's miracles in general without touching on matters of exegesis. There is much in this little book which is good and beautiful, much which is calculated to persuade the modern mind to accept Gospel Miracles. There is a glow of simple sincerity throughout the book which warms and charms the reader. It is true, now and then it is obvious, that the author's thoughts fall short of the standards of Catholic doctrine. The analogy between faith and animal instinct in the chapter on the Childlike Mind is not merely venturesome but dangerous. An instinctive tendency to live in contact with a spiritual environment is a poor description of faith for those who hold that faith is an actus intellectus imperatus a voluntate. An explanation of nature and grace, which suggests that the former is what a human being starts with, his stock-in-trade, and the latter what he can become, what he can gain, may indeed be understood in a true sense but does raise the suspicion that grace is nature in highest development. This conclusion Catholic theology utterly repudiates. The chapter on the Virgin-birth contains the argument that the Birth of a Pre-existent Person involves Virginal Conception as "a necessity of the case," and towards the end of the Chapter we read: there may be perfect truth in the contention that, for all we know, a sinless being could not owe his human generation to the will of man. These opinions would receive the strongest dissent from Catholic theologians. The soundest argument is that the authority which vouches for the Virgin-birth is the very same authority which vouches for the Incarnation, if we think it erred in the former case it may have erred in the latter, and thus Incarnation and Virgin-birth stand or fall together. It is well said that the story of the Virgin-birth cannot be studied as it were in a vacuum by literary criticism on the first chapters of Matthew and Luke. If the belief in Virgin-birth is an error, the whole of Christianity may be an error and there is no ground why a reasonable man should believe any of it.

J. P. ARENDZEN.

THE INDEX TO VOL. 157

The Titles to Articles are printed in Italics.

ABBOT, E. A., The Fourfold Gospel, Section III, *reviewed*, 411.
Abercrombie, Lascelles, New Numbers, *reviewed*, 396.
Agnes of Bohemia, Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed, by W. Seton *reviewed*, 379.
American Catholic University, An, by Wilfrid Ward, 284.
American Problems, Some, by W. R. Castle, 309.
Anglicanism Past and Present, by James Britten, 103.
Apocalypse of St John, translated by Dr Gigot, *reviewed*, 414.
Arendzen, Dr, *Chronicle of Biblical Works*, 408.
Aspern Papers, The, by Henry James, *reviewed*, 203.

BARBARES a la Trouée des Vosges, Les, by Louis Colin, *reviewed*, 401.
Barnes, Mgr, *The Teutonic Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia*, 272.
Barry, Canon, *The City of Constantine*, 16.
Baudrillart's War Publications, Mgr., *reviewed*, 403.
Belloc, Hilaire, *The Effect of Waterloo*, 122.
Benson, A. C., Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother, *reviewed*, 186.
Benson, Memorials of Robert Hugh, by Mrs Cornish, and others, *reviewed*, 190.
Benson, Monsignor, Loneliness, *reviewed*, 191.
Benson, Spiritual Letters of Monsignor, *reviewed*, 188.
Berry, Dr, A History of the Royal Dublin Society, *reviewed*, 386.
Biblical Works, Chronicle of, by Dr Arendzen, 408.
Brightman, F. E., The English Rite, *reviewed*, 389.
Britten, James, *Anglicanism Past and Present*, 103.
Buchanan, Ed. by E. S., Gospels from the Irish Codex Harleianus, 1023, *reviewe* 412.

CABROL, Abbot, *La Pière pour la France*, 252.
Castle, W. R., *Some American Problems*, 309.
Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution, History of the, by Fr MacCaffrey, *reviewed*, 392.
Cecil, Algernon, Life of Robert Cecil, *reviewed*, 205.
Cecil, Robert, Life of, by Algernon Cecil, *reviewed*, 205.
Colin, Louis, Les Barbares a la Trouée des Vosges, *reviewed*, 401.
Conklin, Prof., Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men, *reviewed* 195.
Constantine, The City of, by Canon Barry, 16.
Corinthians, The Epistles of St Paul to, by J. MacRory, *reviewed*, 414.
Cornish, Mrs and others, Memorials of Robert Hugh Benson, *reviewed*, 190.
Courtney, W. L., The Literary Man's New Testament, *reviewed*, 414.
Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., Fr, *War and the Conscience of Nations*, 74.

DAISY Miller, by Henry James, *reviewed*, 203.
de Courson, Comtesse, *The Marquise de la Tour du Pin*, 55.
Dehan, Richard, The Man of Iron, *reviewed*, 398.
de la Tour du Pin, The Marquise, by Comtesse de Courson, 55.
Disraeli, by Bernard Holland, 38.
Dostoevsky, Letters of Fyodor, *reviewed*, 384.

ELEVEN Months of War, by Lancelot Lawton, 146.
English Rite, The, by F. E. Brightman, *reviewed*, 389.

FAIRIES, Who were the? by Sir Bertram Windle, 324.
Flower of Peace, The, by Katharine Tynan, *reviewed*, 206.
Fortescue, Dr A., The Lesser Eastern Churches, *reviewed*, 381.
Fourfold Gospel, Section III, The, by E. A. Abbot, *reviewed*, 411.
French Army, Religion in the, 295.

The Index

GASQUET, Cardinal, *The Guarantees of International Honour*, 363.
Gigot, Dr, The Apocalypse of St John, *reviewed*, 414.
Goddess of Ghosts, The, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., *reviewed*, 377.
Goldgrund der Weltgeschichte, Der, by Prof. von Ruville, *reviewed*, 387.
Gospels from the Irish Codex Harleianus, 1023, Ed. by E. S. Buchanan, *reviewed*, 412.
Guerre vue d'une Ambulance, La, by Abbé Félix Klein, *reviewed*, 406.

HAZLITT, W. Carew, Venetian Republic, its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall, *reviewed*, 405.
Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men, by Prof. Conklin, *reviewed*, 195.
Holland, Bernard, *Disraeli*, 38.
Hudal, Alois, Die Religiosen und Sittlichen Ideen des Spruchbuches, *reviewed*, 409.
Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother, by A. C. Benson, *reviewed*, 186.

IGNATIUS Loyola, The Spiritual Exercises of Saint, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J., *reviewed*, 393.
Illingworth, J. R., The Gospel Miracles, *reviewed*, 416.
Inge, Dean, Types of Christian Saintliness, *reviewed*, 184.
International Honour, The Guarantees of, by Cardinal Gasquet, 363.

JAFFREY, by W. J. Locke, *reviewed*, 399.
James, Henry, The Aspern Papers, *reviewed*, 203.
Daisy Miller, *reviewed*, 203.
The Lesson of the Master, *reviewed*, 203.
The Turn of the Screw, *reviewed*, 201.
Jeremiah, together with the Lamentations, by A. W. Streane, *reviewed*, 410.
Johnston, The Rev. J. B., The Place-Names of England and Wales, *reviewed*, 193.
Journal d'un Curé de Campagne pendant la Guerre, by Jean Quercy, *reviewed*, 402.

KLEIN, Abbé Félix, La Guerre vue d'une Ambulance, *reviewed*, 406.

LAGARDE, André, The Latin Church in the Middle Ages, *reviewed*, 405.
Latin Church in the Middle Ages, The, by André Lagarde, *reviewed*, 405.
Lawton, Lancelot, *Eleven Months of War*, 146.
The Significance of the Russian Retreat, 337.
Leach, A. F., The Schools of Medieval England, *reviewed*, 394.
Leith, S. J., W. Forbes, Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century, *reviewed*, 395.
Lesser Eastern Churches, The, by Dr A. Fortescue, *reviewed*, 381.
Lesson of the Master, The, by Henry James, *reviewed*, 203.
Literary Man's New Testament, The, by W. L. Courtney, *reviewed*, 414.
Locke, W. J., Jaffrey, *reviewed*, 399.
Loneliness, by Monsignor Benson, *reviewed*, 191.
Lord My Light, The, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J., *reviewed*, 393.
Louvain, Le Supplice de, by Raoul Narsy, *reviewed*, 404.

MACCAFFREY, Fr, History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution, *reviewed*, 392.
M'Neile, A. H., The Gospel According to St Matthew, *reviewed*, 412.
MacRory, J., The Epistles of St Paul to Corinthians, *reviewed*, 414.
Mallock, W. H., *The Early Romance of English Trade with Russia*, 226.
Man of Iron, The, by Richard Dehan, *reviewed*, 398.
Martindale, S. J., C.C., The Goddess of Ghosts, *reviewed*, 377.
Matthew, The Gospel according to St, by A. H. M'Neile, *reviewed*, 412.
Maturin, Father, by Wilfrid Ward, 1.
Miracles, The Gospel, by J. R. Illingworth, *reviewed*, 416.

The Index

NARSY, Raoul, Le Supplice de Louvain, *reviewed*, 404.
National Temper and the Press, The, 241.
Nationality and The War, by Toynbee, *reviewed*, 197.
Neutrality of the Holy See, The, by The Bishop of Northampton, 134.
New Numbers, by Lascelles Abercrombie, *reviewed*, 396.
Northampton, The Bishop of, *The Neutrality of the Holy See*, 134.

OLIVER, F. S., Ordeal by Battle, *reviewed*, 375.
One American's Opinion of the European War, Whitridge, *reviewed*, 199.
Ordeal by Battle, by F. S. Oliver, *reviewed*, 375.
Ordo Administrandi, Burns & Oates, *reviewed*, 406.

PARKER, Sir Gilbert, The World in the Crucible, *reviewed*, 200.
Pascal, The Holiness of, by H. F. Stewart, *reviewed*, 397.
Place-Names of England and Wales, The, by the Rev. J. B. Johnston, *reviewed*, 193.
Pollen, A. H., *The Submarine Campaign*, 87.
Practical Mysticism, by Evelyn Underhill, *reviewed*, 400.
Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century, by W. Forbes Leith, S.J., *reviewed*, 395.
Prière pour la France, La, by Abbot Cabrol, 252.
Prussianism, Pacificism and Chivalry, by Wilfrid Ward, 209.

QUERCY, Jean, Journal d'un Curé de Campagne pendant la Guerre, *reviewed*, 402.

RELIGIOSEN und Sittlichen Ideen des Spruchbuches, Die, by Alois Hudal, *reviewed*, 409.
Rickaby, S. J., Joseph, The Lord My Light, *reviewed*, 393.
The Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola, *reviewed*, 393.
Royal Dublin Society, A History of the, by Dr Berry, *reviewed*, 386.
Russia, The Early Romance of English Trade with, by W. H. Mallock, 226.
Russian Retreat, The Significance of the, by Lancelot Lawton, 337.
Ruville, Prof. von, Der Goldgrund der Weltgeschichte, *reviewed*, 387.

SCHOOLS of Medieval England, The, by A. F. Leach, *reviewed*, 394.
Seton, W., Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, *reviewed*, 379.
Stewart, H. F., The Holiness of Pascal, *reviewed*, 397.
Streane, A. W., Jeremiah together with the Lamentations, *reviewed*, 410.
Submarine Campaign, The, by A. H. Pollen, 87.

TEUTONIC Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia, The, by Mgr. Barnes, 272.
Toynbee, Nationality and The War, *reviewed*, 197.
Turn of the Screw, The, by Henry James, *reviewed*, 201.
Tynan, Katharine, The Flower of Peace, *reviewed*, 206.
Types of Christian Saintliness, by Dean Inge, *reviewed*, 184.

UNDERHILL, Evelyn, Practical Mysticism, *reviewed*, 400.

VENETIAN Republic, its Rise, its Growth, and its Fall, The, by W. Carew Hazlitt, *reviewed*, 405.

WAR and the Conscience of Nations, by Fr Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., 74.
Ward, Wilfrid, *An American Catholic University*, 284.
Father Maturin, 1.
Prussianism, Pacificism and Chivalry, 209.
Waterloo, The Effect of, by Hilaire Belloc, 122.
Whitridge, One American's Opinion of the European War, *reviewed*, 199.
Windle, Sir Bertram, *Who were the Fairies?* 324.
World in the Crucible, The, by Sir Gilbert Parker, *reviewed*, 200.

W. H. SMITH & SON (THE ARDEN PRESS)
58/5 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

THE CONTENTS OCTOBER 1915

Prussianism, Pacifism and Chivalry. By the Editor *Page* 209

The Early Romance of English Trade with Russia. By W. H. Mallock 226

The National Temper and the Press 241

La Prière pour la France. By the Abbot of Farnborough 252

The Teutonic Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia. By Mgr Barnes 272

An American Catholic University. By the Editor 284

Religion in the French Army 295

Some American Problems. By W. R. Castle 309

Who were the Fairies? By Sir Bertram Windle 324

The Significance of the Russian Retreat. By Lancelot Lawton 337

The Guarantees of International Honour. By Cardinal Gasquet 363

Some Recent Books 375

Ordeal by Battle. By Frederick Scott Oliver—Goddess of Ghosts. By Father Martindale—Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia. By Dr Walter Seton—The Lesser Eastern Churches. By Dr Adrian Fortescue—Letters of Fyodor Dostoevsky—A History of the Royal Dublin Society. By Dr Berry—The English Rite. With Introduction and Appendix by F. E. Brightman, M.A., Hon.D.D.—History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution. By Fr MacCaffrey—The Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius Loyola. By Fr Joseph Rickaby—The Lord my Light, Dominus Illuminatio Mea. By Fr Joseph Rickaby—etc., etc.

Chronicle of Biblical Works 408

COMMUNICATIONS in regard to articles should be addressed to the Editor at Lotus, Dorking. Articles should not be submitted without preliminary correspondence.

The Editor cannot be responsible for the loss of proffered MSS.

Communications respecting the publishing department should be addressed to Messrs Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

Advertisements for the Review should reach the Publishers not later than the 10th of the last month of each quarter.

A LITURGICAL PROGRAMME

THE publication of " The Missal for the Laity," in Latin and English, with the rubrics printed in the traditional colour, was made possible by that revival of interest in Liturgy which distinguishes the Catholic lay-folk of this time and of this country. What " The Missal " owed to the liturgical movement it is now amply repaying, as the following programme, to which it stands sponsor, demonstrates. To have a part in the development of this movement, to supply its demand for certain books, to forestall and so to stimulate its desire for others, and always to attempt to revive in current liturgical printing those true traditions of craftsmanship which have been lost for two hundred years, has now become the publishing policy, as it has long been the ambition, of Messrs. Burns & Oates. In the winter and spring they will publish the following works—all of them uniform in size and typography with " The Missal," and all printed in red and black. This uniformity with " The Missal " has been adopted only secondarily for the sake of making a series, but primarily because we believe that in " The Missal " we have the best possible combination for its purpose of elegance in proportion, of general craftsmanship, of remarkable legibility, and of unequalled compactness and convenience.

THE DAY HOURS OF THE CHURCH. The complete text of the Horæ Diurnæ in Latin and English. Printed throughout in red and black on toned Oxford India Paper, about 1,000 pages. From 6s. net upwards. *Ready at the New Year.* This book has been edited, and its translations have been made, by the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey. It will be in all respects in accord with the latest changes in the Divine Office. There is an explanatory preface by the Editors, which makes easy the correct use of the book for public and private devotion, and an historical introduction by Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B.

THE PRIMER. Containing The Little Office of Our Lady, The Office for the Dead, Grace Before and After Meals, The Penitential Psalms, etc. The complete text in Latin and English. Printed in red and black throughout. The Primer was from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth the Prayer-book of the lay-people; and of all the books of the Middle Ages it was the most common and well known. The traditional contents are given in this edition, where alone, we believe, is to be found the English for the Office for the Dead and for the Graces. Moreover, it contains the authorised chant for the Office for the Dead according to the latest (1913) Roman Ritual. With an historical introduction by Fr. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Price about 3s. 6d. net. *Ready at Christmas.*

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. The complete text in Latin and English. Printed throughout in red and black. Price about 1s. 6d. net. *Ready at the New Year.*

THE OFFICE FOR THE DEAD. The complete text and chant, with the new Offices for November 2nd, in Latin and English. Printed throughout in red and black. Price about 1s. 6d. net. *Ready at the New Year.*

THE RITE OF MARRIAGE, THE NUPTIAL MASS AND BLESSING, and the Blessing without the Mass. With an Instruction on the significance of the Sacrament by His Lordship Bishop Butt. The complete text in Latin and English, printed throughout in red and black. Wrappered in parchment. 6d. net. *Ready in November.*

THE ORDER AND CANON OF THE MASS. The Latin and English, printed throughout in red and black. An attempt has here been made to provide a worthier translation than the usual, and for this purpose a levy has been made upon many existing versions. Wrappers, 3d. net. *Ready at Christmas.*

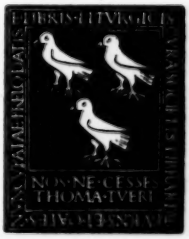
THE MISSAL FOR THE LAITY, 1,160 pages, printed throughout in red and black on toned Oxford India Paper. Copies of the 1914 edition, the sales of which have broken all records, are still obtainable. Prices from 5s. net to 30s. net.

THE LAYFOLK'S RITUAL. The complete text, in Latin and English, of all those Offices at which the layman has occasion to assist—such as Baptism, Confession, the administering of Holy Communion, Confirmation, Marriage, Nuptial Mass and Blessing, Extreme Unction, Recommendation of a Departing Soul, the Burial of Adults and Infants, Mass for the Dead and its many Propers, Reception of a Convert, and various Blessings, etc. With an historical introduction to each Office by Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B. Printed throughout in red and black. Price about 2s. 6d. net. *Ready in the Spring.*

The above will be followed in due course by **THE LAYFOLK'S PONTIFICAL**; and subsequent publications will be **THE VESPERAL** and **THE PSALTER.**

¶ The BINDINGS of all the above books have been designed to secure strength and durability no less than elegance. The materials used are of the finest, and the workmanship is English —which, in this business at any rate, by universal consent means "the best." The many varieties may be inspected at 28 Orchard Street, W.

¶ The Series has been placed humbly under the Patronage of ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY, whose Arms have been rendered as the publishers' Device by Mr. Eric Gill. The invocation is that carried by the ancient London Bridge.



Burns and Oates, Ltd., 28 Orchard Street, London, W.

Messrs Longmans & Co.'s List

THE SEQUEL TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: The Story of the English Catholics continued down to the re-establishment of their Hierarchy in 1850. By the Right Rev. Monsignor BERNARD WARD, F.R.Hist.S., President of St. Edmund's College. In 2 vols. With Illustrations. 8vo. Vol. I: 1830-1840. Vol. II: 1840-1850. [*In October.*

THE ROMANTICISM OF ST. FRANCIS: and other studies in the Genius of the Franciscans. By FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C., Author of "Life of St. Francis of Assisi." [*In the Press.*

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, ITS FOUNDATION AND CONSTITUTION. Eight Lectures delivered in the Dublin College of the National University of Ireland. By the Rev. PETER FINLAY, S.J. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [*In October.*

PRAGMATISM AND THE PROBLEM OF THE IDEA. By the Rev. JOHN T. DRISCOLL, S.T.L., Author of "Christian Philosophy," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

THE STRAIGHT PATH: OR, MARKS OF THE TRUE CHURCH. By the Rev. M. J. PHELAN, S.J. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"*Readers owe a debt of everlasting gratitude to the learned author, who, with a lucidity of style and cogency of reasoning, conducts them along the 'Straight Path' that leads to the Palace of Truth.*"—IRISH NEWS.

FROM FETTERS TO FREEDOM: Trials and Triumphs of Irish Faith. By the Rev. ROBERT KANE, S.J. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"*THE PULPIT POET—If there is any such thing as prose poetry, or as poetry in prose, then, undoubtedly, Father Robert Kane, S.J., has long since earned the title which we have ventured to confer on him.*"—IRISH CATHOLIC.

Second Impression.

SPIRITUAL LETTERS OF MONSIGNOR R. HUGH BENSON TO ONE OF HIS CONVERTS. With a Preface by A. C. BENSON and a portrait of Monsignor Benson. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

OTHER WORKS BY MGR. R. HUGH BENSON.

PARADOXES OF CATHOLICISM. Sermons preached in Rome, Easter, 1913. *3rd Thousand.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. *7th Thousand.*

CHRIST IN THE CHURCH. A Volume of Religious Essays. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. *6th Thousand.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST: SERMONS. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. *5th Thousand.*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED *by* BURNS & OATES AT 28 ORCHARD STREET · LONDON · W



ANNOUNCEMENT

BESIDES the volumes in "The Layfolk's Library of Liturgy" announced on pages ii and iii of this number of "The Dublin," Messrs. Burns & Oates have in preparation important new books by Father Thurston, Miss C. M. Antony, Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, and Miss Monica Gardner. All these will be ready well before Christmas.

THE LIFE of SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. *By C. M. Antony.*
WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS
DEMY OCTAVO, SIX SHILLINGS NET.

POLAND: A Study in National Idealism. *By Monica M. Gardner.*
CROWN OCTAVO, CLOTH, THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD. *By Herbert Thurston, S.J.*
CROWN OCTAVO, CLOTH, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.

CATS AND DOGS: An Anthology. *Edited by Frances Chesterton.*
CLOTH, TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NET.

THE GODDESS *of* GHOSTS AND OTHER STORIES

By C. C. Martindale, S.J.

"THESE little stories are alight and alive with the brightness of the author's own mind and heart. His use of the strong sweet myths of old classic times is full of surprise and charm. The paper called 'An Evening at Ephesus' could only have been written by one who had, as it were, grown up in an atmosphere of great philosophy and early Christianity through his sympathetic love of their literature. As he there says, 'Plato was a poet,' and in this paper Father Martindale has caught with open ear, and told with tender touch, the tone of those great Dialogues. The title story, with its contrast of Persephone and the Madonna; the picture of the little chapel in Brittany by the Atlantic shore; and the girl Elinor with her love and her life, her hopes and fears and faith, the passing thoughts of death, and the cloister, and the gift of herself—then '"I must be a mother," she murmured, hands at heart'—is a perfect and poignant piece of writing. For the rest, whether consciously or not, the author is an artist in words, with the gift of quoting bits of Greek, Latin, and French so that they sparkle like gems in his ordered setting. THESE PAPERS ARE FULL OF DEEP AND DELICATE THOUGHTS, SO TOUCHED WITH LIGHT AS TO MAKE FOR ALL WHO LOVE GOOD WORK THE MOST DELIGHTFUL READING."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FINELY PRINTED, THREE AND SIXPENCE NET. POSTAGE THREEPENCE

BURNS & OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET · W

THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS

AN EXAMINATION OF CURRENT PREDICTIONS REGARDING THIS LATTER AGE

By the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.

FATHER THURSTON, in this arresting volume, gives a comprehensive collection and a lively examination of the many war prophecies which have lately been in circulation.

"In this interesting survey and discussion of the best known and accredited predictions, the author opens with those connected with the Franco-German War of 1870, and concludes with those concerning the fate of England and the coming of Anti-Christ. All attempts to discover something genuinely foretelling the present war signally fail. . . . Father Thurston also shows that arithmetical divination is manifestly unreliable and the claims of the cabalists are ignominiously disproved and rejected. He gives us many extracts from the originals of the curious writings of 'the seers,' exposes many forgeries, analyses other publications on the subject, and dissolves mysteries by the aid of common sense."—*The Outlook.*

"It would be difficult to desire a better example of the wonderful patience and the critical acumen which mark Father Thurston's work than the essay in which he examines the so-called prophecy of St Malachy. It was a task which has engaged the attention of many scholars, and Father Thurston had the advantage of their labours; but he has gone farther afield than any of his predecessors, and arrayed the evidence against the genuineness of the alleged prophecy in a way which is absolutely convincing. The whole essay may be recommended as a triumphant example of what may be done when a combination of clear thinking and untiring industry is brought to bear upon even the most obscure of historical problems. We thank the author, not only for giving us a delightful and stimulating volume, but for his timely warning against the superstitions 'and such-like fooleries' which always flourish so rankly in the hour of national peril."—*Tablet.*

CLOTH, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET
POSTAGE THREEPENCE.

BURNS & OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET · W

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST IGNATIUS

The original Spanish with a Translation and a Commentary. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

"MESSRS. BURNS & OATES have published a very valuable edition of *The Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius Loyola* in Spanish and English, edited 'with a continuous Commentary' by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

"We have so lately noticed another recent book by Father Rickaby [*The Lord my Light*, 6s. net] and paid tribute to his 'trenchant and attractive style' that it seems superfluous again to insist upon these qualities. Yet in this volume they are perhaps even more conspicuous than in *The Lord my Light*, and they certainly present the Exercises in a modern way that would hardly suggest itself to him who reads them without such comment. Incidentally, various matters, not at first sight definitely connected with the Exercises, are introduced: thus on p. 156 Cardinal Wolsey's preferments are considered: on p. 65 we have a discussion as to the possible origin of 'the fixing upon the Society of Jesus of the doctrine that the end justifies the means'; he draws for us a lesson from his own mistakes (p. 229), and even quotes 'a shrewd and sagacious archbishop' as having said, 'I bet on the sanctity of N. N. because there you find less of self,' with the comment, 'If you want to be light-hearted and happy, be detached—*Cantabit vacuus*' (p. 167).

"The book is thoughout altogether excellent."

—*Catholic Book Notes.*

DEMY OCTAVO . . FIVE SHILLINGS NET

BURNS & OATES

28 ORCHARD STREET · W

MEMORIALS OF
ROBERT HUGH BENSON

By Blanche Warre-Cornish, Shane Leslie and others of his friends

SECOND LARGE IMPRESSION

"THIS charming little book is a model of what such 'memorials' should be. It leaves the reader with a vivid picture of the lovable personality now departed from our midst. There are, too, some excellent photographs, and a charming portrait in colours done after the fashion of a miniature."—*Universe.*

"Will be read with special pleasure by Father Benson's admirers on account of its description of his life at home. A vivid impression of Father Benson's personality. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs."—*Spectator.*

"A picture full of insight and of the sympathy born of it. . . . It forms a fragrant gathering of memories for which readers will be very grateful."—*Tablet.*

UNIFORM WITH HIS POEMS, CLOTH GILT, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET POSTAGE THREEPENCE.

BURNS & OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET · W

THE LORD MY LIGHT

By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

"THERE is no one who has quite the same power as Father Rickaby in being able to hold the attention of the frivolous and less clever of his hearers while at the same time providing matter for the ablest among them. Those who listened to the Conferences will be glad to have them in this attractive form, while many also beyond University circles will find them full of interest and of solid merit. They aim, as he tells us in the Preface, at removing current prejudices and misconceptions concerning the Catholic Church and at instructing the layman on points of theology that he ought to know."—*Dublin Review.*

"Here is a book for all Catholics—and any others who care to be informed on certain aspects of Catholic teaching. The themes are chosen so as to enclose a wide range of pertinent, topical, or general subjects of importance from an educational and moral standpoint. No young Catholic student can read them without profit and instruction, literary and spiritual."—*Irish Independent.*

"A handsome, erudite, and eminently readable book."—*Universe.*

DEMY OCTAVO, CLOTH GILT, SIX SHILLINGS NET. POSTAGE FIVEPENCE.

BURNS & OATES

28 ORCHARD STREET · W

A JOURNAL IN FRANCE

AND LETTERS FROM ITALY 1845-1849

By T. W. Allies

THIS is at once a new and an old book. It made a brief appearance in 1849, and was greeted by a storm of prejudice. The author, who was Rector of Launton, Oxon., had gone abroad and contrasted the Church as he saw it in France and Italy with what he had at home "as by law established in these realms." Dr. Sam Wilberforce governed the diocese of Oxford according to the standard then in vogue. He upheld the Articles rather than the Prayer Book and preferred lax views of baptismal regeneration to Church principles. Dr Sam found that Allies' statements set the Articles at defiance, and he proceeded to deal at once with this new form of heresy. Allies would undoubtedly have been prosecuted but for the intervention of Manning, Sir Edward Alderson and Dr Pusey. If the author was spared, the book was sacrificed. An anonymous purchaser, entering into the spirit of the Protestant Bishop, bought up the whole edition of the "Journal," which, a delightful record of temporis acti, is now at length offered to the public.

PRICE . . . SIX SHILLINGS

BURNS & OATES

28 ORCHARD STREET · W

79th Year. Vol. 157 Quarterly No. 315

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

Edited by Wilfrid Ward

JULY 1915

GENERAL LIBRARY
AUG 4 1915
UNIV. OF MICH.

BURNS & OATES
28 Orchard Street London W

B. HERDER, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Price 3s 6d Net. Yearly Subscription 12s Post Free.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOK

By Mother Mary Loyola

A NEW EDITION of Mother Mary Loyola's most popular work is nearly ready for publication. For this edition the publishers have striven to make the format worthy of the contents. The chief points of change from the old edition are these:

1. A more attractive shape.
2. Larger type.
3. A stiff strong binding even for the 6d. edition.
4. A new series of mass pictures by Dom Bernard, of Caldey Abbey.
5. A series of delightful "holy pictures" in miniature, by L. D. Symington.

THE PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS (ONE HUNDRED & SEVENTY EIGHT PAGES & ABOUT EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS): BOARDS, SIXPENCE NET; CLOTH, ONE SHILLING NET; CLOTH EXTRA, GILT, ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET; CALF, TWO SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NET; MOROCCO, THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET. POSTAGE TWOPENCE IN EACH CASE.

BURNS & OATES

28 ORCHARD STREET W

A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY

By Dr Francis Xavier Funk. The Translation by Dr P. Perciballi. Revised and edited by W. H. Kent, O.S.C.

THE standard annotated edition of this important work, the fruit of many years of labour, is now available. The English version is by Dr Perciballi, whose former translation into Italian won the special commendation of Dr Funk and his encouragement in the present undertaking. In addition to Dr Perciballi's valuable Notes are those of Father W. H. Kent, which supplement for the particular benefit of English readers the original treatment of matters affecting English and Irish history. Father Kent is also responsible for the careful revision of the English text and this new translation is at least the rival in scholarship of the admirable French version due to the pen of M. L'Abbé Hemmer. A full Index and valuable Chronological Tables add greatly to the effectiveness of the work. For the benefit of students the price of these two finely printed and handsomely bound volumes has been kept unusually low.

TWO VOLUMES, DEMY OCTAVO, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS NET THE SET, POST, SIXPENCE.

BURNS & OATES
28. ORCHARD STREET. W.

THE MISSAL FOR THE LAITY

HERE for the first time among Missals of our day is renewed the old traditions of beauty in liturgical printing. This Missal alone has its rubrics printed in the traditional colour—an advantage costly indeed for the publisher to procure, but much more than picturesque in the result. This is, moreover, despite its luxury of type, the only Missal of an easily pocketable size. The editing and arrangement, finally, leave nothing to be desired.

PRINTED IN RED AND BLACK ON OXFORD INDIA PAPER. WITH USUAL SUPPLEMENTS. *THIRD GREAT EDITION NOW READY.* CLOTH, FIVE SHILLINGS NET. PASTE GRAIN, SIX SHILLINGS NET. ROAN, SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET. CALF BOARDS, EIGHT SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET. MOROCCO LIMP—*A BINDING WE STRONGLY RECOMMEND*—TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET. IMITATION CRUSHED LEVANT, TWELVE SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NET. TURKEY MOROCCO, THIRTEEN SHILLINGS NET. RUSSIA LEATHER, EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS & SIXPENCE NET. REAL CRUSHED LEVANT, THIRTY SHILLINGS NET. POSTAGE THREEPENCE.

BURNS & OATES
28 ORCHARD STREET W